

# **A TRIAL OF STRENGTH**

## **BOOK 16**

### **Chapter 151 – The Fireman, The Cop, and The Mirror**

With four dominant, macho men and their impulsive young boys living close together in such volatile relationships the house was bound to see more than its share of trouble.

But there was also an ingrained resilience that helped the tribe rise to any challenge, even one as serious as the most recent drama. It had begun the day that the beautiful, muscular blond firefighter came to the house to put out a fire ..... and started one of his own. Having sex with the twins, Jason had unwittingly set off a chain of events that knocked everyone temporarily off balance.

But they had regained their footing and put the whole event behind them. So it was a surprise to Mark when, after calm had been restored, Bob returned to the subject he had mentioned briefly when they were at the beach.

“Mark, you told me that you knew how to contact that fireman ..... Jason ..... who came to the house ..... the one in the twins’ calendar. OK, I know, I know, you’ll warn me against raking over hot coals. But see, it’s the twins’ birthday in two weeks and I want to do something real special for them. So I want to ask you a big favor .....

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Mark, of course, could deny Bob nothing, and so it was that a couple of days later at the end of his shift the cop pulled up to the fire station on his motorcycle and spoke to the duty officer. “Hey man, is Jason on duty right now?”

Huh,” he laughed, “you come to arrest him, officer? What’s golden boy done this time? As a matter of fact he’s just gone off duty but he’s upstairs working out in the gym before he cuts out of here.” He grinned. “He works out all the time, keeping that perfect physique in shape. The rest of the guys are out on a training exercise so you’ll find him all alone up there.”

Mark went upstairs and heard grunting sounds coming from the door to the gym at the end of the passage. He pushed it open and stood watching. The fireman was stripped to the waist in his yellow firefighter work pants, doing chin lifts in front of the mirror. Oblivious of Mark’s arrival he had eyes only for his own reflection in the mirror. He dropped from the bar and stood admiring himself, flexing his muscles in bodybuilder poses, getting off on his own his spectacularly ripped body.

“Very impressive, sergeant.” The deep voice made Jason whirl round and he immediately recognized the handsome uniformed cop. How could he forget the Greek god who had punished him that day, the first and only man ever to fuck him in the ass? “You! What the hell are you doing here?”

“I came to see you,” Mark said.

There was a tense silence as they stood staring at each other, the fireman and the police officer, both of them aware of the bulge growing in the other guy’s pants. For a moment the confrontation hovered on the brink of reigniting their first hostile encounter. Mark vividly recalled his own rage at the sight of the fireman fucking the twins, Bob’s boys, but he regretted having lost control and punishing the man so savagely. For his part Jason still resented the dominant way Mark had subdued and humiliated him by fucking his virgin ass.

But those negative sentiments were not what motivated them now as they gazed at each other. Uppermost in their mind was the way that, despite the adversarial circumstances, that act of revenge had turned into an act of lust, sparking a mutual desire in the two men that climaxed in two massive orgasms. The memory was so vivid that even now it caused their cocks to stiffen.

The tension was broken by Jason, who suddenly flashed a gleaming smile and said, “Well, officer, you’re timing’s perfect ..... now you’re here maybe you could spot me on the bench press. I like working out alone except when I’m pressing real heavy weights and need a spot. D’you mind?”

“I guess not,” Mark shrugged, thrown a bit by Jason’s easy-going manner. He hadn’t known what to expect, but certainly not this. Jason walked over to the door and locked it. “The guys will be out training for a couple of hours yet and the guy downstairs never comes up here, so it’s just us .... just you and me,” he said with a raunchy smile.

He lay on his back on the bench and Mark stood behind him at his head, his hands poised ready just over the bar. Jason tilted his head back and smiled up at the cop towering over him. “You ready, man? OK, let’s go.” He took a couple of deep, heaving breaths, lifted the bar, then lowered it slowly to his chest. He paused, flexed, and raised the bar, exhaling noisily. As he repeated the movement Mark stared down at the incredible body.

The shoulders and biceps bulged, the lats flared and the slabs of his pecs tensed so hard that the veins stood out under the thin skin. His face grimaced with effort and Mark gazed in awe at Jason’s chiseled features, high cheekbones, square lantern jaw and deep blue eyes set off by his short blond hair. The man was simply magnificent.

He was going for ten reps and at seven he gasped, “OK, man .....” Mark leaned forward, curled his fingers lightly round the bar and followed the movement, ready to assist when the lift stalled. At those moments he pulled up gently on the bar, allowing Jason to do the heavy

lifting. As they worked in unison Mark could feel the rhythm of Jason's body, could sense exactly when he needed his help. The two men were sharing the exhilaration of intense physical effort ..... sharing the intimacy of raw masculinity.

As Mark stared at the superb physique, gleaming muscles pushed to their limit, he was close to busting his load in his pants. But he focused on his task and urged Jason on as he faltered on the last press. "Come on, man, push ..... breathe, push harder ..... I'm not gonna help you .... it's all you ..... that's it, you can do it, stud ..... push .....!" With one last supreme effort, as his muscles cracked and he howled in pain, the fireman powered the bar upward and finally let it drop with a loud crash into the cradle above him.

"Wow!" Jason shouted as he leapt to his feet, his breath heaving, eyes flashing. He was stoked! "That was great, man, the best assist I've ever had. Man, we should be workout partners, we read each other's minds and bodies so well." Jason gazed into the mirror, admiring the results of his labor. He smiled at his own pumped, veined muscles and ran his hands lovingly round the edges of his pecs.

"See, this line here is the toughest to develop. It has to pop out like it does here." Mark smiled inwardly at Jason's display of rapt admiration for his own body. His pecs were indeed perfect .... shit his whole body was perfect, and this display was a huge turn-on for Mark.

Mark always got off looking at beautiful men, just like the very first time he had met Bob. He had pulled him over for a traffic violation and agreed to tear up the ticket provided Bob slowly stripped off his jacket and shirt. When Mark had gazed at the muscular business executive stripped to the waist he had shot his load in his uniform pants ..... and that began his love and lust for Bob that continued to this day.

Mark was not without his own vanity either. One of his secret pleasures was to jack off looking at his own naked body in the mirror and he had taught Bob to do the same. The thrill of watching a beautiful man was heightened when the guy himself was turned on by his own image, and the narcissistic performance Mark was now witnessing made him rub the bulge in his pants.

Jason was doing the same, totally absorbed in his own reflection. While one hand rubbed his crotch the other ran over his chest, the fingers grazing the nipples then squeezing them, making him moan with pleasure.

But suddenly he snapped back to reality and turned toward Mark, with no hint of embarrassment. He had noticed in the mirror Mark's eyes gleaming with lust, and he now said, "You know officer, I think we're two of a kind. You really get off on this, don't you? Shit, you're a fucking knockout, man, don't tell me you haven't done the same thing in front of a mirror and shot a load all over it. I can see you now licking your own jism off the glass."

Mark was startled by the graphic description, all the more so as it was entirely accurate. The fireman grinned at him. "You know, that time in the garden when you got mad as hell, I remember when you ripped off your uniform shirt and T-shirt it was so fucking hot I actually wanted to get punished by you, even if it meant getting my ass reamed for the first time. Dammit, your body was almost as perfect as mine.

It was the word 'almost' that got to Mark. He was acutely aware of his own beauty ..... hell, the turning heads and double-takes when he walked through a room were enough to convince him of that. But now his vanity had been challenged ..... and the contest was on. He'd show this narcissistic young fireman that he was not, as he seemed to think, the most beautiful man on earth, god's gift to humanity.

Mark's blue eyes bored into his and Jason was momentarily shaken by their intensity. Mark turned to face the mirror and Jason stood beside him, riveted at the prospect of the performance he was about to witness. Mark ignored Jason and gazed at his own reflection with a slight, smug smile on his face. He ran his hands over his black uniform shirt, over his shoulders and down over his chest, where he stroked the backs of his fingers over the shape of his nipples through the black fabric.

"Aaah," he moaned softly, closing his eyes and tossing his head, his unruly blond hair falling over his brow. He undid the top two buttons of his shirt, pulled it open and squeezed his nipples through the cotton of his white T-shirt with another low moan of pleasure. Then his arms dropped to his sides and he simply gazed at himself, the triangle of white under his shirt setting off the chiseled features of his stunning face.

Jason was spellbound by the sight of this gorgeous cop doing what Jason himself did so many times, and doing it to spectacular effect. Jason spoke softly, almost in a trance. "Unbutton it all the way, man. Take it off."

Mark didn't need Jason's prompt. Slowly he unbuttoned his shirt all the way down, then pulled the shirttails out of his pants and let it hang open. He shrugged the shirt off and let it fall. "Oh, Jesus," Jason groaned, gazing at the muscular torso bulging under the white T-shirt, tapering down from broad shoulders, over flared lats and down to the slim waist cinched by the black uniform belt. Both men were rubbing the growing bulge in their pants as they gazed at the cop stripped down to his T-shirt.

Jason couldn't stand the suspense. "Let me see it all, man," he breathed. Mark reached behind his neck and pulled the T-shirt up slowly. It sprang free of his pants and slid upward to reveal first his amazing eight-pack abs, then the mounds of his chest, up over his head and shoulders. He tossed it aside and at last Jason could see him shirtless, his muscular torso gleaming under the gym lights. Mark pressed his fists into the sides of his waist, hunched his shoulders forward and flared his lats for a few seconds in a classic body builder pose.

"Awesome," Jason said softly. "Fucking awesome."

The fireman stared at both their reflections, two shirtless blond bodybuilders standing side by side. He instinctively unzipped his pants and pulled out his long, hard cock. Mark smiled inwardly at the effect he was having on Jason ..... now he'd show him *real* body worship. He raised his arms, bent at the elbow, and flexed his biceps in another bodybuilder pose, and was rewarded by a low moan from Jason who beat his cock faster.

"You like that, uh?" Mark said. He dropped the pose, unzipped his pants and pulled out his cock, which Jason saw right away was bigger and thicker than his. Of course, a man like this had to have a massive dick, he thought. In an instant they were both stroking their dicks, staring at the mirror. The reflection was spectacular ..... the cop and the fireman, side by side, both shirtless, both beating their meat.

Jason's eyes flicked from his own image to Mark's and back. How often he had performed the same ritual before this same mirror, but always alone. He could never picture doing this with another guy ..... never imagined there was another man into self-worship like this, a man who almost matched his own beauty, he thought. ('Almost' again.) And now here was this glorious cop ..... challenging him. For it had become a contest ..... of strength, beauty and sexual potency ..... as they pounded their cocks faster, their bodies gleaming with sweat.

They were both so hypnotized by the incredible sight of the two men in the mirror that everything else in the room faded away and the mirror became their whole world. They had stepped through the looking glass into a fantasy world where each man's reflection was itself reflected in the blond Adonis standing next to him.

They watched the men intensify their effort, pounding their cocks, breathing harder, flexing their muscles, groaning louder and louder. They saw the bodies shudder, saw the beautiful faces thrash wildly. Then at last ..... "aaagh" ..... they saw long streams of white liquid blast from the two cocks, arch high in the air, then splash onto the bodies in the mirror.

The mirror! There was a mirror between them and the men who had just made them shoot their loads. It was a reflection ..... and they were back in the real world, a cop and a fireman in the firehouse gym. As they blinked back to reality their eyes focused on the streams of semen flowing down the length of the mirror and Jason walked toward it, staring greedily at the fruits of his own beauty.

"No!" Mark's voice stopped him. "No, man. I gave you one new experience when I fucked your ass for the first time in your life. Now here's another first for you." Gently he pushed Jason sideways and stood on the opposite side of him from before. They were now facing each other's stream of cum running down the mirror and Jason watched in disbelief as Mark dropped to his knees. Jason did the same ..... and they began to lick the glass, tasting not their own semen but that of the man beside him.

Eagerly they lapped at the creamy liquid, kneeling in an act of communion, a mutual tribute to the sexual power of the other man, an acknowledgement of his flawless beauty. They sucked in all the white juice, then turned to each other and pressed their open mouths together, passing the semen from mouth to mouth, the ultimate act of intimacy between two beautiful men.

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They pulled back and gazed at each other, their lips still dripping semen. Then suddenly Jason snapped out of his trance and leapt to his feet. "Man, that was unbelievable ..... the best jack-off sex ever. Hey, stand up, let me take a good look at you." Mark got to his feet and Jason's eyes sparkled as he scrutinized Mark's body, running his hands over his ripped musculature, and finally clamping his hands on the round bulge of his shoulders.

"Man," he said, "these delts are phenomenal .... you are something else, you know? ..... your face, your body ..... abso-fucking-lutely awesome" He smiled and shook his head. "OK, man, you win ..... there's no 'almost' here. You are far and away the most gorgeous man in this room."

Mark smiled. "That's what I wanted to hear, Jason. And now we've got that out of the way I've got something to tell you." He chuckled. "You know, I didn't come here to beat my meat looking in a mirror. What I really wanted was to ask you a favor on behalf of a buddy of mine." He paused and looked at Jason's eager face.

"But before that there's something else I have to say. That time we met, in the garden, my anger took over and I lost my cool ..... not something I do often. I'm usually the calm, rock-solid police officer. So, Jason, I want to apologize for what I did to you .... fucking your ass like that, especially since no one had ever done that to you before."

Jason grinned. "You didn't hear me complain, did you? And if I had to get my ass ploughed for the first time in my life I'd rather it be by a spectacular cop ..... by you, Mark."

"Yeah, yeah, but that's not the point. Words alone won't cut it. I'm a man of action, and my rule is that actions speak louder than words." He let the thought take root in Jason's mind and when he saw the light dawn he continued, "Do you remember the words I said to you just before I fucked you?"

"I'll never forget them, man ..... 'an eye for an eye and a fuck for a fuck'."

"OK. Now I know you just busted your load onto the mirror but ....."

"Man, with you I could shoot a fresh load every five minutes." The two men gazed at each other, acutely aware of what was about to happen. Without losing eye contact they quickly pulled their boots off, unbuckled their belts, let their pants drop and stepped out of them ..... two naked, blond muscle-gods. And it had not been an empty boast by Jason ..... his cock

was already hard as steel as he gazed at Mark and shook his head. “Oh man, that is so fucking beautiful. I can’t believe I’m actually gonna .....

“Believe,” said Mark and lay on his back on the bench, raising his arms above his head and gripping the uprights holding the weight bar. Jason looked down in disbelief at the naked cop, his torso flared in a V, his biceps flexed as he clenched his fists round the posts. Jason took a deep breath and said, “Man, there’s something I’ve fantasized about ever since we first met. It’s kinda .... well, kinda out there .... I mean, it’s OK if you don’t want to .....

“Go ahead, man ..... it’s your show.”

His heart beating fast Jason looked around and saw ropes in the corner that the guys used for skipping in boxing warm-ups. He moved quickly before he lost his nerve, tying a rope round each of Mark’s wrists and securing them to the posts. Mark was skilled at this game and knew exactly how to turn a man on. He looked up at his bound wrists and pulled on them, his arms flexing, body writhing on the bench as if he were trying to get free, head twisting from side to side, blond hair falling in his face.

“Oh shit,” Jason breathed, gazing down at the struggling naked cop. “That is the most beautiful thing I’ve ever seen. Man, I’m gonna be thinking of that every time I jack off. If I touched my cock right now I’d lose another load of jism all over you. But I gotta save it for this .....

He knelt on the bench between Mark’s legs, pushed them up and hooked them over his shoulders. There were tears in his eyes as he stared at the magnificent body beneath him, the body he was about to fuck. He leaned forward and rested his palms on the slabs of Mark’s chest, running his hands over the etched contours of his chiseled torso. He was almost afraid to go further until he heard Mark’s deep voice.

“Spectacular isn’t he? You’ve got that gorgeous cop naked, tied up, at your mercy.” Mark pulled at the ropes again, his muscles stretched and gleaming. “See, he can’t get free. He’s your prisoner, there’s nothing he can do except wait to get his ass ploughed by the arrogant young stud firefighter. You want to hear me submit? OK, man, make me. My ass is yours .... take it ..... come on man, fuck that cop’s ass.”

Mark was driving Jason wild as he stared down at the muscular cop begging to get his ass fucked. He was in a trance as he pressed his rod against the warm hole, took a deep breath and pushed it slowly inside, deeper and deeper until the head touched the hot membrane of the inner sphincter. The two men gazed at each other, waited, and then the head of Jason’s cock passed over the sphincter into the forbidden depths of Mark’s ass.

“Aaaah!” they both moaned in ecstasy, closing their eyes as they savored the exquisite sensation of the cock quivering inside the furnace of Mark’s ass. Then they opened their eyes and discovered each other anew. Jason moaned, “You are so fucking gorgeous, man, and

I'm inside you. I can't believe it ..... my cock is deep inside your ass, man. Shit, I wanna stay there forever it feels so fucking incredible."

So he didn't move, didn't dare to ..... until he heard Mark's voice again. "You are such a beautiful man, Jason ..... and I love beautiful men. I want to watch you as you fuck my ass. Come on, stud. I'm giving my ass to you. Fuck it!" He gasped as he felt the head pull back over the inner sphincter, then up past the warm membrane of his ass, almost all the way out. It paused, then plunged back in it, harder this time, more insistent.

"That's it, man," Mark yelled. "Fuck that ass ..... fuck it ..... fuck it." Jason lost all control and pumped faster, harder until his hips were driving the steel rod like a piston into the cop's ass. Mark was mesmerized by the sight of this muscular firefighter powering over him, and their blue eyes locked with an almost hypnotic intensity.

Suddenly Mark had an overwhelming urge to touch Jason's magnificent chest and he pulled frantically against the ropes binding his wrists. The more frenzied Mark became and the more his face and body writhed and thrashed, the more enthralled Jason became and the more savagely his cock jackhammered the helpless police officer. It became a spectacular trial of strength, with the fireman using all his muscular force to pound his captive, and the cop's muscles straining desperately to get free.

"Yeah," Jason taunted, "you can't take it, uh, can't take the fireman's big dick up your cop's ass. Not such a macho stud cop now are you, big guy? You're mine now, officer .... that beautiful naked body is at my mercy. I'm gonna torture you, man. Shit if your buddies could see you now, writhing in bondage while the fireman fucks your helpless ass. Come on, stud, let me see you struggle ..... let me hear you beg."

The bound cop was being humiliated by the gloating fireman, but Mark wasn't about to beg. The man's sneering taunts enraged him and he suddenly wanted to take back control from this vain, arrogant young bodybuilder who was pounding his ass. Mark's face turned upward to look at his bound wrists and he yanked harder at the ropes. He knew how just how to work his wrists and at last he felt one of the ropes loosen. Desperate now, he tugged again and again until the rope came loose enough for him to slide his hand free. Quickly he reached over and pulled at the knots on his other wrist, freeing it in seconds.

Jason watched his efforts with amusement. "Not bad, officer, you're pretty hot stuff. But it's not gonna get you anywhere. My rod is still hammering your ass and you're still gonna beg for mercy or I'll fucking rip you open. I wanna hear you scream, man."

"Go fuck yourself, asshole." Mark's steely gaze pierced Jason and he saw the arrogance in his eyes falter. Mark smiled scornfully and he growled, "You're a beautiful man, Jason, but you know I'm the best. Here, let me show you. Suddenly he clamped his hands onto the mounds of Jason's pecs ..... and his fingers locked on his nipples with a vise-like grip. "Aagh," Jason



howled with the shock of intense pain and he reflexively grabbed Mark's wrists, trying to pull them away from his burning chest.

But Mark's arms were rock solid and Jason was no match for him. So instead he concentrated on his ass and now the trial of strength became intense as the fireman hammered the cop's tortured ass and sneered, "Come on man, I'm gonna rip your ass to shreds. You know you can't take it. Give up, man .... submit. Let me hear you beg."

But that wasn't gonna happen and Mark knew it. Shit, if he had survived Randy's brutal fuck without begging for mercy he surely wasn't about to submit to this man. He clenched his ass muscles to slow the iron shaft piercing him, all the while twisting and rolling the agonized nipples with all the strength of his steel-like grip. He saw Jason's confidence crumble and knew he had him. "You're finished, man," Mark growled. "Now it's you who's gonna beg."

"Fuck you, man," Jason groaned. "I'll never ..... Aaagh!" As Mark's finger nails bit into the tender flesh pain seared through Jason's chest, tears streamed down his face, and he heard himself plead, "No, man, that's enough ..... ease off, man, you're fucking killing me. Aaagh! No, please, my chest is on fire. OK, I'm begging you. I can't take any more. I submit to you, sir ..... I give up. You've beaten me ..... you are the best. Aaagh ..... you're making me cum, man. I can't hold back ..... I submit, sir ..... aaagh!"

His eyes opened wide, his body shuddered and his cock exploded deep inside Mark's ass. The sight of this arrogant, muscular fireman screaming in submission as he blasted his load was perfect retribution for Mark. In what should have been Jason's moment of triumph he was beaten, broken, his beautiful face sobbing with pain and humiliation. Mark reached up, grabbed Jason's head and yanked his mouth down hard onto his rigid cock. The rod plunged deep into Jason's throat and erupted with blasts of hot semen.

Jason gulped, choked and swallowed hard, desperate to drink all of the man's juice in a final act of submission. The fireman was consumed by lust for Mark as his cock still poured juice into the cop's ass and he gulped Mark's semen pouring down his throat.

As his heaving body subsided Mark savored his moment of victory. He had known from the start that he needed to cut this arrogant, narcissistic young stud down to size, to strip him of his vanity. And he had succeeded. He smiled as he realized that throughout the fuck, Jason had been so mesmerized by Mark's beauty that he had not looked at himself in the mirror once.

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When they stood up, hearts still thumping, breath still heaving, the two naked muscle-gods looked at each other and shook hands with a firm grip. "I never thought it would happen, man," Jason said. "A man so beautiful, such a fucking stud, that I would submit to him even as I shot my load in his ass."

Mark grinned, "Yeah, well don't underestimate yourself, buddy ..... not that you ever would. You are one of the most spectacular men I've ever tangled with. And talking of gorgeous men, this buddy of mine wants me to ask you a favor. You glimpsed him that time at the house."

"The guy who has the twins? Oh yeah, I couldn't forget him. As I told the twins, 'Shit, it would take a real special man to have you as his boys. He'd have to be fucking gorgeous'."

"Yeah, well, in addition to being one of the most beautiful men on the planet, he's one of the best ..... a real alpha-male, good-natured, kind, loving ....."

"And you're totally in love with him," Jason grinned.

"That obvious, uh? Anyway the favor he wants should appeal to that massive streak of narcissism in you." As they got dressed Mark explained the plan. A few minutes later, as they turned to leave the room, Jason said, "Hey, Mark. I've gotta see you again. You were so fucking incredible ..... can ..... can we do this again sometime?"

"Don't see why not," Mark grinned.

A sudden thought occurred to Jason. "By the way, Mark .... do you have a boy?"

"I do," Mark said with a hint of pride. "He's a gorgeous, muscular blond stud, the hottest young California surfer you'll ever see out there riding the waves." Mark gave Jason a piercing look. "And he's off limits, man. Strictly off limits."

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It was a just over a week later and there had never been a gathering at the house quite like it, so many men ..... fifteen ..... that four square tables had been pushed together on the lawn to seat them all. In addition to all the men of the house, Steve, Lloyd and Hassan had driven down from Mulholland Drive, Adam had flown in from Sydney and even Eddie had driven out from Palm Springs. Normally such a huge event would have meant a ton of extra work for the twins ..... but not this time. It was their birthday.

The enthusiastic response of so many men was a tribute to the affection everyone felt for the twins, and their appreciation for all the great meals they had served up ever since they came to the house. But even more than that, it was a collective sign of love and respect for their master, Bob. He had wanted a special event for his twins and the guys were going all out to provide it. Added to that, Randy had made it clear to the group that he would appreciate everyone's presence. And Randy's word was pretty much law.

The men were gathered round the huge, cloth-covered table, with the twins at the head, looking pleased but slightly embarrassed at being in the limelight, glancing frequently at Bob for

reassurance. They had been forbidden to work on their birthday and they had agreed, though that didn't stop them from casting anxious looks toward the kitchen, knowing that the other boys had taken over from them for the afternoon.

They were right to be concerned as the scene in the kitchen could charitably be described as controlled chaos. Nate was most familiar with the kitchen and was trying to organize everything with Jamie's cooperation, Pablo's indifference, and Darius's incessant horsing around. Looking dazed by it all, Eddie clung close to Darius. Being in the company of all these spectacular men was overwhelming for him. He knew he was the low man on the totem pole here ..... but what a totem pole!

By some miracle the birthday feast was prepared and brought out in triumph by the four boys. More chaos ensued as it was served, with dishes being passed round the table haphazardly, Nate trying to orchestrate the impossible under the din of raucous voices and bawdy jokes. The second miracle was that things actually calmed down as the men concentrated on their food ..... which actually wasn't half bad, they all agreed.

Birthday presents were showered on the twins, some of the gag gifts being greeted by groans, especially Darius's proud gift of a black rubber dildo, a molded duplicate of his own massive cock (copies of which he had long ago presented to Randy and Bob when he had first met them.) Embarrassed, the twins glanced at Bob, who leaned toward them and whispered, "You'll get my present a bit later, guys."

The meal was a riotous success, culminating in Nate leading a procession of the other boys bringing from the kitchen a huge, square cake, every inch of it smothered in as many candles as the twins' combined ages. Singing a cacophonous version of the birthday song wildly off key, the boys placed the cake in front of the twins, illuminating their faces with the blaze of candles. They blushed shyly as they gazed around the table at all the eyes focused on them.

Darius, of course, couldn't resist a ribald comment. "Come on guys, both together now. You do know how to put out candles don't you? You just put your lips together and blow." In the ensuing laughter Bob added, "And make a wish." The twins closed their eyes, paused to make a silent wish, then took a deep breath and ..... suddenly above all the noise came a loud commanding voice.

"Put out that fire! It's a hazard ..... this is a burn area." All eyes turned to the gate and all jaws dropped as they stared at a fireman at the gate, in full bulky firefighter gear, yellow pants, heavy boots, fireproof jacket and big fireman's helmet obscuring most of his face. "The fire department already responded to a fire here ..... you want to start another one? Who's responsible for this?"

"They are," said Darius and Pablo together, jerking their thumbs at the twins. "It's their birthday."

The fireman gazed hard at them. “So you’re the birthday boys, uh? Yeah, I heard about you. You caused the last fire. I guess I’ll have to take you two in hand.” He whipped off his helmet and everyone stared in amazement. “It’s him,” said Darius in a loud stage whisper. “The calendar man..... August page.”

It was Jason of course, and that was no surprise to Mark who had set the plan in motion, nor to Bob, naturally, or even to Randy. Bob had cleared the whole idea with Randy who recoiled at first but had been placated by Bob who agreed to a strict set of rules laid down by the boss. The clincher came when Randy learned what his role would be in the new adventure.

The twins gazed in awe at Jason, remembering with shame how they had been bewitched by the gorgeous firefighter the last time, sucking his cock and offering their asses to him. In a mild panic they stared at Bob, but they relaxed when they saw him smile and nod slightly. It was his birthday present to them ..... Jason, whose picture they had jerked off over so many times ..... he was their birthday present ..... and he was going to ‘take them in hand’.

“I said, ‘put out the fire’,” Jason barked. “Quick to obey, the twins took another deep breath and blew hard, extinguishing all the candles at once.” The guys round the table all cheered, having worked out by now that this was Bob’s gift to the twins, except that this fireman appeared to be the real thing.

“Never know how many sparks flew into the hillside there,” Jason said. “Guess I’ll have to stick around and make sure you haven’t started a brush fire.” The fireman stood a short distance from the table of awe-struck men .... and came into his own. Mark smiled to himself, knowing that Jason’s vanity had never been as gratified as it would be today, showing off his body to this incredible group of gorgeous men.

And it was quite a show. He shrugged off his big jacket and stood there in his pants and boots, the pants held up by red suspenders than ran up to his shoulders over the dark blue fire department T-shirt. His magnificent body was apparent even under the shirt and he ran his palms over his pecs, up over his shoulders and down his arms, flexing his biceps.

The group stared in silent awe as Jason pushed the suspenders off his shoulders and let them hang at his sides. Slowly, very slowly, he pulled his T-shirt up out of his pants, over his ridged eight-pack abs .... and stopped, teasing them. Then he flashed a gleaming smile and pulled the shirt up and off. He tossed it to the ground, put his fists on his waist and flared his torso in the familiar bodybuilder pose, the muscles of his glorious body gleaming in the afternoon sun.

Now the table erupted into wild cheers and wolf-whistles as men and boys alike gazed with admiration at the stunning, shirtless firefighter, with his beautiful Tab Hunter face, blue eyes and short blond hair. Jason acknowledged the applause, then beckoned to the twins who stood up unsteadily and began to walk toward him. But their courage gave out. They stopped and looked back appealingly at Bob.

Picking up on their reticence, Jason said, "Is there anyone of these gorgeous men you would like to share your birthday present with?" They gazed hard at Bob who understood, but looked tentatively at Randy. After his recent sexual adventure with Mark, Bob was being very sensitive to Randy's feelings. "OK, buddy," Randy said in his low, deep voice. "It's their day, they can have anything they want. Only one thing's off limits, and you know what that is."

Everybody knew what that was. Bob's ass was a Randy exclusive. Bob and Randy stood up and walked over to the twins and Jason. "Happy birthday, guys," Randy said, then turned his steel-blue eyes on Jason. "And you, when you've finished with them you come and see me and we'll talk. I'm the boss around here .... the name's Randy." He held out his hand and grabbed Jason's in a crushing handshake that made the fireman wince with pain.

Jason stared at this rugged, muscular man with the handsome gypsy face. He tried to hold his fierce gaze but the hypnotic eyes were too much for him. He felt his cock getting hard in his pants, his gaze faltered and he took a step back. Randy turned and strode away, and Bob smiled at Jason and walked toward the house. Recovering quickly Jason grabbed the twins' arms and marched them after Bob, followed by the awestruck, envious eyes of the other boys.

"Shit," Darius said loudly. "And my birthday's not for another six months!"

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In Bob's room the twins gazed nervously at the fireman, his naked, muscular torso somehow looking even more erotic under the wide red suspenders. They relaxed as Jason smiled at them, then at Bob. Bob understood the twins well and said gently, "OK, guys, you get to choose ..... it's your birthday. What'll it be? You wanna get naked and get on the bed?"

But they hesitated, looking at each other, reading each other's thoughts as always. "Sir," Kevin said, "of course we want to get fucked by you and Jason ..... of course we do .....

"But....." Bob coaxed them.

Kyle decided to go for it. "But, sir, first we would like .... it would be great ..... I mean it would be a real fantasy if ....." he took a deep breath and charged ahead ..... "if we could watch you fuck the fireman, sir."

Bob was surprised, but he shouldn't have been. The twins understood intuitively that Bob and Jason were virtual strangers and they wanted Bob to establish his supremacy before they both worked together on their asses. Plus, it would be a hell of a spectacle for them to watch.

But Bob looked dubiously at Jason. "Oh, guys, I happen to know that Jason here doesn't do that ..... at least he only did once, with Mark. Sorry, I don't think that's on, guys."

“Why not?” said Jason suddenly. He had been gazing at the beautiful dark-haired man in awe. He was everything Mark had said he was .... and more. It would be like getting fucked by Superman. He smiled at Bob..... “unless of course you would prefer .....” and he cupped the cheeks of Bob’s ass in his hands.

Bob flinched and said, “No ..... no ..... it’s not that I wouldn’t like ..... but that can’t happen.”

Jason smiled. “That guy Randy, uh? I guessed as much ..... a guy as gorgeous as you has to be the boss’s lover. Well that settles it. Let’s give the birthday boys what they want.” He slipped the suspenders from his shoulders and lay on his back on the bed, propped up on his elbows smiling up at Bob.

Suddenly Bob’s whole focus was on this awesome, shirtless young firefighter, even more spectacular than his picture in the calendar. The birthday, the twins, they all receded from his consciousness and he had an aching desire to be the second man to fuck Jason. Quickly he pulled off his T-shirt, kicked off his boots and dropped his jeans. Jason’s eyes opened wide as he stared up at the naked muscle-god. “Oh shit, man, that is fucking beautiful. Hell, you and Mark should be .....” but he trailed off, sensing that he was treading on thin ice.

Bob unbuttoned Jason’s pants and pulled them down below his knees. He pushed his legs up high, boots and all, and gazed down at his perfect ass. “Man,” he said gently, “I know this is only your second time, so I don’t want to .....”

“Hey,” Jason cut him off. “Just go for it. A man like you never has to apologize for a thing. Besides, you are such a huge fucking turn-on that I can’t wait to feel that big dick in my ass.”

Bob eased himself forward, pressed his cock against his ass and said, “I’ll go as easy as I can, Jason. Just let me know if it’s too much.” With the slightest of pressure he pushed the head of his cock over the sphincter and paused to let Jason relax into it. Then he slid his long shaft inside the near-virgin ass, pausing when the muscles clenched involuntarily, then continuing, deeper and deeper until his cock came to rest against the warm membrane at the deepest point.

Jason was staring up at him in disbelief. There was no pain at all ..... only exquisite pleasure. It was as if he was getting fucked for the very first time. Mark had reamed him in anger, torturing his ass with his huge jackhammer. But this man .... this spectacularly beautiful man with his deep brown eyes, was gentle, kind, careful not to hurt him, intent only on giving him pleasure. Jason sighed, “I have never felt anything like that, man. Oh man, fuck my ass ..... I love having your cock inside me.”

Bob pulled his cock back, paused, then glided slowly back inside the warm ass. He settled into an easy, gentle rhythm, massaging the fireman’s ass, caressing it, making love to it as he had done so often with the twins. Jason could hardly believe the sensations coursing through him, feelings he had never experienced before, never dreamed of. A sensual warmth radiated from his ass and spread right through him as if his entire body were on fire.

He gazed up at the muscle-god taking possession of him and he ran his hands lightly over the magnificent chest and lats, his eyes drowning in the soft brown eyes smiling down at him. He was in a place he had never been to before, discovering impressions, sensations, emotions that were all brand new. Maybe it was love. How could anyone not fall in love with this man?"

He heard himself say, "I think I'm in love with you, Bob. You're making me feel ..... oh god, you're gonna make me lose my load, man. I need to cum so bad. Please, please, Bob. Will you cum inside my ass ..... please .... deep inside?"

They saw their own reflection in each other's eyes and as Bob looked down at the exquisite face he was startled to feel a trace of what he always felt with Randy. But it disappeared instantly and he knew he had to end this. He recovered himself and smiled again. "OK, Jason ..... I'm gonna cum now." He pulled his hips back, then thrust his cock suddenly deep inside, blasting his juice into the fiery depths of Jason's ass.

"Aaagh....." Jason's body convulsed, his head flew back and his cock exploded in a massive orgasm that poured streams of hot cum onto his chest and face. Their hearts were pounding, they took heaving, ragged breaths as their cocks gushed semen until at last they were drained. But it was not over for Jason. Still in an erotic haze he felt two rivers of cum splashing down on him. The twins were standing, one on each side of him, holding their cocks, their semen erupting over the beautiful man they had just watched getting fucked by their master.

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A few minutes later all four men were sitting drinking beer, taking a breather before the twins were to get their real present ..... having their asses penetrated by their master and the fireman. But in fact they had already received the best present a boy could wish for ..... watching the man they worshipped taking total control of the young fireman who had come among them full of confidence and pride in his own magnificent body. In the fullest sense of the word, Jason had submitted himself to Bob, body and soul.

But Jason had recovered and his confidence was back. "Say, this house is phenomenal ..... all you guys look like fitness models. You know what? You guys should make a calendar."

"Yeah," Bob laughed, "well maybe you should talk to Darius about that. He's the camera guy."

"And this guy Randy ..... he said he wanted to talk to me. Do you know what that's about?"

"Oh, yeah," Bob grinned. "I have a feeling he'll be waiting for you. See Randy always has to welcome new men to the group in his own special way. We've all been through it. You should feel flattered that he wants to see you. He must think you're worthy of the group."

"What is it then ..... a kind of test?"

“Well .... it’s more what you might call a trial of strength. It’s a kind of ritual. You’ll see.....”

# # #

## **Chapter 152 – The Twins’ Birthday – Jason’s Initiation**

After fucking Jason Bob had got dressed again and was now barefoot in jeans and white T-shirt. The twins had wiped their cum off Jason, lingering longer than necessary as they ran towels over his magnificent chest. Jason then pulled up his fireman’s pants and hooked the red suspenders over his shoulders, and both men were now sprawled in armchairs relaxing with a couple of beers. The twins were sitting opposite them, close together on the edge of the couch, backs straight, looking at the two muscle-gods with eager anticipation.

Bob sighed. “So what do you reckon, Jason? What are we gonna do with these two young hustlers now they’re here?”

“I dunno,” said Jason. “Thing is, they look pretty timid to me ..... not very adventurous if you know what I mean. I wouldn’t want to do anything that would blow their innocent minds.”

Bob grinned, pleased that Jason had immediately clued into the game and was toying with the twins. “Yeah, I know what you mean. They do look kinda innocent, sorta wet behind the ears now you mention it. Better keep it real vanilla ..... something pretty tame.”

The twins always loved it when Bob went into this routine of talking about them as if they were just sexual toys, like rent-boys who had been hired for the afternoon. They quickly tuned into the fantasy that they were young hustlers who had been picked up by a fireman and his buddy for their sexual pleasure. It was a huge turn-on for them. OK, so they were being treated like hustlers they would behave like it. Bob caught the trace of a smile that passed between them and he knew they were about to prove Jason wrong about that innocence thing.

Bob and Jason continued to size the boys up, planning their next move, but it was the twins who moved first. They stood up and faced the two men without expression. All this time they had been wearing the smart clothes they had put on for their birthday party ..... identical crisp blue cotton shirts and clean white shorts. But now it was time to get down to business.

Still poker-faced, like serious rent-boys, they slowly unbuttoned their shirts like strippers teasing the clients. They pulled the shirttails from their shorts one side at a time and let the shirts hang open, giving tantalizing glimpses of their smooth, lithe young bodies underneath. Bob glanced at Jason who was mesmerized by the performance and already stroking the bulge in his pants.

When the twins, in perfect unison, shucked off their shirts and stood motionless before them Jason gasped, “Oh, Jesus, look at these guys ..... we got ourselves a couple of beauties here.”



“I should hope so, Bob said ..... they cost plenty ..... I wanted the best.”

Jason took a swig of beer and said, “Yeah, but I hope they can do more than just stand there and model. I mean, I was looking for some kind of action ..... I wanna get my rocks off.”

He expected the twins to approach him seductively, like a routine scene in a porn video. But this was not gonna be routine ..... far from it. The twins broke eye contact with the men and turned to face each other. They stared into each other’s eyes and entered a sensual world they had been to so often before, a space that was at once intimate and infinite. Each one saw himself reflected in the eyes of a boy identical to himself ..... a reflection in a reflection, an image repeated to infinity.

As if hypnotized they raised their arms and each ran his hands over his brother’s chest, caressing it lovingly. They touched the nipples lightly, stroked them, and smiled as they rolled them between their fingertips, softly sighing with pleasure .... “Aaah”.

Jason could not believe his eyes. He grabbed his crotch hard as he stared at the handsome young twins turning each other on. Vain as he was, Jason had expected the boys to come to him ..... guys always did. But these boys were ignoring him ..... ignoring him! ..... reaching out to each other instead.

Bob smiled to himself, seeing Jason’s awed reaction. He had seen the twins’ act many times. It was one of his favorite things when he came home tired from work and jerked off watching them. He also realized that Jason’s vanity was being deflated. Just as Mark had done, Bob wanted to prick the balloon of Jason’s narcissism ..... and his twins were just the boys to do it.

The brothers were now pulling on the nipples, drawing each other closer, until finally their faces were inches apart. Jason’s eyes opened wide as he realized what they were doing. “Holy shit,” he breathed as the brothers’ lips came together. They squeezed their nipples tighter and ground their mouths together in a ravenous kiss, arching their hips forward and rubbing the bulge in their shorts hard against each other.

“Man, I don’t fucking believe this,” Jason whispered to himself. Breaking apart, the twins kicked off their sneakers, unbuttoned their brother’s shorts and let them drop. They were now naked except for white briefs hugging the mounds of their asses and the shape of their rigid cocks etched under the thin cotton. They reached behind their brother’s head, pulled it forward and kissed again, then wrapped their arms round each other in a tight, sensuous hug.

Jason could not believe that these gorgeous young brothers were actually making love to each other and he turned to Bob. “This is un-fucking-believable, man. Did you know they were gonna....? You did, didn’t you? They probably do this for you all the time, you lucky bastard.” He turned his attention back to the twins, still locked in an embrace. “Hey, guys,

turn round so I can see you. Come on, guys, please. You are so fucking beautiful. Please face me ..... please, guys .....

Bob smiled to himself again as he heard Jason plead with his boys. He guessed, rightly, that usually Jason got his vanity stroked by other guys pleading with him. But not Bob's boys.

At last the twins acknowledged Jason's presence by turning to face him. They stood side by side, an arm thrown over each other's shoulder, their perfectly muscled young bodies tapering down to the white briefs round their slim hips. Jason gasped as he saw the clear outline of their cocks ..... so long and so stiff that the heads poked up over the waistband.

"Holy shit," he said again and stopped rubbing the bulge of his own cock, knowing that he was about to cream his pants. But he couldn't take any more as a mere spectator ..... he had to touch their smooth, tanned skin. He jumped up and took a step forward ..... but the twins turned their back on him. Jason stopped in amazement and frustration. No one turned his back on Jason. Usually when he walked toward guys they either fell on their knees before him, or touched his spectacular body in awed muscle-worship.

But the twins were walking away from him ..... toward the bed. Jason could do nothing but watch ..... and wonder. Standing beside the bed, their eyes fixed on each other, they slowly pushed their briefs down and their rock-hard cocks sprang free, the heads touching. "Shit damn," Jason breathed. He unzipped his pants, pulled out his shuddering cock and stroked it slowly with his left hand. He always jerked off with his right hand, and he knew that using his left would delay his climax that was burning for release.

The twins lay on the bed together, kissing for a while, and then Kyle twisted round to face in the opposite direction so that each boy's face was level with his brother's cock. Jason groaned, "Jesus Christ .... no.....no ....!" The boys closed their hands round their brother's cock ..... and began to lick the head. 'Surely not,' Jason thought. But it was true. The boys eased forward, pushed their mouths further down on the cock, further and further until their faces pressed into the tangle of their brother's light brown pubic hair.

Jason yanked his hand off his cock to stop it exploding. He raised his arms, linked his hands behind his head and paced round the room, unable to look at the incredible sight of the brothers locked in a passionate sixty-nine position, sucking on each other's cock. Jason was lost, confused. "Man, I've never seen ..... never thought of anything so .... so fucking beautiful in my life. I can't ..... I can't ....."

At long last Bob stood up, went toward Jason, took his face in his hands and kissed him gently on the mouth. Then he pulled back and smiled at him. "Now you know what real beauty looks like, Jason. Every time I see that I gaze at them in wonder and shoot a massive load. Now relax, Jason, trust me, and come here."

Bob pulled off his T-shirt and pulled his cock from his pants. They stood facing each other on opposite sides of the bed looking down at the erotic scene beneath them as the twins sucked each other's cocks with increasing passion. Instinctively Jason reached down to touch his cock but Bob whispered, "No".

Bob reached forward across the bed and placed his hands on Jason's shoulders. Gazing into Bob's deep brown eyes Jason did the same, so they were bracing each other across the bed. Jason was desperate to touch his cock and blast his load but Bob's grip on his shoulders restrained him. He tore his eyes away from Bob and lowered them to the bed beneath them.

The twins were in another world now, their own private world. Bob knew it was a secret space they had created long ago, of necessity, when they were all alone in the world, with only each other for love and protection. Some called the love they had for each other unnatural, but they didn't care ..... to the twins it had become the most natural thing in the world. Even now that they were secure in Bob's love, they still sometimes lost themselves in each other's arms, each other's eyes, and in acts like the one that was now dazzling Jason.

Jason was holding his breath, his heart beating wildly as he watched the twins increase the rhythm of their remarkable act. Their heads were pounding each other's cock, their faces slamming into the pubic hair with the passion of fraternal desire. Jason heard them groan, saw the pace quicken, saw the bodies stiffen, shudder ..... and suddenly he knew that the boys were drinking each other's cum.

He looked wildly up into Bob's calm face, then back down at the boys who suddenly flipped over onto their backs and smiled up at him. "Please, sir," Kevin said softly. "We would like to see you cum." It was not so much a request as an order ..... the twins had completely bewitched Jason. Digging his fingers into Bob's shoulder muscles to stop from touching his cock, Jason felt heat rising up from his balls, race through his cock, and he howled as it exploded in ribbons of white cream pouring down onto the gorgeous young bodies beneath him.

As his semen splashed down on their chests and faces Jason was aware of a second stream of cum joining his. He looked up and saw Bob smiling at him. Without touching their cocks both men had shot massive loads over the twins. The erotic display had been enough to release their orgasms in homage to the sexual power of the two stunning, daring young brothers.

And Jason, so accustomed to being worshipped, had just performed an act of worship himself.

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The boys lay motionless on the bed, bodies covered in the semen of two men, and they gazed up at them with the light of mischief dancing in their eyes. They had played their part and now waited for their reward, handing control back to the men. They were immediately treated to the sight of two handsome faces above them coming together in a long, lingering kiss.

Finally they broke apart and Bob smiled down at the twins with a look of pride and intense love. Innocent they may appear, but they had captivated Jason with a stunning act and tamed a narcissistic muscle-god into a submissive worshipper of their beauty.

“Wanna beer?” Bob asked Jason, breaking the spell he was under. They zipped up their pants and, still shirtless, sprawled back in the armchairs, while the boys waited patiently, smiling at each other in the certain knowledge that they would get exactly what they wanted for their birthday.

Jason took a long swig of beer and said, “Man, that sure beats jacking off looking at myself in the mirror. I can’t believe that you get to be with these incredible boys all the time. You are so damn lucky ..... no, sorry, I guess luck had nothing to do with it.” Jason laughed. “I remember what I said to Mark .... ‘it would take a real special man to have them as his boys. He’d have to be fucking gorgeous’. And here you are ..... fucking gorgeous.”

“OK,” said Bob, “so what’s next? You shot such a monster load of jism just now that you’ll probably want to kick back until you’re juiced up again.”

“Are you kidding?” Jason grinned, squeezing the fabric at his crotch, emphasizing the shape of the huge boner in his pants. “With you and your boys I could cum every ten minutes. Come on, let’s take a look.” They got up and stood at the foot of the bed.

Once again the twins felt like pieces of meat being examined .... and they loved it. “Here, you haven’t got a good look at this yet,” Bob said, leaning forward and pushing the twins’ legs high in the air.” Jason gaped as he saw their perfect young asses, a light fuzz of hair surrounding the holes that begged for attention. “Oh, man,” Jason breathed, “that is so fucking beautiful. I have to ....” he looked up at Bob .... “Is it OK if I .....?”

“Go for it, stud, they’re all yours.” Jason fell to his knees and gazed at the tantalizing asses in front of his face. “Oh, shit,” he moaned. Throwing caution to the winds he plunged his face against Kevin’s ass and licked it hungrily, burying his tongue deep inside the hole. The juices of the moist membrane were like nectar to him and he groaned in ecstasy. He pulled back and moved over to Kyle, licking the soft downy fur round his ass, then pushing his tongue in deep.

Jason was going wild, licking, kissing, probing first one ass then the other. He looked up at Bob in a daze. “Oh man,” he said, “these asses are so fucking sweet they could make a grown man weep.” Bob’s cock stiffened in his jeans as he held the legs high and gazed down at the handsome blond, his mouth and face smothered in saliva. The muscular young fireman had already busted a load just watching the twins, and now he was a slave worshipping their asses.

He was working himself into a frenzy, the muscles in his magnificent body rippling as he moved from one boy to the other, his head moving up and down as his tongue worked their asses feverishly. But Bob was startled when Jason suddenly leaped to his feet, wild eyed.

“Shit,” he said feverishly, “I’ve gotta fuck those asses. Please, man, look ....” and he pulled his cock from his pants, hard as steel. “Please, man, I gotta bury my rod in those gorgeous young asses and empty my load inside them.” His voice became plaintive. “I know they belong to you, man, but can I? Can I fuck them?”

“Hmm,” Bob said, feigning doubt and prolonging Jason’s suspense. “I dunno about that, man. It’s really up to the twins. Guys, take a good look at the fireman here. Do you want to feel his cock in your ass?”

“Yes please, sir,” they shouted in perfect unison.

“Guess that settles it then,” Bob grinned. “Go for it, man.”

In a frenzy Jason pulled off his boots, pushed the suspenders from his shoulders dropped his pants and his shorts. The twins’ startled eyes opened wide as they saw the fireman naked for the first time, his muscled thighs and calves matching the perfection of his torso. Their cocks pulsed as they saw Jason spit in his hand and wipe it over his cock

Jason dropped to his knees on the bed and took over from Bob pushing Kevin’s legs back. He pressed the head of his cock against the warm, moist hole and almost shot his load right there, just gazing at the young cum-soaked body ..... waiting for the fireman to fuck his ass. Jason saw Kyle’s plaintive expression next to Kevin and said, “Come on, Bob. Help me out here.”

Bob dropped his jeans and was finally naked like the other three. He knelt beside Jason and pressed his cock against Kyle’s ass. “OK, guys,” he smiled, “I know you have often blown your wad jerking off over the picture of the muscle-god fireman in your calendar. Well now he’s right here, in the flesh ..... and he’s gonna fuck you. Happy birthday, guys .....

That was Jason’s cue, and in perfect unison with Bob he pushed his long cock slowly, steadily into the boy’s ass. Kevin looked up at him his heart pounding, and he said softly, “Thank you, sir ..... aaah.” Jason leaned forward and pinned Kevin’s arms to the bed, gazing at him with his piercing blue eyes. “You like that, eh kid? You like the big firefighter’s cock in your sweet ass? Here, feel it.” He pulled back and then Kevin felt the long stiff rod sliding back into him.

Bob matched Jason’s steadily increasing rhythm as their cocks rode the young asses. Soon Bob said, “Hey, Jason. I think my boy here wants a fireman’s dick in his ass too. How about it?” Seamlessly they switched sides and Jason pressed his cock against Kyle’s quivering hole. But he frowned. “Nah, I don’t think he wants it as much as his brother.”

That drove Kyle crazy and he said urgently, “No .... I do, sir .... I do want it .... real bad ..... please, sir ..... please fuck my ass ..... aaah!” His frustration dissolved in the exquisite feeling of Jason’s pole driving deep inside him. And so it continued, with Bob and Jason switching from boy to boy, fucking one willing ass then the other. The twins knew how to heighten the erotic sensation. They closed their eyes, felt the piston working in their ass, then suddenly

opened their eyes and with a surge of surprise saw, as if for the first time, the spectacular men rising and falling over them.

It was Bob who sensed that the twins were reaching their climax and he said gently, "What do you want, guys?" The brothers looked up with glazed eyes and said together in dreamlike voices, "Please cum inside us, sirs." Bob glanced at Jason and they both felt the immense pressure rising in their cock and balls. When it exploded it was spectacular. There were four screams as the first blast of semen slammed into the boy's asses. Then Bob and Jason switched for the last time and poured a second load into the other boy.

They pulled back and watched in awe as the twins reached over to each other and stroked each other's cock, causing two massive orgasms, streaming fresh semen over their already cum-soaked bodies. The men pulled their cocks out of their asses, stood up and gazed in disbelief as the twins still stroked each other, their chests splashed with spurts of white juice.

"Let's do it man," Jason said softly to Bob. They held their cocks, pointed them down at the shuddering twins and blasted more cum into the handsome young faces. The twins gasped as they felt themselves drowning in semen, seeing through the white spray the glorious sight of their master Bob and the fireman of their dreams ..... the men who had just fucked their asses.

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A few minutes later Bob was pulling on his jeans and Jason his yellow work pants, leaving the suspenders dangling at his sides. A wave of excited energy seized the twins and they sprang from the bed. They pulled on their briefs, gazed with sparkling eyes and spoke breathlessly. Kevin: "Thank you, sirs." Kyle: "The best birthday present ever."

They ran out of the room and down the stairs. Bob pulled Jason to the window and said, "Look down there." Jason's eyes opened wide. "Holy shit!"

Down in the garden the twins burst from the house and stood on the lawn breathless, their hearts pounding. The group of men round the table were stunned into silence as they gazed at the twins, in their white briefs, smothered with the cum of multiple orgasms, juice pouring down their faces, flowing over their beautiful bodies, and dripping into a pool at their feet.

As might be expected it was Darius who broke the silence, his fantasy machine going into overdrive. "Shit damn. Dudes, you look like the whole goddam football team tied you down and jerked off all over you." That unleashed a clamor of cheers, wolf whistles, applause and raunchy comments. Bob and Jason came out of the house, barefoot and shirtless, and stood behind the twins they had just fucked.

Bob said quietly to the twins, "OK, kids, you are definitely the stars of the show and you just made a spectacular entrance. But a star also has to know how to make an exit. Why don't you go dive into the pool and clean off." The twins walked proudly past the cheering group,

with no hint of embarrassment, Bob was pleased to see. They stood at the end of the pool, paused, then rose up on their toes and executed a perfectly synchronized swan dive into the water, to more prolonged cheers.

The only man that was not joining in the general enthusiasm was Randy, as Pablo was very aware, seated opposite him. The boy was more interested in his hero than in the dazzling show put on by the twins, and knew that Randy had his eyes fixed on the fireman. "What you gonna do, sir?" Pablo asked quietly. Randy leaned across the table, smiled and ruffled his boy's hair. "You just look and learn, kiddo. Pay attention ..... and I'll take my cue from you."

"Right, sir," Pablo said, thrilled that Randy was about to exert his authority, and that he apparently, was to be a part of it. Bob and Jason walked over to join the men at the table and Pablo quickly shuffled sideways on the bench, making room for Jason to sit next to him ..... facing Randy. The rowdiness of the group died down as they all tuned in to the conversation, the confrontation actually, between Randy and the fireman. They all knew what was up and Darius rolled his eyes conspiratorially at the other boys, listening hard as he drank his beer.

"So, you said you wanted to talk to me," Jason said with a confidence bordering on arrogance. The knowledge that he had been a spectacular birthday present for the twins was a great boost to his ego and vanity, so now he had no reluctance to take on the apparent boss of the outfit. "Bob mentioned something about a trial of strength?"

"Yeah ....." said Randy, with a faint hint of his old Texas drawl. "Yeah ..... see, when a new man comes to the house he usually has to deal with me first. This is, as you see, an outstanding group of men and as I'm the boss I have to see if a guy has what it takes to be one of us. They've all been through it."

"Through what? What test of strength are we talking about here?"

"Well, it can take different forms. The most common is a simple bout of arm-wrestling, one fall only, no best-of-three crap or anything."

Jason flashed his gleaming smile. "OK, man, no problem ..... bring it on. But I should warn you that when I was an athlete at Kansas State University I was the Kansas Junior Arm-wrestling Champ."

"Is that so? Yeah, well look around you, Toto, 'cause I don't think we're in Kansas anymore."

Darius happened to be taking a swig of beer and he did an elaborate spit take as he choked with laughter and sprayed beer over the table. Zack clipped him behind the head but couldn't suppress his own smile as the whole group broke into fits of laughter. To his credit Jason joined in, his appreciation of Randy growing in spite of himself.

“So let’s go, stud,” Jason said. “No time like the present. You, me, and a table between us. What more could we need?”

Darius nudged Pablo and indicated the camera he was holding under the table. “Gotta get this on camera, dude.” he whispered, “This is gonna be one for prosperity.”

“*Posterity*,” Pablo murmured, kicking him under the table.

The men beside Randy and Jason shuffled aside on the bench to give them space, but Randy was becoming irritated by the vanity and arrogance of the fireman. Mark and Bob had already confronted it but Randy was less forgiving. Any hint of a challenge to his dominance in the house had to be dealt with. Plus the man was undeniably spectacular to look at, with his blond good looks and perfectly sculpted physique and the boys, at least, were drooling over the new muscle-god. No, the man had to be dealt with ..... put in his place.

Randy leaned forward and planted his elbow firmly in the middle of the table, his forearm raised. Jason did likewise and their palms slapped together, thumbs crossed, fingers wrapped round hands in a vise-like grip. Randy made laser-like eye contact and said, “Before we start, one other thing you should know, Jason. In this house we spice the contest up a bit. It’s like this ..... the winner always gets to fuck the loser’s ass. That’s about it ..... simple as that.”

Jason flinched imperceptibly, but what Randy said didn’t really faze him. He knew he could beat this guy, big boss or not, and it would be a real turn-on showing off to the whole crowd as he stripped naked and fucked the boss’s ass. “Ready?” came Randy’s gruff voice. Out of the corner of his eye he saw Pablo gazing at him with his hero-worship expression and a hint of a smile. He knew Randy could take the fireman in a heartbeat but he also knew that he would put on a show first. “OK, kiddo ..... count us down.” Pablo took a deep breath.

“Three....two .... one ..... go!” Muscles flexed, biceps bulged ..... and the match was on. There was no movement at first, just tense, straining muscles as the men stared at each other psyching each other out. Then the arms moved a little, one way then the other as each man gained a slight advantage. The seconds went by and to the onlookers the men seemed evenly matched, but Pablo knew better. He knew Randy’s strength well, having been on the receiving end many times, and he caught the quick glance Randy threw at him, with a smile on his lips.

Pablo loved that Randy was showing off to him, as well as putting on a show for the other guys and especially for Jason. And he knew just what was happening as he saw Jason begin to force Randy’s hand back further and further toward the table. There were muffled gasps round the table as the guys contemplated the possibility of the fireman beating the boss and then fucking his ass in a humiliating public display.

The back of Randy’s hand was only inches from the table when he looked at Pablo and raised his eyebrows questioningly. Pablo ginned ..... time for his cue .... and nodded enthusiastically. And suddenly it was over. With a surge of unbeatable strength Randy easily pushed Jason’s



fist up and over, slamming it down on the table. Pablo had known all along that Randy was toying with Jason, and he glowed with pride as he gazed at his hero.

“Shit, damn,” Jason groaned, dropping his face down on his aching arm on the table. When he finally looked up and stared at Randy the truth hit him, that this wild, gypsy-looking muscle-stud was going to fuck his ass. Mark had previously mentioned to him Randy’s legendary, merciless fucks and Jason realized that arm-wrestling wasn’t the trial of strength ..... the real one was just beginning.

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Throughout the arm-wrestling bout Darius had circled unobtrusively with his camera. He was expert at staying in the background out of the contestants’ eye-line, and now he was standing by the house, his camera to his eye. He trained it first on the big group of men sitting expectantly round the table, then panned round to the two bodybuilders facing each other at the side of the garden by the trees.

The men locked eyes, chests heaving, like gladiators preparing for the climax of their show. Jason, still defiant, pushed the suspenders from his shoulders and they dropped to his sides. Randy stared at the perfect, ripped musculature of the fireman and grinned. “Gotta hand it to you, man. You have a sensational body.” He pulled off his own T-shirt and Jason inhaled sharply as he saw for the first time Randy’s spectacular torso, muscles honed by years of hard labor on construction sites.

“OK, man, on the ground.” Jason had accepted the terms of the challenge and knew he had no choice. He lay on the ground on his back, his head near the trees. Randy reached down, grabbed the bottom of Jason’s heavy pants and in one move yanked them down his legs and off, holding them in his hand like a trophy. He looked at them and came to a decision. He unbuckled the suspenders from the pants and threw the pants down.

He smiled down at the naked fireman. “There’s one other detail I forgot to tell you, man. As I said, the loser gets his ass fucked, sure, but I don’t think I mentioned that he also gets tied up.”

He walked toward the trees, grabbed one of Jason’s wrists and tied one of the suspenders round it. Any other man would have objected that this was not in the original rules of the game, was like moving the goal-posts. But Jason’s arrogance, his vanity, would not let him do that. He would show Randy ..... he’d show them all ..... how tough he was. “Go ahead, man, he growled. “Do what you want. I can take whatever you dish out, and more.”

In a minute he was helpless on his back, his arms spread-eagled, each wrist tied to a tree on either side of him. There was a moment of panic where he looked back over his shoulder and pulled against his restraints. Darius tightened the focus on this glorious sight of the naked muscle-god, shoulders and arms bulging as his body twisted on the ground in a hopeless attempt to get free

Randy pulled open his pants and let them drop. Naked, he paced round his victim, gazing down in admiration at the fireman's magnificent body. "OK, man, this is it. This is how I have welcomed every man to our group." He dropped to his knees and hooked Jason's legs over his shoulders. Now that the time had come, fear struck Jason and he stared wildly up at Randy. "Just remember, man .... I never do this .... I don't get my ass fucked."

"Ah, don't feed me that bullshit, man," Randy growled "I know Mark and Bob have had their dicks in your ass. But you should've come to me first ..... I wouldn't have been so rough on you. As it is ....."

"Aaaagh!" The young fireman's scream echoed round the garden as he felt the huge steel rod pierce him, plunging right down into his gut. Pain roared through his body as the rod pulled back, then speared him again, more violently than before. Jason's head thrashed from side to side, his body writhed and he pulled desperately on his bound wrists in a futile attempt to ease the pain. He stared wildly up at the dark gypsy face above him, at the massive body slamming down on him again and again.

Randy saw the panic in his eyes and, without letting up on the attack on his ass, said, "OK, man, I'll give you a break. If you want me to stop, I'll stop. I just need to hear you beg, in front of all the guys."

Through his haze of pain Jason said, "You'll never hear that, asshole. I'll never beg to you."

"We'll see about that," Randy said, and speeded up the piston jackhammering the fireman's ass. He knew he could break the man ..... he could break any man ..... but that's not what he wanted ..... not exactly." He glanced over at Pablo and grinned, and Pablo knew what came next.

Randy pounded the ass brutally and knew that Jason was about to submit. Jason croaked, "OK, that's enough ...." But suddenly the pain stopped. The huge cock was still inside him, but it was no longer a weapon. In disbelief Jason felt it pull back, then slowly, gently, ease back into his ass, all the way deep, deep inside until it passed over the inner sphincter and came to rest.

Jason was mesmerized by the blue eyes smiling down at him. He had already felt the anger fuck of Mark, then the gentle, caring fuck of Bob, and now Randy's brutal hammering. But he had never felt anything like this new incredible sensation. It was not love or admiration, he knew that, not mercy for a beaten rival. It was ..... an act of raw masculinity by a dominant alpha male who could rip his ass to shreds but was instead holding back ..... a warrior restraining his instinct for conquest. The huge, thick cock was still a potential weapon but now the man was using it as a tool for victory of another kind.

After a long pause Jason felt the shaft pulling slowly back up inside his ass until it stopped, about to pull out, and he heard Randy's voice. "You were saying, Jason? 'That's enough?' You want me to stop fucking you, man? OK, I said you only had to ask ..... so I'll stop."

"No, no .... don't stop, man. Please leave your dick in my ass. Please don't stop. I want you to fuck me. Please, sir." Jason was staring up at the hypnotic blue eyes set in the dark stubbled face and all he knew was that he wanted to feel this incredible man cum in his ass.

"Tell me, Jason," Randy said softly. "Say it out loud so everyone can hear."

"Sir," Jason shouted. "I want you to fuck me, sir. I submit ..... you are the best. Please, sir, I'm begging you. I want you to fuck my ass, sir."

Randy flashed a brief smile at Pablo, then focused back on the man who had tears in his eyes. "OK, Jason. I told you, you had only to ask."

And so the construction worker began the strong, slow caress of the fireman's ass. Jason clenched his ass muscles round the huge shaft that was boring deep inside him, setting his ass on fire. He saw the powerful body restraining itself as it rose and fell gently over him and he was mesmerized by the steel blue eyes. Like so many others before him, Jason had surrendered to the powerful sexual magnetism of the king of the gypsies.

As Randy gazed down at the beautiful blond face he suddenly saw himself reflected in the deep blue eyes, felt himself drawn into them, into the magical world that only he and Bob shared. Instantly he knew that Bob must have felt this too when he had fucked Jason. Randy was jolted, thrown off-stride, and he knew this had to end. The startling experience had made his cock pulse and he felt the juice rising up from his balls.

"OK, Jason," he said, "you're gonna shoot your load all over yourself, but not until I say you can. First, you're gonna feel my juice inside you. Here it comes, man .....oh yeah ...." His body shook, the rod jerked inside the fireman's ass and Jason gasped out loud as he felt the cock explode deep inside him, felt the warm semen of this glorious man pouring into him. Jason's body was on fire, his balls were bursting and he was desperate to shoot. "Please, sir," he groaned. "Please let me cum. I beg you."

"You only had to ask," smiled Randy. "OK, do it, stud."

"Aaagh!" Jason screamed, not in pain this time but in ecstasy, as his cock jerked, his whole body spasmed and a huge plume of white cream arced into the air and splashed down on his chest, then another, pump after pump, until his body was smothered in pools of his own cum.

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It was a long time before Jason's heaving body subsided and he felt Randy's cock pull out of his ass. Randy leaned forward and untied his wrists, throwing the suspenders over his cum-

soaked chest. "Here," he grinned, "I think these are yours. He fell forward and pinned Jason's wrists to the ground, arching over him and gazing into his eyes.

"Now you know, Jason. You know why I'm the boss. You're a spectacular looking man and you are right to be proud of your flawless body ..... vain even, that's OK with me. All these men here are in awe of you, and the boys especially all want you. But the boys all have masters who love them and if you cause any trouble between them you'll answer to me ..... and I think you know what that means. Understood?"

"Yes, sir."

Randy stood up and pulled Jason to his feet. After they pulled on their pants Randy ran his eyes over Jason's gleaming cum-soaked chest and face, put a hand on his shoulder and said, "Now, unless you have to report back to work, can you stay here for the night?"

"Yes, sir. It would be a privilege."

"Good. Now this tribe you see here is made up of several small families. Mine consists of my lover Bob, his twins, and my boy Pablo. Tonight you will spend with us. The two most precious things in life to me are Bob and Pablo, especially their asses. And to show how much I admire you, stud, I'm gonna let you inside both of them. Now *that's* a privilege. Plus I know they're longing to feel that big rod of yours inside them.

"But right now you're gonna get to know all the other men round that table, and tomorrow it's all fair game. By the way, I noticed the way you and Mark were looking at each other ..... shit you two look just like each other ..... and then there's Mark's beautiful young surfer boy, Jamie. You three would look good together ..... who knows?"

He threw his arm over Jason's shoulder, they walked toward the table and Randy said loudly, "Listen up, guys. Jason's OK ..... he's one of us." In the cheers and applause from the group only Mark and Zack held back, always resentful of these macho displays by Randy when someone new came to the house. They respected and admired Randy, and had themselves been subject to the same treatment, but they never thought of themselves as subservient to him. The cop and the black leatherman had no boss, and certainly not Randy.

Besides, Mark had seen how Jamie's eyes glowed as he had looked at Jason earlier and he now leaned close to his ear and whispered, "Don't worry, kid, I have plans for us. I know Jason wants to meet you properly, even though I told him you were off limits. I think he might invite us over to his place ..... and I think we might accept. That be OK with you?" His answer was a pair of shining eyes and then a pair of lips pressing against his mouth.

Randy was still holding the floor, proudly introducing Jason to the rest of the group. "Over there, that handsome stud is my younger brother Steve, next to his lover, our architect Lloyd. They live in a fancy house on Mulholland. And in their guesthouse lives that gorgeous Marine

right there, Hassan, who will probably spend the night there with his boy Nate and Nate's other master Adam. Nate and Adam are both Aussies ..... Nate's our houseboy and Adam works for the airlines so he's always dropping in here to make sure Nate's being treated OK.

"I think you've already met our resident leather stud, Zack, and his boy Darius, and nestled up against Darius for protection from this horde is young Eddie from Palm Springs. Those three will no doubt be sleeping together in Zack's house across the street. And last but not least is my boy Pablo who you'll be getting to know a whole lot better tonight, right kiddo?"

"Right, sir," Pablo said proudly.

"So that's our tribe, Jason. Whad'ya think?"

"Un-fucking-believable," said Jason. "The most beautiful bunch of guys I've ever seen."

"Well you'll fit right in, calendar guy. Shove over guys and make room for him. And keep your hands off him, boys ..... no licking that jism off his chest."

Bob got up from the table and walked over to Randy with a broad smile. "Well, big guy, I guess you showed Jason and everyone else who's the boss around here. And I suppose you've promised my ass to Jason. I saw the look that passed between you ..... that special look of ours that I thought was unique to us. Well I have a confession. When I was fucking him I felt it too. I mean he's so fucking gorgeous. We're gonna have to be careful there."

Randy grinned. "No sweat, buddy. You and I are solid, and I'll prove it. All that fucking has made me hot for the ass I *really* want. Let's cut out of here for a while."

"Man, I'd follow you anywhere," Bob laughed. "After all, you're the boss."

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## **Chapter 153 – Adam, Nate & Lloyd – One Hot Afternoon**

Soon after Randy and Bob had left, this major gathering of the tribe began to break up into smaller groups. The boys clustered together, with an exhilarated Darius taking the lead. He had filmed the whole amazing scene between Randy and Jason but had not, of course, been a witness to the erotic birthday celebration upstairs between Jason, Bob and the twins. Now he aimed to put that right, always eager for more masturbatory images to add to his collection of fantasies.

"OK, dudes," he said to the twins in a conspiratorial tone. "This is what's known as the debriefing. Now you have to tell us everything that happened upstairs ..... every detail .... no holding back. And make it good ..... exaggerations permitted."

Zack rolled his eyes at Jason and Mark. "That's my boy. But don't think he's all gift-of-the-gab, Jason. As a matter of fact he's maturing quite nicely ..... even has a boy of his own, young Eddie, the kid you see there gazing up at him adoringly. Hey, Darius, when you've wrung all the juice out of the twins there, why don't you bring Eddie across to my house, let him relax with us a bit. Don't want him overdosing on fantasy with you guys."

The thought of being with Zack and Eddie was an image for Darius that competed with the twins' tale and soon won out. Darius stood up and said, "Later, guys," then to Eddie, "come on kiddo, our master calls." Eddie followed Darius to the gate, thrilled with the prospect of spending time with the two black muscle-studs ..... his master and his master's master.

Jason had been invited by Randy to spend the night with him, Bob, Pablo and the twins ..... "getting to know the family," as Randy had said, though everyone had a fair idea what that euphemism meant. But before he left the table the fireman huddled with Mark and Jamie.

"Man, I hope all this hasn't screwed up our friendship at all," Jason said. "That workout we had in the firehouse gym, Mark, really stoked me, and I meant what I said about doing it again." He glanced at Jamie whose eyes were riveted on him. And Mark, I would really like to invite you and your gorgeous boy here to my house, though I remember you made it clear that Jamie is strictly off limits."

Mark grinned at Jamie, "Yeah, well maybe we can re-think that one a bit, eh kiddo?" and he could see from Jamie's sparkling eyes (not to mention the bulge in his shorts) that that prospect was a hit with him. "So sure, Jason, just name the day."

Meanwhile at the other end of the table Nate was listening with rapt attention to the conversation of four other guys, Adam, Hassan, Steve and Lloyd. He looked from one handsome face to the other and his body tingled with expectation.

Steve was saying, "OK, fellas, looks like the party's pretty much winding down here. Hassan, I assume you're taking Adam and Nate to your place, but the day is still young, the sun is still high, so why don't you join Lloyd and me for drinks by our pool when you've .... er ..... taken care of your own business," and he grinned at Nate.

But Nate hesitated as he surveyed the wreckage on the meal table left by fifteen hungry guys. Jamie came to the rescue. "It's OK, dude, me and Pablo and the twins can take care of the clean-up. Shit, if it was me being invited by those four studs you wouldn't see me for dust."

"Hey, watch it, kid," smiled Mark. "Sorry, sir," Jamie grinned back.

And so the party broke up with a last whispered word from Jamie to Nate. "And don't forget that debriefing thing of Darius's. When you come back, dude, I want to hear everything .... like who did what to who and how often. Got it?"

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Nate was in his favorite place, sitting between his two masters Hassan and Adam in Hassan's jeep as it followed Lloyd's BMW up the winding hill to Mulholland Drive high above the city. Adam had flown in from Sydney just in time for the birthday party so he had not yet had the chance to spend time alone with Nate. That came next, Nate hoped, a hope that was reinforced by Adam's arm round him squeezing his shoulder. They left the talking to Hassan.

"So, Nate, what do you think of the new guy, the fireman?"

"He ..... he's very attractive, sir," Nate stammered.

"Attractive! He's fucking gorgeous, kid, and everyone knows it. I just wish Randy hadn't done his macho number on him that he always does. I know Mark and Zack didn't approve and I can't say I enjoyed watching it."

"Still," Adam said, "Jason took it like a real man .... and I'll tell you something else. A guy as vain as that knew how incredibly hot he looked struggling and suffering in bondage..... and he worked it like crazy. Hell, it was like something out of a porn video ..... the muscular, naked firefighter being tied up and fucked by the stud construction boss. Anyway, it's all over and Jason got Randy's seal of approval."

Adam heaved a deep sigh. "Still, I know what you mean, Hassan. It's good to get away from all that raw testosterone flying around and spend time in your little house with our boy here." Nate pressed against Adam as he felt his arm tighten round him.

When the small convey arrived at the house the gate swung open and the BMW drove to the entrance of the main house. Steve and Lloyd went in to set up drinks by the pool. The jeep drove round to the back where Hassan jumped out and ran down the steep path to open up the guest house he lived in. Adam and Nate pulled out their backpacks and Adam impulsively took Nate in his arms and gave him a long, lingering kiss.

"I've missed you, mate," he said in his strong Australian accent. "Missed you a whole lot."

"Me too, sir," Nate said softly.

"Hey," Adam smiled. "You can cut the 'sir'. Like we said, when it's just the two of us we're mates, OK?"

Nate grinned. "OK, si.... OK, mate."

Just as they got to the house Hassan came out. He had already changed into swim trunks and said to them, "Listen, guys, I have a feeling you'd like a little time alone with each other ..... get reacquainted, kind of."

"You sure, man?" asked Adam.

"Sure I'm sure. After all, I get Nate every Thursday when he comes up here to clean my house and ..... well...." and Hassan actually blushed. "Anyway, I'll go and hang with Steve and Lloyd by their pool until you've ....." and he blushed again. "Take good care of the big guy, kiddo," he said to Nate, brushing his cheek with his hand, and then he was gone.

Adam and Nate gazed after the tall Marine in his swim trunks bounding up the path to the main house, his sculptured muscles gleaming in the afternoon sun. "You know, Nate, I always forget how gorgeous the man is. Sometimes back home I lie in bed beating my meat thinking of the big Marine fucking you and it always makes me shoot a huge load. He has been taking good care of you, I hope?"

"Oh yeah," Nate grinned. "Every Thursday."

Adam laughed, then gazed at his handsome boy standing on the lawn. "OK, kid, now it's my turn. And the first thing is to get you out of these clothes." Nate stood still and let his master undress him. Adam pulled the boy's T-shirt over his head, then unbuttoned his shorts and let them fall round his ankles. Nate stepped out of them and Adam stood back to admire him. His eyes ran over the ripped young body, naked now except for his sneakers and long gray socks pulled up over his shins, a look that always turned Adam on.

"Holy shit, you are one hot young stud, boy. You want your master to fuck that ass of yours?"

"Yes, please, sir," Nate said, mesmerized by the sight of the tall, handsome Aussie hunk, looking superb in a black T-shirt that hugged the contours of his muscular torso, tapering down to the brown belt at his slim waist of his beige cords pants, his legs astride, brown boots firmly planted on the patch of grass in front of Hassan's house. To Nate the man was a god and his cock was rigid as a pole as he stood motionless, waiting. He knew he could shoot his load just by looking at this muscle-stud, but he held back ..... saving it.

Adam smiled and shook his head. "Boy oh boy, you look so fucking beautiful standing there ..... and that gorgeous cock of yours ..... looks like it's in need of attention." Adam surprised Nate by dropping to his knees in front of him. He took hold of the stiff cock and licked the head, making Nate gasp when he lapped at the hard rim of the head. Then he pressed the tip of his tongue into the hole and savored the taste of the pre-cum oozing from it.

Nate was beside himself. He had not cum since his last time with Hassan, saving himself for Adam, so he had built up a big head of steam. "Oooh," he moaned. "Don't do that, please mate..... it's gonna make me cum." Adam grinned up at him. "That's OK Nate ..... any time



you like. Believe me, I'm gonna make you shoot several loads before we go up to join the guys." He reached forward and clamped his hands round Nate's hips, the hard rod inches from his face. Then he eased forward and Nate felt his cock sliding into his master's mouth.

He couldn't breathe as he looked down at Adam's strong, chiseled features and the square jaw clamped hard round his cock. As Adam gripped Nate's hips and pulled them toward him the muscles of his arms flexed so hard that the short black sleeves of the T-shirt slid back off the bulging biceps. Nate's legs went weak and he thought he might pass out. He had known Adam would fuck him but he wasn't expecting to see the muscle-god on his knees, eating his cock like this. His heart beat wildly, he felt heat rising from his balls and he knew he couldn't hold back any longer.

He shouted, "I can't stop it ..... I'm cumming, sir ..... aaagh!" All his pent up lust suddenly exploded in his master's mouth and he felt his juice pulsing into the back of Adam's throat, again and again. Mesmerized, Nate watched Adam's throat work as he swallowed his cum. Then suddenly Adam pulled away, jumped to his feet and clamped his cum-filled mouth over Nate's. The warm cream passed back and forth between them and Adam went wild, kissing the boy's lips hard then running his mouth over his cheeks, forehead, and eyes. And all the time cum oozed from his mouth, smothering Nate's face.

Nate was in a daze, feeling his own cum and Adam's saliva all over him, seeing through a veil of semen the wild-eyed face of his exhilarated master. Adam took a last swallow of cum and gazed at Nate's cum-soaked face. "Oh man," he gasped, "you look so fucking hot like that. I gotta fuck your ass, boy." His voice became harder. "On your back, boy."

Instantly Nate fell onto his back on the grass and stared up at Adam. He loved it when the usually calm, rock-steady man went wild like this but he had never seen him so stoked, so ferociously horny, so beautiful. Adam's body was fired up, heat racing through him as he gazed down at Nate, naked except for his socks and sneakers.

"Shit damn, the number of times I've busted my load thinking of you, boy, and now here you are ..... naked at my feet, waiting for your master's big pole to ram your ass. Adam lifted his foot from the ground and planted his boot firmly on the middle of Nate's chest. "Look at me, boy. You're at my mercy. I can do anything to you." Nate looked up spellbound at the brown eyes boring down into his, the heavy boot pressing down on his naked chest. He was trapped by the tall, powerful muscle-god, and he gasped when he saw what came next.

Adam raised his arms, reached behind his neck and pulled at the top of his black T-shirt. The tight shirt rose slowly over his ripped abs, his chest and shoulders and he tossed it aside. He was now stripped to the waist and Nate stared at the spectacular body, slanting down from broad, hard shoulders, over flared lats to the tight waist cinched by the brown belt. As the T-shirt had pulled out of his pants it had pulled up on his shorts and the white cotton waistband now showed an inch above the belt, a striking contrast to the golden tan of his eight-pack abs.

The man was stunningly beautiful and instinctively Nate's hand went down to his cock, already hard again so soon after his multiple orgasm. Adam increased the pressure of his boot on Nate's chest and stretched his arms out to the sides, displaying his perfect physique, like the victor after a wrestling match, preening in triumph over his fallen victim.

Nate felt his cock tremble as his master said tauntingly, "That's it, boy, stroke that cock ..... look up at your gorgeous master and beat your meat." He pressed his boot a bit harder on his chest. "Feel that, boy? You're trapped, and you know what's gonna happen? The big muscle stud is gonna ram his pole up your ass, boy. See this?"

He grabbed his crotch, squeezing his hands round the outline of the bulge in his cords. "This is the rod that's gonna fuck that helpless ass of yours. Yeah, pound that meat, you little fucker ..... show me you want my dick in your ass ..... show me how much I turn you on." He was shouting now. "Show me how much you love me, Nate!"

Nate was in a frenzy, pounding his cock faster and faster, gazing up at the man he worshipped. Yeah, he would show him ..... he would show him he loved him, he would show him he longed to feel his dick inside him. He would cum for him again ..... he would cum ..... right now ..... "I love you, sir!" ..... and a long ribbon of cum shot from his cock and splashed down onto the boot on his chest.

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Nate had closed his eyes when he blasted his load, and when he opened them again Adam was kneeling astride him. They were mates again. Adam smiled down at him, leaned forward and kissed his mouth hungrily. He pulled back and said, "I love you, Nate .... you are everything I could want in a boy. Now, I've made you cum twice in quick succession, and I did that deliberately so you wouldn't shoot a load as soon as you felt my dick sliding in your ass. Now I can fuck you for a long time without you cumming.

Nate grinned, "I wouldn't count on that, mate."

"That sounds like a challenge, kid. Look at this," Adam said, stroking the massive bulge in his tan cords. "My cock is throbbing, kiddo, straining to get into your ass. You wanna see?" He unzipped his pants and his cock sprang out, long and hard as iron. "Here, touch it." Nate reached forward and gently stroked the huge shaft, bulging veins etched along its length as it pulsed for release, and he imagined how it would feel in his ass.

Suddenly Adam fell forward and put his hands on the ground above Nate's head. He raised himself up on his feet so he was spread-eagled above Nate, only his hands and boots touching the ground. His long body was arching over the boy, his cock pointing straight down at the boy's face. Nate stared up at the magnificent body, reached up and ran his hands down the flared lats and over the flexed abs, coming to rest round the tight waist. It was Adam's waist

that Nate found the biggest turn-on, especially now that the top of his white shorts showed above the waistband of his pants against the tanned skin.

He reached further round until his palms cupped the hard globes of Adam's ass through the cords. In a daze he pressed down on the ass, pulling the hips toward him ..... and he opened his mouth. "Yeah that's it, boy," he heard Adam say. "Open wide and taste your master's cock. Make it feel good, boy.

Nate thought his heart would leap from his chest as he tasted the pre-cum at the tip of the cock, then felt the rod push into his mouth, deeper and deeper until it came to rest at the back of his throat and Nate's face pressed into the damp, wiry pubic hair. He breathed deeply through his nose, intoxicated by the musky taste and smell of this glorious man.

Adam pulled back and Nate again put his hands on the sides of his waist, feeling the leather belt, the cotton shorts and his rippling lower abs. He was hypnotized by the erotic sight of the slim waist of his shirtless master right above him. Adam's chest and shoulders flexed as he did a series of pushups over the boy, his hips rising and falling, his long cock sliding into his mouth. Nate lost all sense of where he was, focusing only on the leather belt, the white waistband of the shorts and the tan skin.

He clenched his throat round the cock and swallowed hard, tasting the pre-cum in the back of his throat. His face was again buried in the pubic hair, he was dimly aware that he was shaking, that his cock was once again throbbing ..... that his juice was pouring out of it. He felt the liquid splash on his chest and he couldn't believe that he was cumming for a third time. But he had no control ..... Adam was so beautiful, so incredibly hot, that Nate had once again surrendered to him completely.

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Nate was sobbing now, all his resistance and inhibitions gone. "I'm sorry, sir," he stammered. "I lost my load. I had to cum again, but I was trying to save it for when you fucked me." Then with an edge of panic, "You are still gonna fuck me, sir, aren't you?"

Adam grinned and waved his rock hard cock in Nate's face. "Look at this huge piece of meat, boy. Do you think it's gonna be satisfied with anything less than your sweet ass? And don't worry about shooting three loads. You've still got more in you, boy ..... at least you will when you feel this rod in your ass."

Nate was totally in his master's power now and watched spellbound as Adam stood up, kicked off his boots, unbuckled his belt and let his cords drop round his ankles. He stepped out of them and towered over his boy, naked except for his white boxer briefs with his steel rod standing straight out of them. The muscular, tanned body was magnificent and Nate reflexively reached down to his cock again, but Adam stopped him.

“Don’t you cum again, boy. This time you’re not gonna cum until I hear you beg for my permission to shoot, is that clear?”

“Yes, sir. Thank you, sir.”

Adam dropped his shorts and fell to his knees between Nate’s legs, hooked them over his shoulders and pressed the head of his cock against Nate’s hole. Nate held his breath, waiting for his master’s rod to penetrate him ..... but that would have been too easy. Adam wanted him to be desperate for it, so he held back, teasing him.

“Feel that cock against your hole, boy? How many times have you jerked off thinking about that? How many times have you dreamed of me pulling off that black T-shirt you like so much, standing over you and stripping naked? How many times have you narrowed your eyes and imagined you could see my face gazing down at you as I got ready to push my dick inside your ass. Could you feel it sliding inside you ..... could you feel it going deep, right down into that warm secret place deep in your gut? Did it make you shoot your load? Tell me, boy. How often? Tell me.....”

Nate was going wild with frustrated lust and anticipation and he stared up into the penetrating brown eyes. “Many times, sir ..... all the time. Every night in bed I think of you, picture you .... your face, your body ..... and I see you naked, feel your cock sliding into my ass and I don’t even have to touch myself ..... I cum all over myself, and I go to sleep like that, covered in the juice that you made me shoot.”

“But Hassan fucks you.”

“Yes, sir, every time I come up here, and it’s great. He’s very good to me, sir, and I love him. But sometimes I’m missing you so much that, as I look up at him, I half close my eyes and his face becomes yours, and his cock becomes yours and ..... and I feel you fucking me, sir.”

“Does it feel like this?”

“Aaah ..... aaah ..... oh, god ..... aaah!” Nate gasped, his chest heaved and his heart pounded as, at long last, he felt the head of Adam’s cock slide over his sphincter and the long, hard rod push slowly passed the warm membrane of his ass, deeper and deeper until it came to rest way down inside him.

“There,” Adam said softly. “That’s what we both jack off to, Nate, when we’re thousands of miles apart. But there’s no ocean separating us now, mate, and I am really gonna fuck you. But I warn you ..... I haven’t busted my load for days now, saving it for you. I’ve watched you cum three times and I’ve held back. Now my fucking body is on fire, boy, and my balls are bulging with hot juice, waiting to explode. So this is not gonna be our usual love fuck. This time it’s raw, male lust. I am hot for you, boy, white hot, and I am gonna fucking ream your ass.”

“But while I pound you I forbid you to shoot. You’ll want to like crazy but you don’t shoot another load until I hear you beg and give you permission. Is that clear?” Then more gently, “Is that what you want, Nate.”

“More than anything in the world, sir.” His eyes brimmed with tears. “I’m your boy, sir. I love you ..... I want to feel you ..... I want you to hurt me .....

Adam fell forward, pinned Nate’s wrists to the ground and gazed into his pleading eyes. They had an understanding. And so it began. Adam’s hips pulled back slowly until the head of his cock slid back over the sphincter and out, resting on the outside of the hole. Adam ran his eyes over the handsome boy trapped beneath him .... his captive .... his lover .... his boy!

He was overcome by his beauty and it was as if an electric charge ran through his body. He yelled, “God I love you, boy!” ..... and he rammed his cock back into the hole like a spear, piercing it right to the back of his ass. Nate screamed, and his screams served only to drive Adam to greater frenzy. His long shaft pulled back, then pierced the ass again ..... and again and again. His cock became a jackhammer, driving into the ass like a machine, powered by visceral lust.

Adam was like a stallion, rearing up wild-eyed, aware only of the fire in his raging cock. Nate had never seen him like this, never felt him like this, and he gritted his teeth until the pain had passed and his ass surrendered to the exquisite sensation of his master’s piston drilling into him. First pain and then passion, both almost made Nate pass out, but he fought against unconsciousness, desperate to endure the ecstasy of his master’s assault on his ass.

Adam’s fiery eyes blazed down at the boy whose ass was impaled on this thundering cock. “Man, I love that hot ass. I’m gonna fucking ream your ass, boy ..... it’s mine ..... you belong to me, kid. Show me .....

Nate clenched his ass muscles, squeezing them round the rod that pistoned inside him. He looked up at the spectacular muscle-god, the sun streaming behind him, his body gleaming, dripping with sweat. Nate lost all sensation of pain, all inhibition as he drifted into another world where all he saw was the glorious man hammering his ass. He yelled, “Yeah, fuck my ass, sir ..... harder ..... I love your cock in my ass .... I love it ..... hurt me, sir ..... rip my ass!”

Into Adam’s delirium of uncontrolled lust Nate’s words broke through .... “hurt me, sir” ..... and he knew he was in danger of going too far. His hunger for this boy was so intense that he knew he could ravage his ass, proving his love by inflicting pain. He took heaving breaths and gazed down at the boy helpless beneath him, the boy who trusted him to love and protect him. His lust cooled, his body slowed and his cock eased gently in and out of the tender ass.

His voice was soft. “Do you want me to cum inside you, boy? Do you want to feel my juice pour into your ass?”

“Yes please, sir,” Nate moaned ..... “please.....”

He gazed up at the heaving body and watched it spasm, watched the face rear back, saw the mouth open and scream ..... “Aaaaagh!” Nate felt the cock shudder inside his ass and then explode, blasting juice deep inside him. All of Adam’s pent-up desire that had built up inside him, in his balls and his cock ..... all of it now erupted in one spectacular orgasm as his cock pumped stream after stream of juice inside his boy.

Nate gazed in awe at the incredible sight of the muscle-god, his master, writhing and thrashing as he emptied his load into him. The sight, the sensation, brought him to the brink and he began to beg. “Please, sir. I have to shoot so bad, sir. Please let me ..... please say I can cum, sir. You said I could if I beg, sir. Please .....

Still pinning his wrists to the ground Adam smiled down at him. “OK, mate. Go for it. Cum because you love me. Show me how much you love me, mate.”

He loved the sight of his boy’s eyes opening wide, of his body writhing beneath him, of his cock shuddering and shooting a ribbon of cum that arched upward and splashed against Adam’s chest, followed by another, and another.

Finally, when they were still, Adam fell forward onto his boy, their cum-slicked bodies sliding together. They stared into each other’s eyes and Adam said softly, “You OK, mate? I didn’t hurt you too much?”

“I never felt better in my life, mate,” Nate grinned. “You know, I love jerking off thinking about you but, when it comes right down to it, there’s absolutely nothing like the real thing, is there?”

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Steve, Lloyd and Hassan were well into their cocktails, lounging in the sun by the pool. They had heard all the moans, groans, howls of pain and passion coming from down the hill and Steve grinned. “Man, reunions are great, aren’t they? Hey Lloyd, why don’t you fly to Sydney and stay with Adam for a week or two and then we could have a noisy reunion like that?”

Lloyd shot back, “What makes you think if I was with Adam I’d ever come back? I’d probably apply for Australian citizenship.”

Steve was about to deliver a taunting comeback when suddenly they saw trudging up the slope from the guesthouse two figures in swim trunks and semen. At least, that’s the way they looked as their bodies gleamed with what had to be the juice of many orgasms. And there was a distinct glow about them and dazed smiles fixed to their faces.

“Hi, guys, what you been up to?” Hassan asked nonchalantly, his eyes sparkling.

“Hassan,” Steve said, “take this word of advice from Doctor Steve. When you see two men smothered in jism, with stupid smiles on their faces, glowing bright enough to set the sagebrush on fire ..... it’s a pretty safe bet they’ve been fucking. That, plus the noises from down the hill like animals in heat.”

Above the laughter he said to the new arrivals. “Come join us, guys. You could probably use a drink. But first you might wanna wash all that white stuff off you. Lloyd gets restless when there’s a heavy smell of jism in the air.” Lloyd threw a pillow at Steve, while Adam and Nate took up Steve’s suggestion and dived into the pool.

A few minutes later they were all lounging on chaises and Nate was listening to the raunchy conversation of the four guys. He was, of course, the only boy there and felt just a bit self-conscious in the macho company of the doctor, the architect, the Marine and the airline crewman, so to hide his nervousness he did what came naturally to him. He jumped up and started to clear up, gathering up empty bottles, folding towels and plumping up cushions.

Hey, Nate,” Lloyd said. “You’re not at home now ..... you’re not our houseboy ..... not yet at least. Here, you want something to do? Come and help me get some food ready.”

Jumping at the chance Nate eagerly followed Lloyd into the house. Adam frowned and said, “You know, sometimes I worry about Nate being the houseboy and all, with the lowest seniority in the house. I mean, he loves doing it but I think that somehow that’s all he sees himself as. He’s worth much more than that, though ..... a smart kid, great personality .... not to mention hot as a pistol. What do you think, Steve? You’re the therapist.”

“Funny you bring it up, Adam,” Steve said. “I’ve seen him come up here every week and Lloyd and I were talking. We’d love to have him take care of our place too, but obviously he’s already got his work cut out with the guys’ big complex down there, Zack’s house and Hassan’s place. But what if he were to take on an assistant .... you know expand his horizons, turn his skills into a small business? It could be the making of him ..... a real boost for his self-esteem.”

“You know, there could be a lot in that,” said Hassan, “don’t you think, Adam?” Adam was enthusiastic and they got to mulling over the ways it could work. Pretty soon Lloyd and Nate came out with trays of food and more drinks. As they sat around the table by the pool Adam broached the subject with Nate and the boy’s eyes sparkled. The idea had never occurred to him, but now that they mentioned it .....

“Thing is,” said Hassan, “finding the right guy to take on as your assistant.”

“Oh, I don’t think there’d be a problem there,” said Nate. “You know Eddie, the young bar-back in that little beer joint in Palm Springs. Well he’s crazy about Darius ..... he’s become his boy really ..... and he keeps talking about one day moving to L.A. He always helps me when he’s here, was great at helping put the twins’ birthday party together. He’d be a natural .....

'Course, we'd have to run it by Darius and Zack, Bob and Randy too, and I'd talk to Jamie about payroll stuff, but I think I could persuade them all ..."

He broke off, seeing Adam and Hassan smiling at him already grabbing hold of the idea and running with it. Steve grinned at the guys. "See what I mean?.... could be the making of him."

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They let the matter rest there until they could talk to the other guys, though the notion continued to percolate in Nate's eager young mind. It wasn't long, however, before liquor and the heavy aura of testosterone in the air turned the conversation to an even more raunchy and uninhibited shade of blue. Lloyd was noticeably restless and jumped up to go in and 'take a leak', he said.

Steve grinned and shrugged. "You all see that boner in Lloyd's shorts? Shit, it's so big it almost hits you in the face. God, I know him so well. He has such a huge sex drive that, surrounded by all you gorgeous guys, he goes crazy for cock. He can be a real sex pig sometimes ... and the raunchier the better. He exhausts me with his need for hard-core action."

"Think he's jacking off in there?" Hassan grinned.

"Maybe so ..... but I think even he would see that's a waste with so much prime beef out here. Tell you what ..... when he comes out, if he's still got that hard-on in his shorts maybe you guys could all help me out. I know exactly what he wants."

Before they could reply Lloyd emerged from the house and his boner seemed bigger than ever. As he stood and looked down at the four stunning, near-naked men, his cock got visibly harder.

OK, buddy," said Steve, jumping to his feet, his voice taking on a hard edge. "Strip off those shorts and get on your fucking knees." Instantly Lloyd was transformed from smooth-talking architect to obedient sex slave, dropping the shorts and falling to the grass on all fours.

Taking their lead from Steve, the other three guys stood up and all got naked. They gazed in awe at the muscular stud on his hands and knees, his head bowed in willing submission. Slowly he raised his head and his handsome face looked from one gorgeous naked bodybuilder to the other, their already-hard cocks just inches from his face. He was actually drooling.

Inhibitions had been lowered by all the liquor so Steve found it easy to adopt the tone he knew was a massive turn-on for Lloyd. "OK, pig, push that ass in the air and tell me what you want." Lloyd pushed his ass higher and moaned, "I wanna feel dick in my ass. I wanna get fucked so bad."

Steve grinned at the other guys, moved forward and held his rigid cock against Lloyd's waiting hole. "OK, stud, here it comes...." and he rammed his pole ferociously inside his lover's ass,



making Lloyd's head jerk back and his mouth open in a guttural howl. "Oh, yeah .... fuck me, man, fuck my ass ..... come on man ..... pound that ass."

The men gazed in awe at the two lovers, the one subservient, on all fours, begging to have his ass ploughed, the other magnificent as his heavily muscled body moved back and forth, hands gripping Lloyd's hips pulling his ass back savagely onto his long, thick rod. Steve looked at the guys, his eyes gleaming, knowing how totally awesome he looked jackhammering his lover. Hassan, Adam and Nate were all stroking their cocks and could have cum all over Lloyd, he looked so damned hot, but Steve had other ideas.

As it happened Hassan was standing right in front of Lloyd's head as it flew back again, the jaw sagged and the mouth opened wide. Steve motioned with his eyes from Hassan's face to Lloyd's head. The cue was unmistakable and just as Lloyd started to scream again Hassan's thick cock plugged his mouth, turning the scream to a choke as Lloyd swallowed desperately to control his gagging. "Yeah," Hassan yelled in triumph. "That's U.S. Marine prime beef in your mouth, man. Eat it ....."

Hassan and Steve looked at each other with the acknowledgement of two powerful macho studs, both ploughing the shuddering man on his knees between them. Adam glanced anxiously at Nate and was happy to see the look of awestruck wonder on his face as he stroked his cock hard. Adam whispered in his ear, "Don't cum yet, mate ..... you're gonna need it."

Hassan was matching Steve's rhythm stroke for stroke. The feel of the architect's throat clenching round his cock, and the sight of the handsome doctor pounding ass was bringing the Marine to a climax. "Here it comes, big guy," he yelled. "Drink that soldier's juice" ..... and he blasted what felt to Lloyd like a gallon of hot, pungent liquid deep down in his throat.

Lloyd's eyes were flowing with tears as he swallowed desperately, his face buried in the stinking black pubic hair of the sweaty Marine. Steve's huge cock still pistoned in his ass and he was on the verge of passing out when suddenly the cock pulled out of his mouth and he took gulps of air as his head fell limply forward.

But instantly a hand grabbed his hair and pulled his head back up. Adam stared down at the incredible sight of the handsome face, gleaming with sweat and tears, the mouth sagging open, semen dripping from it down over his chin. Adam was so turned on he growled. "Now let's see what you can do with a big hunk of Aussie meat, stud. Open wide, man ....." Lloyd's objections were stifled by the long pole sliding into his cum-filled mouth, driving down into his already ravaged throat.

As Lloyd gagged again, Adam looked up at Steve and grinned, "Come on, stud .... let's fuck." The two muscle gods got off watching each other pound the suffering man. They matched each other's hammer blows, loving the feel of the hot membrane round their cocks. "Shit, your man is a great fucking cock-sucker, Steve," Adam said. "He has one hot fucking mouth. You want me to bust my load inside him?"

“Yeah, finish him off, man. Let him have it.....!”

“Here it comes, Lloyd,” Adam yelled. “Aussie juice from Down Under. Aaah....” His cock erupted and this time Lloyd did momentarily black out. When he came to seconds later he was swallowing, gulping hard, choking on the river of cum pouring down his throat. He was sobbing as the long cock pulled slowly out of his mouth ..... but incredibly it wasn’t over.

Adam grabbed his hair again and snarled down at him. “Hope you like Aussie cum, Lloyd, ‘cause there’s another Aussie here .... and he’s my boy. Now I always make sure my boy gets what he wants, and right now he wants to stick his young cock in your mouth. Come here, boy.”

Nate stood beside Adam and looked down at the shattered face, tears pouring down his cheeks, cum flowing from his open mouth and over the square, stubbled jaw. Nate almost came looking at the pornographic image, but he knew he had to hold back. Adam growled, “Look at my boy, Lloyd, and tell him what you want. And ask him real nice, you hear?”

The handsome, ravaged face gazed up at the young boy and he croaked in abject humiliation, “I want you to fuck my face, sir. Please .... shove you cock in my mouth ..... sir.”

Nate glanced at Adam for his nod, then lined up his cock with the open mouth and slowly pushed it inside. “Aaah,” he sighed as his rod slid down into the cum-slicked throat. It was the exquisite, warm feel that turned him on, sure, but more than that it was the idea that he was going to empty his ball-sac into this gorgeous man’s mouth and add it to the pools of cum left by both his masters, Hassan and then Adam.

Nate had already cum four times earlier with Adam, but even so he knew he would not last long here, it was such an overwhelming sensation as he felt the throat squeeze his cock. He knew he was lost when he looked up and saw Steve, his hips pounding back and forth, his steel blue eyes boring into his. “That’s it, Nate ..... good boy ..... fuck that gorgeous face. I know you wanna shoot your load ..... so do I, so we’ll do it together.”

The sight of the spectacular Steve, the sound of his deep voice, were mesmerizing for Nate, as he fucked Lloyd’s mouth. “You know, Nate,” Steve continued, “I haven’t fucked you yet but soon I’m gonna ask Adam and Hassan if they’ll let me. Would you like that?”

Nate gulped. “Yes please, sir.”

“OK, but first you have to help me finish off this man on his knees here. Can you shoot when I tell you too?”

“Definitely, sir.”

“OK, just watch me.” Nate saw Steve’s muscular body move faster and faster, heard Lloyd’s muffled moans become more desperate as the rods in his ass and mouth pushed harder. Nate looked down at the handsome, tortured face of the architect, then up at Steve, and he gasped as he saw his two masters standing on either side of him. All three men were smiling at him, urging him on. “You ready, Nate?” Steve asked. “Cause I’m hotter than hell ..... shit, I love this man’s ass ..... here it comes .... I’m gonna shoot, guys .... Aaagh!”

His load that had been building all this time finally erupted deep inside Lloyd’s ass as Steve’s sculpted muscles flexed, his body shuddered and his head flew back in ecstasy. Nate stopped breathing ..... there was only one thing he could do as he gazed at the three glorious faces. For the fifth time that day the lithe young body convulsed, he screamed and his cock exploded in Lloyd’s tortured mouth.

There was a stunned silence, broken only by the heavy breathing of the two men who had just emptied their loads in Lloyd. Steve at last pulled out of his lover’s ass and came round to stand with the other three men at Lloyd’s head. He pulled it up by the hair and they all stared down at the defeated, humiliated face, pornographic now as tears and sweat poured down it and semen still flowed from the open mouth.

Steve grinned down at him. “I know that’s exactly what you wanted, buddy. Am I right?” A trace of a smile crossed Lloyd’s face as he groaned hoarsely, “Yes, sir .... exactly.”

“So what do you say to Hassan and Adam, and especially to their boy, Nate?”

The handsome architect’s tear-soaked face gazed up at them. “Thanks you, sirs. Thank you.”

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It was some time later, after a long swim, more food and more drink, that the sexual vibrations in the air came to a rest and the group sat relaxing by the pool. Lloyd’s sexual urges had been more than satisfied, and he had become what he wanted ..... a sex pig, used and dominated by these gorgeous men. He had even suffered the ultimate humiliation of being face-fucked by their boy after calling him sir. As for Nate, all his earlier reticence and shyness had disappeared after he had played his part in the sexual domination of the handsome architect.

Hassan sighed with total satisfaction. “Man, that was a hot afternoon ..... and I’m not talking about the weather. We should do it again while Adam’s here ..... or something like it. Maybe next time, Steve, you can work on a different ass,” and he grinned at Nate. “Say, I wonder if the guys in the house are having as much fun. What did Randy say to Jason? Something about getting to know the family? Come on, Doctor Steve, you’re the therapist, you seem to know everything about everyone.”

Steve laughed. “I wouldn’t go that far, but one guy I do know about is my brother Randy. No mystery there. ‘Course, we all saw him do his number on Jason, proving he was the best with

his superior strength and sexual magnetism. We've seen that before, but what's different this time is that Randy wants to prove even more to Jason.

"I think he and Bob felt something special stirring in them for the fireman, so Randy wants to show him that he's more than brute force and a great fuck. That's why he used the word family .... which is what they are .... Randy, Bob, Pablo and the twins. And he wants to prove to Jason that he's the undisputed head of that family, that they all worship him. Bob obviously has been deeply in love with Randy from the day they first met ..... Pablo, his adopted son, idolizes him as his hero ..... and the twins love him because Bob does.

"You see, Randy takes his own strength and sexual superiority for granted. But what he values most is his family. And that's what he wants to show off to Jason."

"And how does he do that?" asked Adam.

Steve smiled knowingly. "Oh, my brother has his ways. That's what makes him the boss."

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## **Chapter 154 – Bob & Pablo Submit to Jason**

One way and another the twin's birthday had been, as the saying goes, too hot not to cool down. As the shadows lengthened and the evening closed in, a calm settled over the house. The twins regained dominion of their kitchen, surprised and pleased that it was not the wreckage they had expected after the other boys had used it to prepare the birthday feast. Pablo helped them put together drinks and a snack, though nobody wanted much dinner after gorging all afternoon.

Anyway, the only men left there were Randy, Bob and Jason. Adam, Nate and Hassan were still up on Mulholland with Steve and Lloyd, where Nate was having the time of his life as the only boy among four glorious men. Zack and Darius were across the street at Zack's house, introducing the shy young Eddie to delights he could never have dreamed of.

And Mark had taken his boy Jamie out to dinner. The cop had disapproved, as always, of Randy's macho display of dominance over Jason. Mark had felt a special bond with the stunning fireman and knew that Jason was attracted to both him and Jamie, so Mark resented Randy's bullish intervention. The fireman and the cop were very alike, physically and in other ways, and they all quietly hoped that the three of them would become close.

But for right now Mark wanted to get out of the house to be alone with Jamie and leave the spotlight to Randy to do whatever the hell he wanted with Jason. He made an effort to stifle his resentment and enjoy being with Jamie, because he knew that the gorgeous young surfer was in heaven having the cop all to himself.

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While Pablo and the twins were busy in the kitchen, Randy, Bob and Jason talked quietly together outside at the table by the pool. And to anyone overhearing the conversation it would have been clear that Steve's assessment of Randy's motives had been right on the money.

Whenever Bob and Randy made love they always shared a penetrating look that drew them into a private, magical world where they were united body and soul. It had always been unique to them, but when Bob, and later Randy, had fucked Jason both men had caught a fleeting glimpse of a similar intense look in Jason's blue eyes.

The fireman's astonishing beauty was part of it, of course, but it was evident as they talked that there was more to it. Jason was gazing at Bob as he talked animatedly of the twins, how they had grown in confidence since they came to live in the house, culminating in this grand birthday, in which Jason had played a central role.

"They're real special to you, aren't they, Bob?" Jason said. "And it's obvious that they worship you. Hell, who wouldn't? Just look at you, man ....." He stopped abruptly, afraid he had gone too far in Randy's presence.

But Randy was way ahead of him. As he looked from one man to the other he saw their special connection and guessed that they both had raging hard-ons under the table. He knew that Bob had already fucked Jason, at the twins' request, and Randy was resigned to what had to happen next. As Bob had said to him after Randy had dominated and fucked Jason, "Well, big guy, I guess you showed Jason who's the boss around here. And I suppose you've promised my ass to him."

Was Randy scared of Bob's feelings for Jason? Sure he was. Randy's only fear in life, his one insecurity, irrational as it was, was that Bob would one day leave him. And if that were ever going to happen it would be for a man like this. But, typically, Randy met the fear head on. He could have forbidden Bob to give his ass to Jason, but he knew that would only stifle Bob's desire and breed resentment. No, Steve had been right when he said that Randy needed to show off his family to Jason and prove that he was its undisputed head.

But Randy felt the tension rising in him as he watched Bob and Jason gazing at each other. Abruptly taking control of the situation he jumped up from the table and said, "OK, we're done here." He yelled toward the house, "Hey, Pablo, you and the twins get your asses out here. We're all going upstairs."

As the boys ran obediently out of the kitchen Bob and Jason looked at each other, their hearts pounding. They had both submitted to Randy's dominance before and they knew they were about to again. As the two men and three boys followed Randy striding ahead they were all nursing growing erections in their pants.

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The master bedroom was very large, but still it felt crowded. A quick signal from Randy gave Pablo his cue and he pulled the twins into the shadows by the wall. Their role right now was simply to watch, which they did quivering with excitement.

Bob and Jason stood by the bed waiting for Randy to assert his natural authority. Jason was wearing cargo shorts and a loose cotton shirt that Mark had lent him earlier so he could change out of his fireman's work clothes. Bob was barefoot in his usual white T-shirt and jeans. Randy was in old cargo pants and a faded T-shirt.

As Randy looked at Bob and Jason he felt his dick get hard. They were a magnificent sight, one with darkly handsome Superman looks, the other with the blond squared-jawed beauty of a Tab Hunter. Randy's instinct was simply to fuck both of them, but he knew he had to tread more carefully than that. He stared at Bob with his steel blue eyes and said, "I suppose you want the fireman to fuck your ass, don't you, buddy?"

"You know I do," Bob smiled.

"Well, you know I always give my man what he wants." Jason watched this exchange between the two lovers carefully. He was a bit taken aback by the phrase "I always give my man" ..... it seemed to Jason that he would be the one doing the giving. But he knew he was getting a lesson in the power Randy held over Bob and the three boys. Bob was such a gorgeous, successful alpha male in his own right that he could dominate any man in the world ..... except Randy, it seemed. And to watch this beautiful man submit to Randy's authority was a huge turn-on for Jason.

That authority was in full force now as Randy growled, "OK, man, lose the shirt." In automatic obedience Bob pulled off his white T-shirt and stood facing the two men stripped to the waist, with the white waistband of his shorts showing an inch or so above his blue jeans. Hearing Jason stifle a gasp Randy said, "Magnificent, no? One of the most beautiful men you'll ever see, Jason, and certainly the most beautiful you'll ever fuck." He ran his hand over the bulge of Bob's shoulder, down over the mounds of his chest and over the ridges of his eight-pack abs.

Bob had a strong sense that Randy was displaying him for the fireman, offering him for Jason's approval. Demeaning as it was it made Bob's cock get rock hard in his jeans. "So whad'ya think, man?" Randy asked Jason "Good enough to fuck, you think? Here watch this...." He squeezed one of Bob's nipples hard, making him jerk back, moan and flex his pecs defensively."

"Oh shit, man, that is so fucking hot." Jason's exhilaration at the incredible sight was mixed with discomfort, as he too had the impression of this beautiful macho stud being put on display, shirtless, like a slave at a slave market. But his lust won out as he was aching to touch Bob ..... he was just waiting for Randy's permission. The fireman, who with his strength and

masculine beauty was usually the one to give the orders, found himself bowing to Randy's authority like everyone else. After all, just look what the man had to offer!

The display continued. "Turn round." Bob turned his back to them. Randy reached round his waist, unbuttoned Bob's fly and pulled the jeans and shorts down round his ankles. He ran his hands lovingly over the globes of Bob's ass. "Oh, man," Jason gasped, "that is so damn perfect. I have to fuck it, man ..... please, Randy ..... please let me fuck it."

Randy laughed, "Yeah, I know just how you feel, buddy, but all in good time. See, this ass is the most precious thing in the world to me. Ever since I first pushed my dick inside it so long ago I can't get enough of it. But you don't just fuck an ass like that ..... you make love to it. Here ....."

Suddenly Randy fell to his knees and pulled Jason roughly down beside him. Again Randy ran his hands over the white flesh of the hard globes, then leaned forward and began to lick. Jason watched in awe as Randy lapped at his lover's ass and instinctively leaned forward and licked alongside him.

There were floor-to-ceiling mirrors strategically attached to the walls around the room and Bob looked into one of them at the incredible sight of these two glorious men on their knees licking his ass, bracing themselves with a hand on his waist. He felt first one tongue probing inside his hole, soon replaced by another, and his ass ached for a cock to push inside it. Bob raised his hands and squeezed his own nipples tight, twisting them in his fingers and moaning deeply.

In the shadows Pablo and the twins were spellbound by the incredible sight of the macho construction boss and the fireman on their knees in an act of worship of Bob's ass. The boys had all pulled their cocks from their shorts and were pumping furiously.

Suddenly Randy stood up and pulled Jason up beside him. "OK, man, time for the main event," he said, then turning his head to the side of the room he barked, "And if any of you kids shoot your load I'll whip your fucking ass." That prospect was enough for Pablo to spill his juice right there, but he knew he had to obey and switched hands to delay his orgasm.

The ferocity of the order to the boys made Jason snap back to the realization that Randy was very much in charge of this show, but he accepted that. He would do anything, obey any order, to be inside Randy's lover. He watched as Bob turned round, stepped out of his jeans and shorts and stood naked before Randy ..... before his master, as Jason now understood.

Randy put his palm flat on Bob's chest and shoved. Bob fell heavily onto his back on the bed and instinctively he spread his arms up and out toward the corner bedposts, his cock standing straight up, already oozing pre-cum. It was all so automatic that Jason realized that this was a ritual the men had been through many times before when Randy fucked the man he loved. But now it was he, Jason, who was being given the privilege of fucking Bob. All he had to do was to submit himself totally to Randy's authority.

“You wanna see one of the most beautiful sights in the world?” Randy asked. Without waiting for a reply he pulled two lengths of rope from under the bed. Swiftly his practiced hands wound a rope round each of Bob’s wrists and attached them to the corner bedposts. He stood back and smiled at Jason’s awestruck face. “Now watch, man.”

Bob knew what Randy wanted. He understood that Randy was showing him off to Jason, and why. Bob was the ultimate trophy, the evidence of Randy’s sexual power, the power to control such a spectacular man as this. Despite the fact that Bob was being used in this demeaning way he was hugely turned on by it and determined to make Randy proud of him.

So, spread-eagled on the bed, Bob started to struggle, looking up at his wrists and tugging at them, his biceps bulging with the strain. His body twisted and thrashed from side to side, his chest heaving, muscles rippling, and his beautiful face contorted in what seemed like a desperate attempt to escape, his tousled dark hair flying over his face. It was Superman, tied naked to the bed, his muscles straining to break free.

Randy had been right ... “one of the most beautiful sights in the world.” Jason gazed down hypnotized by the incredible display. His cock was pulsing and he knew that if he so much as touched it he would cream his shorts. But he had to hold back. He turned round, with his hands folded behind his head, and paced the room, looking anywhere but at Bob.

“Oh, shit,” Jason moaned ..... “fucking holy shit, I can’t take this man. He is so fucking gorgeous.” He confronted Randy and stared wildly into his eyes. “Man, I can’t take this ..... I’m this close to busting my load just looking at him. Please, man, I’ve gotta fuck him ..... I’ve never wanted an ass so much in my life. You want me to beg, man. OK, stud, you win ..... I’m begging. My fucking body’s on fire. Let me fuck him, man. I beg you.”

Randy smiled in quiet triumph. That is what he wanted to hear. He had wanted to make the fireman beg. This golden muscle-god who got whatever and whoever he wanted, who had men drooling for him, was now in total surrender to Randy, pleading with him for the privilege of fucking his lover. They both knew that Randy was king ..... and Randy had mercy on him.

“OK, man,” he said simply. He reached forward, unbuttoned Jason’s shirt and pushed it off his shoulders. He unzipped the shorts and they fell round his ankles. Jason kicked off his sneakers and stood naked before Randy, a supplicant. Now it was the fireman who was on display as Randy walked round him, examining him, running his hands over his chest and abs, then over his back, down to his slim waste, grabbing his round ass.

“Oh yeah, I remember that ass, man. A great ass to fuck as I recall.”

Under Randy’s scrutiny Jason was going wild, feeling his hands explore every inch of his body. “Please don’t do this, man. You’re gonna make me cum ..... but I have to cum in Bob’s ass. Please .....



“OK, Jason.” The fireman had passed inspection. “It’s a rare man that I allow near Bob’s ass but you are one of the most beautiful men ever to come to this house, and you’re worthy of him. But most important, it’s what Bob wants .....

“Yes, sir,” Bob groaned. “I want to feel Jason’s cock in my ass ..... please.”

Randy took a few steps back and smiled at Jason. “OK, man, he’s all yours. What are you waiting for? Go for it ... fuck him.”

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Jason turned and gazed down at Bob, at the handsome, dark-haired muscle-stud tied up, helpless, waiting to feel Jason’s rod slide into his ass. The two naked men were about to consummate the act they had both desired since they met. Randy had at last given permission and stood at a distance watching, arms folded across his chest, a self-satisfied smile on his face. So this was it at last ..... the time had come.

And then Jason lost his hard-on.

It was the pressure, the challenge of satisfying this magnificent man in bondage before him. It was as if Bob was too beautiful to fuck. For the first time in his life Jason lost his nerve .... the hot-blooded fireman felt sexually inadequate. Added to that was the pressure of Randy in the background, watching, silently challenging. Jason could imagine Randy pounding Bob’s ass, giving him the intense fulfillment that only he could. Was it possible that Randy, with his immense sexual power, was the only man who could truly satisfy Bob? He sure was a tough act to follow and Jason didn’t feel up to it. Nor did his cock.

Jason was in a panic, which only made matters worse, and his long cock swung limply between his legs. He was so humiliated he didn’t dare look at Bob ..... but he heard his voice .... his soft brown voice. Bob knew exactly how to restore Jason’s confidence .... and his erection. “Look straight ahead, Jason. Look at that man.” Jason raised his head and realized that there was a full-length mirror behind the head of the bed. In which he saw his own reflection!

“You’ve seen that so many times before, Jason,” Bob said softly. “I know how hot it must be when you look at yourself in the mirror, at home, at the gym. And I know you jack off to it, man ..... who wouldn’t? Look at that face, that beautiful face, the deep blue eyes staring back at you. And that body! Shit, man, it’s a spectacular body .... those pecs, the shoulders, arms, washboard abs.

“Look at him, he’s a perfect man ..... flawless. That’s the picture the boys beat off to when they drool over their Fireman’s Calendar, the picture that thousands of horny guys have splashed their load over, again and again. Imagine that half-naked fireman smothered in the juice of all

those men. And that's the body I want to see flexing over me as it fucks my ass. Come on, man, show me what you do when you get off looking at yourself."

The low, gentle voice mesmerized Jason and he did as it asked. He gazed at himself as he had done so often before. He loved his own body. He was a true narcissist and it was his vanity that made him work so hard on it, honing it to the peak of perfection. He swung automatically into a familiar routine. Gazing into his own eyes he stroked his nipples, and felt the twin jolts of pleasure and pain as he squeezed them hard and saw his chest flex to absorb the pain. He smiled at the image .... god, it's gorgeous. And now he began in earnest.

He struck a series of classic bodybuilder poses. First he raised his arms to the sides, elbows bent, and flexed his biceps hard. Then he pressed his fists into the sides of his waist, flared his lats so his pecs bulged. He raised his arms, linked his hands behind his head and flexed his solid shoulders. And all the time he watched his cock growing slowly. When it was semi-erect he stroked it easily into a full hard-on, while he ran his other hand over his ripped abs.

Beneath him Bob watched the erotic posing routine and his cock shuddered. The man was pornographically beautiful .... and this was the man who was about to fuck his ass. Jason had stroked his cock to the brink of orgasm and pulled his hand away to prevent it. He smiled at himself in the mirror, at his rigid pole standing straight out, and he pumped his fists in the air in triumph. "Yes! Yes!"

The sight was too much for Bob and he lost control. He desperately wanted to touch Jason, to feel his muscles, and he pulled frantically at his tied wrists, moaning, "Oh man, you are so fucking beautiful. Please, man, please look at me, touch me ..... fuck me. Man, I need to feel your cock in my ass, please fuck me and make me cum."

Jason was at the pitch of narcissism now, in the familiar position of having a beautiful man begging to have his ass fucked. Confidence surged back through him and blood surged through his cock. "Yeah," he yelled in triumph. "Look at that muscle-stud ... that face, that body. That's what makes me cum, man, looking at myself like this. I can make myself shoot without touching myself .... you wanna see? Watch this, man....."

"No!" Bob yelled. "Cum inside me ..... fuck me, man. I'm begging you ...."

But Jason wasn't listening, he was transfixed by the man in the mirror. "You know what I always do? I imagine that muscle-god in bondage, his muscles straining like this...." He stood at the foot of the bed, legs astride arms thrust up as if he were tied at his wrists and ankles, spread-eagled. "See, that's how the body shows off best, straining to get free. Look at that naked bodybuilder, stretched and tortured on the rack." He pulled at his imaginary restraints, twisted his torso, every muscle bulging and flexing, veins etched, his face thrashing as if in pain.

Hypnotized by his own reflection Jason spoke to the man in the mirror. "Remember, man? That's how Randy tied you up. He was too strong for you. He wrestled you, beat you and tied

you up. Your body struggled to get free just like it is now but you had to submit to him. Then you felt his cock in your ass ..... the naked fireman was getting his ass ploughed by the big construction boss. You feel it man? You feel that jackhammer in your ass. You can't get free, man. He's torturing your ass, gonna make you cum. Let's see you get free, stud. No! I can't take any more ..... you're making you cum ....."

He went wild, his magnificent body writhing as he stared into his own blue eyes. He pumped his arms up high, his body stretched, convulsed and he shouted, "God, you're beautiful. Let me see you cum, man. Do it ..... Now! Aaagh!" His cock shuddered and a huge stream of cum blasted from it high in the air and splashed down on Bob's face and chest.

"NO!" Bob screamed, gazing spellbound at the amazing sight of this stunning, straining muscle-god blasting rivers of cum in a supreme act of narcissism. It was one of the most erotic sights Bob had ever seen and he couldn't hold back. "NO!" he screamed again and his cock exploded with cum that rained down on him and mingled with the juice of the naked fireman.

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Randy watched awe-struck, his cock iron hard in his pants. He had rarely seen anything this spectacular as both gorgeous men shot their loads spontaneously while they gazed at Jason's incredible body. But Randy knew that events were spinning out of his control .... they had taken a turn he had not foreseen and he realized that Bob was totally in thrall to this amazing man. It had to stop, and Randy ripped off his T-shirt and took a decisive step forward.

But Jason turned to face him and held out a warning hand. "No! No, man. You said I could fuck him."

Randy stopped in his tracks. It was not only the authority in Jason's voice ..... what he said was true. Randy had offered Bob's ass to the man and he would not go back on his word. So he stood still and watched.

Jason turned to look down at Bob, still shuddering, tied to the bed, his expression one of desperation. "I wanted you to fuck me, man," he moaned. "I needed to feel your dick in my ass, watch that body over me, fucking me."

Jason smiled. "And what makes you think that's not gonna happen, buddy?" Once again Jason looked in the mirror and began stroking his hanging cock. Incredibly, the mirror image worked its magic again and the cock started to get hard again, so soon after he had busted a huge load. "Don't worry, Bob," Jason grinned. "That gorgeous stud in the mirror can always get me hard, no matter what."

It was true, and in a minute his cock was fully erect. "And now, Bob, at long last I'm gonna fuck you. And after all that neither one of us will lose his load the minute my cock slides in your ass, 'cause that's what would have happened before." He went to the head of the bed and

untied the ropes. “And this time, buddy, no bondage, no fantasy, just you and me ..... two guys making love. You ready?”

“Yes, sir,” said Bob, making Randy tense as he heard the word.

It was all so simple ..... a natural expression of sexual desire between two men. Jason ran his hand over the length of Bob’s body as he walked back to the foot of the bed, then knelt between his legs. He lifted them up, hooked them over his shoulders, pressed the head of his dick between the globes of Bob’s ass .... and paused. He grinned down at Bob. “You sure you want this, man?”

Bob smiled .... “Asshole.”

They gazed into each other’s eyes, deep brown melting into deep blue. Bob moaned, “God, Jason, that feels so good,” as he felt the long hard rod easing slowly into his ass, saw the ecstasy on Jason’s face, saw the magnificent body fall slowly toward him as the fireman at last started to fuck him. The cock touched the back of Bob’s ass, then pulled all the way back and pushed in again.

It was an exquisite sensation for Jason and as the muscles of Bob’s ass tightened round his cock he sighed deeply, “Jesus, Bob, I knew your ass would feel like this. It’s fucking beautiful, man.” Bob reached up and ran his hands over the magnificent chest, its muscles flexing as the body rose and fell over him. Then he dropped his arms back limply on the bed as he surrendered himself totally to the glorious man. Jason leaned forward and grabbed Bob’s biceps, pinning his arms to the bed, their faces only inches apart.

Jason’s voice was soft, seductive. “Now forget the fireman, the posing, forget that calendar ..... this is who I really am, Bob.” His blue eyes penetrated deep into Bob’s. They saw their reflection in each other and instantly entered that enchanted world where souls joined. “You see, Bob? Beyond the vanity and the beauty. Nobody knows me like this ..... except you.”

“And me.” Jason looked up with a start and saw, not his own reflection, but Randy standing naked at the head of the bed, between him and the mirror. The pale blue eyes were like lasers and the deep voice growled, “This is our world, Jason, Bob’s and mine. It’s private, secret, and you’re the only man ever to have shared it with us. Welcome, man. Enjoy.”

Jason was in a trance as he looked into Randy’s eyes, then Bob’s. It was true ..... they shared a union that was beyond understanding and he, briefly, had been invited in. His cock quivered inside Bob’s ass and he knew he was about to shoot, but the same deep voice said gruffly, “Don’t! Not yet, man. Let me show you what he really likes.”

Jason pulled back upright, Bob’s legs hooked over his shoulders, still fucking him slowly. He looked straight ahead at Randy at the other end of the bed and once again prepared to take

orders from the boss. "OK," Randy said, "that's good, but now go faster." Jason did as directed and looked down at Bob's ecstatic face.

This was something Bob had never experienced. He always loved the thrill of getting fucked by Randy, and now he was feeling the same exhilaration as Randy directed another man to do what he always did. It was Jason fucking him, but it could as easily have been Randy. He looked up at Randy smiling down at him and heard his voice. "This is for you, buddy. Something new. You wanted to feel Jason in your ass, but you're feeling me too."

His voice hardened as he looked at Jason. "OK, stud, enough of this. Now let's fuck! Come on, man, that ass likes it rough ..... pound it, man ..... hard, like I do. Don't hold back, Jason. Hammer his fucking ass!"

The steely authority in the voice demanded complete obedience, and Jason willingly followed the order. He rapidly increased the tempo and was soon pounding Bob's ass, impaling him on his steel shaft as it pistoned deep inside him. He looked down at the gorgeous face thrashing from side to side, dark hair flying, and he knew he was giving Bob what he craved.

Jason looked wildly up at Randy. "You're right, man, that feels fucking unbelievable. He has the most incredible ass .... the heat, those muscles crushing my dick. Christ, my cock feels like a jackhammer ramming into it. Oh shit, man, I don't think I can hold back much longer. I have to cum soon, man."

In his euphoria he closed his eyes, but when he opened them he was looking at his own reflection in the mirror. Randy had gone ..... Then he saw Randy's face in the mirror over his shoulder, felt him pressing behind him. "What the fuck? ..... aaagh!" He felt the thick rod pierce his ass, shattering it as it drove deep inside him. It pulled back instantly and rammed inside him again.

It was impossible. Randy was fucking him while Jason was fucking Randy's lover. Jason lost all sense of where he was, all sense of anything except the furnace of Bob's ass and the pain of the rod drilling into his own. Dimly he knew he had to cum, but he had lost all control. He was at the mercy of this dark demon of a man, truly the King of the Gypsies, who had taken possession of his ass.

Bob looked up and saw a spectacular sight. Jason's chiseled features, gleaming with sweat, and over his shoulder Randy smiling down at him while he fucked Jason. It was as if Bob were getting his ass ploughed by both sensational men at the same time. The sight of Bob's rapturous face made Jason look up pleadingly at the hypnotic blue eyes in the mirror, and he heard himself confess, "I love him, man. He's so fucking beautiful. I'm in love with him!"

"Of course you are, stud. Everyone is. So show him, man. Fuck him. Ream that ass!"

Jason tried to look back down at Bob but the shaft hammering his own ass overwhelmed him and he knew where his ultimate obedience lay. He raised his head and stared at the swarthy face in the mirror. "Please, man, I have to cum. I can't take any more. Please, sir, cum inside me. OK, I give up. You win, man, you're the master. For god's sake, man, cum inside me ..... let me shoot my load inside your lover."

"You hear that, Bob? Is that what you want? Shall we let him cum?"

"Yes, sir," Bob screamed. "Please, sir."

"OK, here it comes, stud," Randy yelled, and his cock erupted deep inside Jason's ass. "Aaaagh!" Jason screamed, his body jolted as he felt hot juice streaming into him and his own cock blasted cum into the cauldron of Bob's ass. The body beneath them shuddered and a river of hot, white cream splashed over it, pooling in the cleft of the heaving chest.

As the echoes of their scream died away there was silence, except for the heavy breathing and beating hearts of the three men who had just forged a bond of manhood in the crucible of raw, visceral sex.

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A few minutes later all three men were lying on their backs on the bed, Jason in the middle. Randy shouted, "OK, boys. Your turn." Pablo and the twins had watched the whole incredible show without shooting their loads, although they had longed to many times over. But Randy's order forbidding it had been clear. Now they stepped eagerly forward and stood by the bed, Pablo on one side, the twins on the other.

Pablo stared at his master and said, "Now, sir?"

"Go for it guys."

Pablo grinned at the twins. "Ok, dudes, let's do it."

Their young bodies were aching to release their loads. They had watched the men perform extraordinary sexual feats and now here they were lying naked beneath them. They could have cum without touching themselves, so it took only a few strokes. "Here it comes, sirs," gasped Pablo, "from your boys." And three cocks erupted simultaneously, streaming ribbons of cum over the bodies and faces of the three glorious muscle-gods.

When the white shower had ended the boys gazed down at the cum-soaked bodies and Pablo gave the order. "Let's get 'em guys ....." He fell forward onto the naked men followed by the twins. Soon they were sliding triumphantly over their masters, kissing them, licking the cum from their faces and chest, as the room rang with their laughter.

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There was one more act to play out. After they had all showered and pulled on shorts they sat around drinking beer, but Pablo couldn't take his eyes off his master Randy. They were pleading eyes and Randy knew exactly what they were begging for. Of all the men in the room, Pablo was the only one who had not been fucked by Jason ..... and he was aching for it.

Suddenly, Randy got up and, to Pablo's dismay, led Jason from the room. After a brief conversation Randy came back into the bedroom alone. They all sat in uneasy silence for a few minutes, then there was a tap at the door. Randy sprang to open it and the fireman came in, this time wearing the work clothes he had on when he first arrived and had left downstairs.

The boys' eyes opened wide, Pablo especially as he stared at the muscular fireman in boots and heavy yellow workpants held up by red suspenders over his naked chest. On his head was his yellow firefighter's helmet with the big red badge on the front. The man was a sexual icon and Pablo's cock was rigid, already oozing pre-cum.

"OK sergeant," Randy said, "you all done down there? I've gotta thank you for knocking down that fire before it took the house too."

"Yeah," the fireman said, "well you should teach your boys about the dangers of fire in these hills. If they were my boys one of them would have to take responsibility and face the punishment. Do they have a leader ..... some kind of senior boy?"

"That would be me, sir," said Pablo hastily, taking a step forward.

"Yeah," Randy agreed. "If you're gonna punish any of them, he's the one. Here, there's something I don't think you've seen yet. Turn round, boy."

Obediently Pablo turned his back to them and in one quick move Randy yanked down his shorts. Jason's eyes opened wide as he saw for the first time the flawless white globes of Pablo's perfect ass. "Holy shit," Jason said slowly. "That is one spectacular ass. Man, I could sure work on that. Thing is though, he looks like one tough young buck and I doubt if he'd hold still long enough. You guys wanna give me a hand?"

Randy picked Pablo up bodily and threw him face-down onto the bed. He nodded to Bob and each of them held down one of the boy's wrists, at the top corners of the bed. He was spread-eagled, helplessly pinned to the bed, his ass vulnerable to the fireman towering over him. Pablo looked up at the mirror in front of him and he shuddered as he saw the gorgeous, shirtless fireman climb onto the bed, then kneel astride him just below his ass.

He felt the fireman's hand stroke his ass, then squeeze it, making him flex it instinctively. "OK, the fireman growled, so you're their leader and you're gonna take the punishment for the boys. First I wanna hear you apologize for the fire."

There was a short silence, then Pablo said, “No, sir. I can’t do that.”

“No?! You fucking little shit. No one says no to me, boy. OK, that does it.” He pulled off his helmet and threw it aside, then pushed his suspenders off his shoulders. Stripped to the waste he glared at Pablo in the mirror and flexed the muscles of his chest and arms. “Look at me, boy,” he yelled. “Do I look like the kind of guy who takes lip from a punk like you? When a kid defies me this is what he gets.”

He raised his arm and slapped Pablo’s ass, first with his palm then the back of his hand, from side to side, again and again. “You feel that, boy? That’s what you get for disobeying a firefighter.” Jason glanced quickly at Randy and got his smiling nod of approval. Randy knew his boy well. The fireman gazed in awe at the white globes bouncing under the blows, marked now with red handprints. “Man, I love spanking that sweet ass, and it’s only gonna get worse, boy, until I hear you submit to me and apologize.”

Pablo looked into the mirror at the shirtless fireman, at his spectacular face and the muscles of his arms and shoulders flexing as his hand rose and fell across his ass. It was an erotic fantasy he could only have dreamed of and his body was on fire. The pain in Pablo’s ass intensified, but it was not that that made him give up. He could have taken much more from the fireman ..... he wanted to. No, it was the pulsing in his cock underneath him, pressing on the bed, bursting for release, that pushed him over the edge.

No way could he survive this and he shouted to the muscle-god in the mirror, “OK, sir ..... I give up ..... I apologize, sir ..... I can’t take any more ..... I can’t hold back .... I’m cumming, sir.....”

Jason saw the young body buck under him, heard his scream and knew that he had made Pablo blast a massive load on the bed. Jason’s eyes blazed with feigned anger and he yelled, “Did I say you could cum, boy? Look at me.” Pablo looked up at the raging fireman, his naked chest gleaming with sweat. “You’re one tough mother-fucker, boy. Seems getting your ass slapped was not punishment enough. OK, kid, you asked for it.”

He yanked open his pants and pulled out his long, hard rod. “You see this, punk? You know what I’m gonna do with it?”

Pablo’s eyes were sparkling as he put on a show of fear. “It .... it’s your cock, sir. Are you .... gonna shove it in my ass?”

“Damn right I am, boy.” He saw Pablo’s ass push upward eagerly and Jason salivated as he gazed at it. Man, he was gonna love fucking Randy’s boy. “I’m gonna pound that fucking ass until you beg me to let you shoot another load. OK, guys, let go his wrists.”

Bob and Randy let go and Jason flipped Pablo over onto his back. He yanked his legs up and hooked them over his shoulders. “OK, guys, grab him again .... hold him good. I want him



pinned down while I work on that ass.” Pablo glimpsed Randy and Bob above him, holding him down, then saw Jason’s blue eyes boring into his as he spit in his hands and rubbed it over his cock. “Here it comes, boy. This is how a stud fireman punishes a young punk’s ass.”

Pablo howled as he felt the long rod pierce him and ram down into his ass, then pull back and ram him again. It hurt like crazy but he didn’t care. He could take anything from this spectacular blond muscle-god arched over him, his chiseled features set in grim determination, his magnificent body rising and falling as his cock pistoned inside him.

“Yeah, you’re a tough young stud, kid .... let’s see how much you can take.” Suddenly his cock became a jackhammer pounding inside his ass. Jason glanced up at Randy again to make sure, and his smile signaled his approval. So the fuck became intense as Jason slammed his palms against Pablo’s chest and leaned down staring into the boy’s eyes.

Between heaving breath’s Jason said, “This’ll teach you to fuck with me, boy. Nobody gets away with that, especially a hot young buck like you. Look at me, boy, I know how gorgeous I am ..... do I look like a guy who takes shit from some arrogant young punk? Nah, I know you love getting fucked by a big muscle-stud fireman, don’t you? .... Admit it boy.

Yes, sir!” Pablo shouted, completely under Jason’s spell. “I do, sir. I love it .... you’re so beautiful sir ..... please, sir .... fuck my ass ..... hurt me, fuck it hard ..... I’m so close, sir ..... please let me shoot another load, sir .... please .....

The fireman was going wild as he felt the heat blazing in the gorgeous young ass. “OK, boy, as soon as you feel my juice in your ass. Here it comes, boy ..... aaagh!” Spellbound Pablo watched the blond bodybuilder rear up, throw his head back and scream as he unleashed a torrent of hot juice in Pablo’s ass. The sight alone made Pablo cum and his scream echoed round the room as his cock erupted all over his naked body.

At last he had been fucked by the muscle-god fireman ..... the one thing he had wanted ever since he first saw him walk through the gate. He felt the cock pull out but he had no time to gather his wits before he heard Randy’s voice. “Hey kids, get over here.” Pablo opened his eyes to see all three men and the twins standing round the bed.

“Jason,” Randy said, “you got any juice left in your balls?”

Jason glanced at himself in the mirror and grinned, “I can cum again anytime you want, big guy. Just say the word.”

“OK, the word is ‘now’. Let’s give it to this boy of mine.” They all followed the boss’s lead and pounded their cocks, and it took only seconds for Pablo to see, then feel, a shower of semen raining down on him as he yelled, “Thank you, sir. Thank you, guys. I love you!”

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It was over, and Randy shook Jason's hand. "Thanks, stud, you were spectacular. You gave my guys, Bob and Pablo, exactly what they wanted. You're a great guy and you're welcome in this house anytime. Oh, I know, you're probably gonna hook up with Mark and Jamie ..... I expected that. But now you've met my family, so whenever you feel like it, we'll be here."

Jason gazed at him in awe. "You are something else, man. A master's master ..... and your family is terrific. Do I still get to spend the night with you?"

"You'll stay," Randy grinned, "even if we have to tie you down. And anytime during the night you get horny these three boys are right there to satisfy all your needs" ..... he laughed .... "all at once or one at a time." He grinned down at Pablo, still lying dazed on the bed. "And you, kiddo, get yourself in the shower and wash off all that jism. You look like a fucking snowman."

Pablo leapt off the bed and ran into the bathroom. 'What a night,' he thought. 'Shit, the stuff I have to tell Darius.'

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As it happened Darius was at that moment in an intense conversation with Zack and Eddie. He had mentioned to Eddie that Nate would probably be looking for an assistant houseboy and tentatively asked if he would be interested in applying. Would he! Except ..... despite his excitement at the prospect, he hesitated.

"You know, sir," he said to Darius, "I would give anything to live here with you and the guys .... only ....." he swallowed hard ..... "I know that any new guy who comes here has to get fucked by Randy, the way he fucked Jason today. Would I have to get fucked by Randy too, sir?"

Zack and Darius roared with laughter and Zack threw his arm round Eddie's shoulder. "Nah, you can forget that, kiddo, that's just between the masters. The boys take care of all that stuff themselves. 'Course you'll have to get the approval of the other boys. There'll be a meeting and .... well, Darius is gonna fuck you for sure, and probably Pablo 'cause he thinks of himself as the boss's boy. Nate too, most likely, 'cause he's gonna be your boss. And I can't imagine that Jamie and the twins will want to be left out. Think you can handle all that?"

Eddie frowned. "I ..... I think so, sir, if Darius tells me to." Then he brightened at the thought. "Yes, sir, definitely .... I can handle that."

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Across the street Jason had come out into the garden to pick up the shorts and T-shirt he had taken off earlier and was headed back to the house when he heard the gate click open. He turned and saw Mark and Jamie come in, both evidently a bit drunk after their late dinner, with

Mark's arm over Jamie's shoulder. They stopped in surprise at the sight of Jason, in just his undershorts, his muscular, near-naked body gleaming in the moonlight.

There was an uneasy silence for a few seconds before Mark said with a hint of resentment, "Have a good time with Randy and 'the family', Jason?"

"Yeah, terrific," he replied, a little embarrassed. Then he came closer and looked earnestly at them. "Look, Mark, a lot has happened since I came here today for the birthday, stuff I didn't expect ..... you know, Randy and all. But I don't want you to think ..... shit man, that time I spent with you was really special to me and ..... fuck, this is not coming out right, and you probably won't believe me anyway ..... but I would really like for you, Jamie and me to ....."

Mark smiled at his embarrassment. "What are you trying to say, Jason?"

"Well ..... I think you and Jamie are an incredible couple and I'd really like to spend time with you ..... get to know you both better ..... even ..... well, never mind. But I would be real stoked if you would come to my house next week ..... for dinner?" He stopped suddenly and blushed.

Mark grinned at Jamie. "What do you say, kid?"

"I .... I think it's a great idea," Jamie said shyly.

"Then that's settled," Mark smiled. "Next week it is ..... you've got a date, big guy." And they shook hands, staring into each other's eyes.

# # #

## **Chapter 155 – The Cop, The Fireman & The Young Surfer**

A lot happened at the house in the next few days. Adam said goodbye to Nate and flew back to Australia with a promise to return in a couple of weeks. And Nate turned his attention to the young Eddie, Darius's new boy, offering him the chance to move here from Palm Springs and try out for the job of assistant houseboy, subject to a meeting of all the boys to interview Eddie and decide if he was worthy of joining them.

Work resumed and the strong vibrations set off by Jason's presence dissolved in the resumption of the house routine. The only one still troubled by thoughts of Jason was Mark .... not for any negative feelings against him ..... quite the reverse. He was troubled by his own attraction to the fireman ..... and by Jamie's obvious fascination with him.

Sure, Mark had accepted Jason's nervous invitation for him and Jamie to visit but, despite the intriguing prospect of spending time at Jason's house, doubts were now taking root, and as he rode his police motorcycle round the city those doubts grew until they became an obsession.

He couldn't rid himself of the image of Jason and Jamie together, although such paranoia was completely without foundation as paranoia usually is.

It had been a particularly tough shift and he was in a surly mood when he finally got off work and strode into the house, taking off his helmet. The prospect of seeing his boy waiting for him, as he always was, naked on the bed, lifted his spirits. But when he went into their apartment his mood darkened when he found it empty. He stormed up to Bob's office assuming Jamie was still working there ..... and found only Bob. "Where the fuck's Jamie?" he growled angrily. "You make him work late?"

Bob reared back with a wide-eyed grin and held his hands up in a surrender gesture. "Hey, don't arrest me, officer. I didn't do it." His good-humored tone calmed Mark down and Bob explained, "I gave Jamie the afternoon off and he went surfing. He's just late back is all."

Mark paced the room. "Sorry for coming on so strong, buddy. You know I don't blame you. It's just that he's always here waiting for me and, after everything that's happened here I ....."

Just then the door burst open and Jamie rushed in breathlessly, shirtless in surfer shorts, his chest crusted with salt and sand. Mark turned on him, "Where the fuck have you been? Have you been with Jason?"

Jamie and Bob both did a surprised double take. Jamie stammered, "Jason, sir? No, why would you think ....? I'm sorry, sir, but the surf was great and I lost track of time. When I realized how late it was I sped back home and ..... and I got pulled over by a cop and got a speeding ticket." Shamefacedly he pulled the ticket from his pocket.

Mark glared at him. "Give it to me .... I'll take care of it. Now get your ass in the bedroom and wait for me."

Jamie scurried from the room and Mark paced again. Bob looked at him with concern. "Hey, Mark, what's going on here? Why on earth did Jason's name come up?" He frowned. "So that's what all this is about. Let me guess ..... Jason is totally gorgeous .... handsome face, perfect physique ..... and you .... you of all people ..... feel threatened."

"Shit, man, you didn't see the way Jamie looked at Jason when he was here. The only time I've ever seen that look of worship in his eye is when he looks at me."

Bob laughed. "And now you're afraid that Jamie and Jason ..... oh, get a grip, Mark, you know that's totally irrational. You've been working yourself up into a state, putting two and two together and coming up with fifty. Anyone can see Jamie's crazy about you ..... shit, he's the one who's always afraid you'll leave *him*, not the other way round. Now don't bug me with any more of this crazy talk. Go make your peace with the boy. Fuck him, look into his eyes, and you'll see that this is all a cop's paranoia. Get the fuck out of here, asshole."

Mark smiled for the first time. "Thanks, buddy .... shit, you know me better than I know myself. I gotta go ...." He spun round and left the room.

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When he threw open the door to their bedroom Jamie was lying naked on the bed on his back, his customary position when Mark came home from work. As the cop stared down at the beautiful young surfer his doubts came flooding back and he blurted out, "You sure you haven't contacted Jason since he left here?"

Jamie was scared by Mark's accusatory tone. "I swear to you, sir. Of course I haven't."

"But you did like him .... found him exciting ..... the big hot fireman?"

"Yes, sir. I guess everyone did. He's beautiful .... he'd be a wet dream for a lot of guys."

"But not for you, eh? Listen, Jamie, you're mine, no one else's, is that clear? Dammit, I'll show you who your master is." He ripped open his uniform pants and pulled out his already stiff cock. With his eyes riveted on the waiting boy, he spat in his palm and rubbed it over the long pole. He knelt on the bed, pushed Jamie's legs high in the air and gazed down at him.

"You really want this, boy? You want your master's rod in your ass?"

There were tears of confusion in Jamie's eyes. "You know I do, sir. I love you .... no one else. Please, sir ..... fuck my ass."

"OK, I believe you, Jamie. Here ...." He pressed the head of his dick in the soft blond fuzz around Jamie's ass and the sensation sent a jolt of excitement through him. "I love you, Jamie." His hips jerked forward and his cock plunged into the depths of his boy's ass.

Jamie's head flew back with the shock of pain and the ferocity of the attack. He always loved getting fucked by his master as soon as he came home, but this time was different. As the huge rod rammed into him like a pile driver Jamie stared up at the uniformed cop. Mark's eyes were ablaze with determination to assert his dominance over his boy, and his tousled blond hair fell over his face as his body slammed into the young surfer again and again.

Jamie flinched each time the rough serge of the uniform pants banged against the cheeks of his ass, accompanied by a spearing pain deep inside him. Mark despised violence and always fucked his boy gently, lovingly, but his irrational fear now drove him to prove sole ownership of the boy. He fell forward and gripped Jamie's biceps, pinning his arms to the bed. "Feel that, boy? Feel that cop pounding your ass? That's your master ..... he owns your ass. You belong to him, no one else. Is that clear?"

“Yes, sir,” Jamie whimpered. “I love you, sir.” The rod pierced his ass even deeper as he felt the full power of the muscular cop slamming into him. Jamie moaned, “You’re hurting me, sir. Aaah! My ass ..... the pain ..... please, sir ..... please, I love you, sir. .... Please don’t hurt me ..... I think I’m gonna cum, sir .....” His body shuddered, he gazed into Mark’s rugged, ferocious face, felt the jackhammer in his ass and ..... “aaagh” ..... Jamie screamed as his cock shot a ribbon of cum over his chest, up over his face and into his hair.

The sight of the beautiful blond boy twisting in pain beneath him as his cock erupted was too much for Mark and with one last plunge he blasted his hot load deep inside his boy’s ass. He came again and again in an act of domination, of ownership, over the helpless young surfer.

As his cock drained inside the hot ass Mark stared down at the face grimacing in pain and suddenly sanity flooded back. What had he done? He had hurt the boy he loved ..... his crazy obsession with Jason had made him lose all control. “No,” he whispered as, very gently, he pulled his cock back out of the sore ass. “Forgive me Jamie. I never meant to hurt you.”

As the pain subsided Jamie whispered, “Sir, I’m sorry I was late and got a speeding ticket. I know you had to punish me, sir. But you won’t send me away will you, sir?”

Mark’s eyes filled with tears. “No, Jamie, no, it wasn’t your fault .... that’s not what this was about. It was me being a total asshole. All day I kept seeing Jason in my mind, Jason and you, and I was jealous .... scared. I mean, he’s so fucking gorgeous I thought you .....

“Sir, I love you ..... I’m your boy ..... and I would always obey you. I would never do anything with Jason ..... ever ..... unless you gave me permission.”

Mark held his boy tight. “Yeah ... well we’ll see about that, kiddo.”

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It rained solidly for the next two days. Summer rain was a rarity in Southern California but occasionally the northern edge of a tropical storm pushed up from Mexico and brought a much-needed drenching to the sunbaked city. But, welcome as it was, the storm also brought its share of problems, flash floods, flooded road intersections, and arroyos transformed from dry beds to raging torrents.

But as always when the storm passed, the day dawned brilliantly sunny, the crystal clear air washed clean by the deluge. And that was the day Jason had invited Mark and Jamie to lunch.

It wasn’t far to go. Jason lived only a few miles away in the Highland Park neighborhood in a small rustic house hard by the Arroyo Seco. The house was small but the garden was extensive, with a lawn sloping down to the arroyo. As its name suggested, it was usually dry, a mere trickle of water, but that day it was in full, raging flood after the rains.

Mark and Jamie arrived dressed casually, Jamie in surfer shorts and a faded blue T-shirt, Mark in jeans and a white V-neck T-shirt. They rang the doorbell and there was Jason, smiling broadly. He was barefoot and shirtless in old cargo shorts, but he had obviously been cooking as he wore a white cotton apron tied at the waist and looped round his neck, so his chest was partially covered. Odd as the apron seemed Jason looked stunning, his shoulders and lats bare, his rounded pecs just visible. And the sculpted features were wreathed in a smile. ('Shit, the man would look gorgeous whatever he wore,' thought Mark.)

"Welcome," Jason said, giving Mark a firm handshake. Seeing Jamie hanging back he said, "You too, gorgeous," and gave him a tight hug and a kiss on the cheek. Mark saw Jamie's body stiffen and knew he had an instant erection. He felt his resentment building and willed himself to stay calm. Fuck, he had to get over this Jason and Jamie thing, but it wasn't easy. His skin prickled as he saw the two men close together, smiling at each other. Mark decided there and then there was no way he was gonna let Jason get physical with his boy .... no way!

"How about that rain?" Jason was saying. "I'm lucky the house didn't flood, the water in the arroyo almost came over the bank. It's still raging right at the end of the garden .... quite a sight. So, what can I get you guys to drink?"

"Oh, that reminds me," said Mark. "I only just got off work and didn't have time to get any wine. Let me run up to that liquor store on the corner of Figueroa ..... won't take long."

"You don't have to do that, man," Jason protested.

"No, I want to. Can't come empty-handed. Make yourself useful, Jamie. Might pick up some cooking tips." As he went toward the door Mark pulled Jason aside. "I wanna make one thing clear, man ..... Jamie is strictly off limits. He's mine, so don't try anything."

Jason was stunned by the fierceness of Mark's tone and disappointed that he felt he had to issue this surly warning, which Jason found offensive. He thought their friendship was stronger than that. But he didn't protest, saying simply, "Got it, man, loud and clear."

When Mark left Jason was still so taken aback that he felt nervous around Jamie, afraid even to touch him. So it was something of a relief when Jamie said, "Hey, I think I'll go take a look at the arroyo. I can hear the rushing water from here."

"Yeah, well be careful, kid. It's flowing real fast so don't get too close."

"It's OK, sir," Jamie grinned. "I live half my life on the water. Course, I usually have a surfboard under me."

He ran out of the house and across the lawn. The arroyo was still in full flood, wide and deep, and the speed of the water was awesome. As Jason had warned, it was something to be treated with respect, but with the impetuosity of youth Jamie went right to the edge. His

eyes were riveted on the river, not on the ground beneath him which was soggy and unstable after the rain. Suddenly he felt the ground slide from under him and before he could step back the earth crumbled into the water taking Jamie with it.

The kitchen had a view of the garden and Jason had seen Jamie crossing the lawn, but he was preoccupied still with thoughts of what Mark had said to him so curtly. He had been hurt by Mark's tone and thought morosely, 'So that's what it's gonna be ..... a contest.' He had expected more from their friendship, something more intimate and trusting. Ah, well, so be it ..... "Aaagh!"

The sound made him jerk his head up in time to glimpse Jamie at the river bank just before he disappeared with a howl of alarm. Jason's reaction was instantaneous. He sped out into the garden, ripping off the apron and dropping it on the lawn. In seconds he was at the bank of the arroyo aghast at what he saw. Jamie was in the rushing water, up to his head, one arm desperately gripping a low branch of a bush. But the bush was loose in the wet soil and, dragged by Jamie, was itself sliding into the torrent.

In an instant it and the boy were being swept downstream. Jason dived into the water and, despite the whirl of the current, stroked strongly, desperately and managed to come close to the helpless boy. With one arm he grabbed at Jamie's shirt under the water and with the other reached out for a branch of another bush on the bank. The sudden jolt wrenched his arm agonizingly and the pain in his shoulder was intense, but his grip was solid and he began to pull himself and the boy up the bank.

Jamie had been submerged all this time and Jason managed to fold his arm round his waist, applying every ounce of his strength as he dragged them both slowly up the bank. Finally he fell on top of Jamie on the wet grass, coughing up water and gasping in great gulps of air. He recovered quickly and rolled off Jamie. "Jesus Christ," he groaned. Jamie was lying motionless, his face ashen ..... and he was not breathing.

Jason's firefighter training kicked in automatically and he began a routine he had performed before in the line of duty. He put his fingers into Jamie's mouth to make sure it was clear, then pushed his forehead gently back. He took a deep breath, pinched Jamie's nose and clamped his mouth over his, exhaling sharply into him. He watched Jamie's chest rise, removed his mouth, and saw with relief the chest falling as air escaped from his mouth. It was working.

Jason continued the process, repeatedly clamping his lips over Jamie's mouth, until suddenly the boy's head jerked sideways and he started to cough up water. He was only semi-conscious and Jason noticed a bruise on his forehead where he must have hit his head in the fall. But suddenly Jamie's eyes flickered open, he looked up into the blue eyes of the handsome face above him and moaned, "Mark..." He raised his hand to touch Jason's face but his arm dropped back limply at his side. He had passed out.

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Mark came through the gate carrying a bag with several bottles of wine. His thoughts were still on Jason, hoping he had taken to heart his warning about leaving Jamie alone. Suddenly he stopped and frowned at the sight of Jason's apron on the lawn. "What the fuck....?" and he bristled with anger. He dropped the bag and looked around, clenching his fists. Suddenly, in the distance he saw Jason ... and he had Jamie in his arms.

It had been a long, exhausting walk back along the bank of the arroyo, with a drenched Jamie lying limp and heavy in his arms, but Jason knew he had to get him into a warm bed fast to avoid shock and hypothermia. So he was relieved by the sight of Mark ..... though not by his reaction. Mark raced toward him yelling, "What the fuck's going on? What have you done to him, man? I warned you ....."

He stopped when he saw the exhaustion in Jason's eyes. Jason extended his arms forward, holding Jamie like an offering. "Here's your boy, Mark. Take him." Mark reached forward and Jason placed the limp body gently in his arms. "He fell into the arroyo. He took in a lot of water and he's had a mild concussion but he'll be fine. He just needs a warm bed and rest ..... and then he'll be all yours again. I'll go make the bed ready."

Jason turned and walked toward the house, water streaming from his body, muscles still taught from the extreme effort of the rescue. Mark looked down at his boy's pale face, then up at the receding figure of his rescuer. His thoughts were whirling.

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A few minutes later Jamie was in Jason's bed, having been towel dried and wrapped by Jason in a thick terrycloth robe. Still stunned by the whole event Mark marveled at the care and gentleness with which Jason tended to the boy. "Here," Jason said, "I'll leave a few bottles of water by the bed 'cause he'll have to drink plenty of fluids, and I'll make some tea for when he wakes up .... hot, sweet tea is what he'll need."

It must have been the returning warmth and sound of voices that made Jamie's eyes flicker open for a moment. He gazed up at Jason, then at Mark and began to ramble incoherently, still in a mild delirium. "I'm sorry, sir ..... I couldn't help it .... I thought it was you ..... and I kissed Jason ..... we kissed each other .... I felt his mouth on mine .... I know I'm your boy, but ...." Tears started to flow. "Please forgive me, sir .... don't send me away .... I tried to....."

As his voice trailed off Mark stroked his cheek. "It's OK, Jamie, everything's OK. You did great, kiddo .... you're safe now. Try to get some sleep." But he needn't have bothered because Jamie was already sound asleep." Mark gazed down at the face of the boy he had almost lost and tears filled his eyes. He looked around for Jason .... but he was gone.

Mark sat with Jamie for a while, and when it was obvious that he was sleeping peacefully he went downstairs and into the kitchen. Jason was working at the counter and didn't look up as

he said, "The water's on for tea and I think I can salvage lunch. The chicken's gonna be a bit tough and I had to throw out the spinach but ....."

"Jason!" Mark interrupted. "Please, man. Look at me .... please." Jason raised his head and stared into Mark's troubled eyes. "You saved my boy, man. You risked your life to save my boy. I don't know what I would have done if ....." He took a deep breath. "And after the way I spoke to you, man ..... treated you like shit, almost accusing you of ....."

He faltered, then took another breath. "Man, I've been a total asshole, a complete fucking dickhead. You heard my boy up there .... he was frightened of me, afraid of what I'd do to him. But it's me who was scared ..... scared of Jamie leaving me for you. I mean look at you, man, you're so fucking gorgeous .... What a fucking idiot I've been. Shit, I don't deserve to have Jamie as my boy or you as my friend. Maybe I should just ....."

But the rest of his words were stifled as Jason grabbed his head, pulled it forward and clamped his mouth over his in a long, passionate kiss. Finally he pulled away and looked into Mark's eyes. "Now let's get a few things straight here, buddy. First, what I did for Jamie was all in the line of duty .... it's my job ..... saving people. You would have done exactly the same. And as for you, you were just being protective of your boy, keeping me at arm's length just in case ..... Well, maybe you were being a bit paranoid, but if I had a kid like Jamie I'd do whatever the hell it took to protect him, just like you."

Mark stared at the handsome face for long seconds, then pulled Jason into a bearhug and another ravenous kiss. Suddenly all the conflicting emotions of the last few hours boiled over into pure, raw passion. Their bodies were grinding together, hands roaming over backs and shoulders, tongues probing deep into mouths. Their lust was mounting, their cocks were throbbing and they were on the verge of cumming in their pants when suddenly the door opened and there stood Jamie. "Er, sorry to interrupt, sirs, but I was wondering about lunch. I'm starving hungry."

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The meal was a strange mix of celebration and reticence, their emotions still in a state of confusion, each of them careful to say the right thing. With his usual youthful resilience Jamie had recovered quickly, still warmly wrapped in Jason's terrycloth robe. But he was mostly silent during the meal, watching keenly as the men talked ..... mostly about mundane things ..... their jobs, the gym, Jason's house .... both of them self-consciously avoiding the main topic that sat heavily like an elephant in the middle of the room.

It was the after-lunch drinks that helped loosen things up, the mood mellowed and the trauma of the last few hours dissolved. Jason ventured a few words with Jamie, keeping carefully to safe topics like his favorite surfing beaches. Mark watched the two of them and suddenly his authoritarian cop attitude kicked in and he jumped to his feet.

“OK, guys, that’s enough of this pussy-footing around the subject. We’re walking on eggshells here. Jason, could we use your bedroom again?”

Jason was surprised by Mark’s commanding tone but turned on by it too, so much that he felt his cock stirring in his shorts. “Sure, man, of course. Let’s go.”

Upstairs in the bedroom Jamie looked at Mark nervously and saw the hungry look in his eye that was so familiar to him. Instinctively he did what he always did in this situation ..... he got naked. He opened the robe, let it drop to the floor and stood naked before them. He fell onto his back on the bed and gazed up at his master. “Are you gonna fuck me, sir?”

“No, Jamie ..... Jason is.”

In the stunned silence that followed Mark turned to Jason, put his hands on his shoulders and stared evenly into his blue eyes. “Man, Jamie and I owe you a debt of gratitude we will never be able to repay. I treated you like shit and then you risked your own life to save Jamie’s. I will always look on you as my friend and ..... hell, I love you, man. But right now there is only one thing I can do to make amends to you, only one thing precious enough for me to offer you ..... Jamie’s ass.”

He looked down at the bed and smiled. “And before you start panicking, kid, don’t worry ..... I’m not giving you away to Jason ..... I’m sharing you with him ..... offering him your ass. I hope to be doing that a lot. Is that something you would like?”

Jamie swallowed hard. “Yes, sir, very much, sir. Thank you sir.”

“OK, then,” Mark grinned at Jason. “Go for it, man.”

Jason looked into Mark’s face and they shared a smile of two similarly beautiful men who knew that together they were entering a new and exciting world. Jason pulled off his T-shirt, dropped his shorts and instinctively looked into the mirror at the head of the bed. Flexing his muscles he gazed in admiration at his reflection. He spat in his hand and slowly stroked his long, hard cock, then smiled down at Jamie. “Are you sure you want this, Jamie.”

Jamie was drooling at the sight of the naked, blond muscle-god and whispered, “Absolutely, sir. Yes, please, sir.”

With all the confidence of a man secure in his beauty, Jason knelt on the floor at the foot of the bed, pushed Jamie’s legs back and gazed at the perfect ass. “Oh, man,” he breathed, then leaned forward and licked the soft, downy blond fuzz round the hole. He pushed his tongue inside the hole and breathed in the boy’s musky essence as he heard him moan in ecstasy.

But soon he knew this would cause him to climax, so he pulled away, knelt on the bed, grabbed Jamie’s ankles and pushed his legs high in the air. He pressed the head of his cock against

the wet ass and paused. “One thing I should tell you Jamie. I think I’m falling in love with your master. Is that OK with you?”

“Absolutely, sir,” Jamie breathed, his eyes sparkling.

And that was it. Jason’s hips eased forward and they both felt his hard rod sliding into the exquisite warmth of the tender young ass. It didn’t stop, even when the head pressed against the inner sphincter and passed over it into the secret place that only Mark had ever visited before. Jamie’s eyes opened wide and for a split second he saw not Jason’s face but Mark’s, and in that instant he couldn’t tell whether it was Jason’s cock inside him or Mark’s. It was as if they were both fucking him.

It was a fleeting impression, but soon it happened again as the incredible fuck continued. Jamie’s ass was on fire as he felt the long, hard pole penetrating him, faster and faster, just as Mark always did. It could have been Mark fucking him, could have been his face staring down at him, the fireman and the cop were so alike, the same blue eyes set in the classically etched features, square jaw, high cheek-bones, blond hair. And the same perfectly muscled physique rising and falling over him.

The exquisite fuck went on and on and Jason felt jolts of pleasure radiating from his cock throughout his body, so intense it was almost painful. He looked at the lithe, young surfer’s body writhing in ecstasy beneath him, his tanned face twisting from side to side, tangled sun-bleached hair falling over his brow. He was exquisitely beautiful and many times Jason had to pause to stop his cock from erupting.

Mesmerized he looked up at Mark and moaned, “He’s perfect, man. He’s absolutely perfect. I love your boy, Mark. I love him....”

“Good ..... I do too.” Mark was smiling as he quickly stripped naked and dropped to his knees beside Jason. “I want to share him with you, man. You’re gonna be so good for my boy. You want that, Jamie?”

“Yes, sir. It makes me feel ....” As he gazed up at the two blond Greek gods side by side, naked, one sending shafts of pleasure deep inside his ass, Jamie was at a loss for words. But he could show them .... could show off for them. Moaning softly he stretched his muscles and reached up behind him to the corners of the bed, turning his head sideways into a profile view. Jason stared down at the naked boy spread-eagled beneath him and felt his cock pulse.

Mark breathed in his ear, “I know just what you’re feeling, buddy. He always makes me feel the same.” Jason tore his eyes away from Jamie, stared at Mark and their mouths closed in a warm silent kiss. Seeing the two stunning men embracing each other put Jamie over the edge. “No,” he moaned, “I can’t hold back, sirs ..... you’re gonna make me shoot .....

The men broke apart and stared down at the frantic, writhing body. "OK, Jamie," Jason said. "I'm gonna cum inside your sweet ass ..... now. His body shook and his cock blasted hot cum inside the deepest cavity of Jamie's ass. At the same time Mark stroked his cock and spurted jets of semen over his boy's chest, face and hair.

Jamie screamed as he felt the fireman cumming inside him and saw the cop blasting cum all over him ..... "Aaagh!" His scream filled the room and his body thrashed wildly as his cock exploded in a massive orgasm, his first for his two new masters.

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At least, it felt to Jamie as if he had two masters. Of course, he had been Mark's boy almost from the day he met him, and no one had actually said that Jason was a new master. But as he gazed up in exhaustion at the cop and the fireman, kissing each other again, Jamie had an overwhelming sense that his life had just changed.

His great (irrational) fear had always been that Mark might give him away to another master, and in fact Mark had just offered Jamie's ass to Jason. But it was not fear Jamie was feeling now but exhilaration. He thought that Mark and Jason might be falling in love but, far from excluding Jamie, it was clear that Mark intended to share him with Jason. Mark's earlier fear of Jason's attraction to Jamie had been turned on its head. From the moment he saw Jamie unconscious in the arms of the fireman, his rescuer, the inevitability of their union was born.

So for the first time that afternoon the three men relaxed with each other. The elephant in the middle of the room had been chased away decisively and from now on it was fun. They swam in Jason's small pool and when they had dried off and dressed, Jason said, "Here guys, let me show you something I'm proud of." He took them to the garden at the side of the house and stretched out his arm .... "Ta-da!"

Mark and Jamie looked wide-eyed. "Now that is impressive, Jason," Mark said. Jason had created a small but fully-equipped gym in a semi-enclosed space, with a roof, a solid rear wall covered with mirrors and two side walls consisting only of posts supporting the roof. Other mirrors were carefully angled so a body could be seen from all sides.

Pleased with their reaction Jason said, "Mark, you know that I like working out on my own so I got tired of the gym at the fire house and decided to build my own. I work out here a lot."

"I bet you do," Mark grinned. "But I hope you'll rethink that 'working out alone' thing. Maybe you could tolerate me as a workout partner, maybe even help me train my boy here?"

"It would be an honor," Jason smiled. "Here let me show you something else." He flipped a switch on the wall and the area was bathed in light coming from strategically placed spots in the ceiling, showing off their bodies in the mirrors to brilliant effect. Jason laughed. "A shrine to narcissism."

“Yeah, it looks like it,” said Mark pointing to obvious splashes of dried cum on the lower parts of the mirrors. “Work out, then reward yourself by jacking off to your own pumped reflection. Hell, I’m all for that, eh Jamie?”

“Yes, sir, Jamie said quietly. The boy had become rather subdued as they were shown around, and that mood continued as they sat drinking beer at the table on the lawn. Both men picked up on it and Mark said, “OK, kiddo, what’s up? Can’t keep anything from me, you know, and you shouldn’t from our buddy. Remember, you owe him big time.”

Jamie looked from one to the other and took a deep breath. “Sir, what I did today was real stupid. Jason could have been drowned saving me and I gave you both a whole lot of trouble and anxiety. I’m ashamed of myself, sir, and I don’t think I can earn your respect again until ....”

“Until you’re punished for what you did, is that it?” Jamie nodded silently. There was a long silence as Mark considered Jamie’s words. Then he stood up and said sharply, “Agreed. Stay here, boy. A word with you Jason.” The two men walked a short distance away and conversed quietly.

“Man,” Jason said, “he doesn’t have to do this. It was an accident, no need for punishment.”

“You don’t get it, buddy. In Jamie’s mind he’s lost face ..... he did something stupid and had to be saved. He’s proud of his skills in the surf and here he almost drowned. He wants to show us he’s still worthy of us, worthy to be our boy. He wants to prove he’s a tough young stud by taking punishment. See, Jason, for these boys punishment is a rite of passage. They’ve all gone through it .... shit, they welcome it. I heard that you punished Pablo real good ..... slapped his ass around and it made him shoot his load. See what I mean?”

Jason still hesitated but Mark reassured him. “Don’t sweat it, Jason. I have a punishment in mind that’ll blow his mind, and establish him as our boy once and for all.” He turned back to Jamie, sitting morosely at the table. “Hey, Jamie, Jason and I are going out for half an hour. Why don’t you make use of that gym over there? Toughen up for when we get back.”

Mark grabbed Jason’s arm and guided him toward the gate. Jason grinned, “You know Mark, what you said back there ..... ‘our boy’. I like the sound of that.”

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Sometime later, taking Mark’s advice, Jamie was working out hard in Jason’s gym, barefoot in just surfer trunks, his body glistening with sweat. Working on his body, he thought, might help him get rid of the nagging feeling that he wasn’t worthy to be the boy of two such glorious men, a boy who was so pathetic he had to be pulled out of the river half-drowned. He was pushing himself hard, so focused that he was startled to hear the rough voice behind him.

“This the young surfer boy you mentioned, sergeant, the one who gave you so much trouble today?”

Jamie spun round and his knees nearly gave way. Standing inside the gate were a cop and a fireman. The cop was in his black uniform with its white triangle of T-shirt at the neck, thick leather belt and high shiny motorcycle boots. The fireman was wearing heavy boots, yellow work pants held up by red suspenders over his dark blue short-sleeved shirt with navy T-shirt underneath. They were both wearing their uniform helmets.

“Yeah that’s the one, officer,” the fireman said. “Usual thing, going too close to the river and falling in .... damn near killed me rescuing him. He shouldn’t get away with a stunt like that.”

“Hmm, looks like an arrogant young buck to me. Maybe we should teach him a lesson.”

Jamie gasped as they took off their helmets and the handsome blond cop and near-identical fireman strode toward him. They each grabbed one of his arms and twisted it behind his back, pushing them up behind him in a painful hammer lock. “Yeah, not so tough now, are you, boy,” the cop said. “Guess me and my buddy are gonna have to rough you up a bit. Hell, you’re a good-looking young stud ..... hot body .... all that surfing, eh? Looks like we’re gonna have some fun working you over. Hey, sergeant, see those ropes up there?”

Hanging on hooks high up on posts at the sides of the gym were lengths of ropes from previous gym workouts. The men worked fast and a few minutes later they stood back to admire the results of their efforts. Jamie’s arms were stretched tight out to the sides his wrists tied to the hooks near the ceiling. He was forced to stand on his toes, all his muscles straining. It was dusk now and when the fireman flipped the light switch the near-naked body was suddenly perfectly illuminated by the overhead spotlights.

“Oh shit, man, I can’t wait to work this boy over,” the fireman said. “Look at that fucking body.”

“Yeah, pretty hot stuff. But let’s give him some time to think about what he’s done.” They walked back to the middle of the garden and sprawled in lawn chairs gazing at him.

Jamie was in a daze. He always loved it when Mark tied him up and fucked him but this ..... this was incredible, tied tight under flattering spotlights under the lustful gaze of the cop and the fireman. Deep down he knew that this was Mark’s way of punishing him and giving him a thrill at the same time, but the fantasy was so real that he instinctively began to struggle.

He looked up at his bound wrists and tugged. He twisted his body, kicked his legs, then pulled himself up off the ground in a vain attempt to break the ropes with the weight of his body. Jason was breathing heavily gazing at the stretched, muscular young body straining and writhing, hanging from the ropes, his faded blue surfer trunks hanging low on his slim waist as it twisted under the lights. “Holy fuck, man, that is totally fucking awesome. Shit, Mark, your boy is one spectacular young buck.”

“Our boy, Jason. Come on, let’s turn up the heat.” They got to their feet and walked up to the struggling surfer. Mark grabbed his tousled blond hair and stared into his face. “So, you know what’s gonna happen, punk? You’re gonna get worked over good by a cop and a fireman. But first you gotta lose those shorts.” He unlaced the front of the shorts and as they fell Jamie’s cock sprang up rigid as a pole.

“Well, will you look at that fucking boner,” the fireman laughed. “Shit, boy, so you get turned on by guys in uniform, that it? That’s some piece of prime meat you got there?” He slapped the cock, making it spring up and down, then the cop joined in and Jamie gasped as his cock bounced under the blows, getting harder and harder until he was on the point of busting his load when suddenly they stopped and the cop said, “Careful, man, don’t want him to shoot his jism or stuff like that. Here, get his legs.”

In a few seconds Jamie’s legs were spread wide, his ankles tied to hooks at the bottom of the poles. The surfer was spread-eagled, naked, as if he were lashed to a St. Andrews cross. In helpless bondage he was at the mercy of the fireman and the cop, his muscles stretched to their limit, blonde hair falling over his face. He was bound so tight that now he panicked a little and pulled again at his wrists in a futile attempt at escape.

“Hey,” Jason said, “we can sure use these, man.” He picked up from a bench two long lengths of cord that he used in his workouts. Handing one to Mark he slapped the other against the leg of his pants with a loud crack. “Yeah, these’ll do great. Here, let’s see.” He came up to Jamie and lightly slapped the cord on his cock, watching it coil round it. Then he pulled it off sharply, making the cock bounce as it uncoiled. “Aaah” Jamie moaned softly and pre-cum began oozing from his cock. Jason did the same thing again, and again, mesmerized by the sight of the cock bouncing under the whip.”

The cop said, “Hey, buddy, look at the jizz dripping from his dick, you’re gonna make him shoot his load like that. Come on, man, let’s get stripped for action.” They stepped back a few feet, Jason pushed the suspenders from his shoulders and both men slowly unbuttoned their shirts. Jamie watched in a trance as the men pulled their shirts off.

They stood before him in T-shirts, Mark’s gleaming white, Jason’s dark blue, both stretched over their magnificent torsos, flaring down from wide shoulders to tight waists. They were magnificent and Jamie pulled instinctively at his restraints, desperate to touch his shuddering cock. He gasped as they pulled their T-shirts from their pants waistband, crossed their arms and pulled them up, over their ripped abs, chest, lats and shoulders and tossed them away.

They wound one end of the cord round their hands and let the long length hang at their sides. Jamie was mesmerized by the two specular muscle-gods, the cop and the fireman, stripped to the waist, their torsos flexing as they gripped the cord. Then he heard the cop growl. “OK, boy, this is it. This is your punishment. You’re gonna get that gorgeous body whipped by a cop and a fireman. It’s what you deserve boy.”



This was beyond fantasy for Jamie as he saw in the mirror the erotic sight of the young surfer, spread-eagled naked in bondage about to get tortured by the shirtless cop and fireman. He saw the cop's muscles ripple as he cracked the rope against the ground, saw the spectacular fireman flex as he prepared to whip him. The pornographic image overwhelmed him and he desperately needed to touch his cock. He pulled desperately at the ropes, his arms and shoulders straining, his thighs bulging as his legs heaved at the ankle restraints.

He had to touch his cock, he had to shoot his load ..... he had to .....aaagh!" His cock shuddered, reared up and exploded in a stream of semen that arced high in the air and splashed on the ground, a tribute to his captors. His body thrashed in bondage and he screamed as his cock erupted again, then again. Finally his heaving body subsided .... he was spent .... and his cock was swinging between his legs, dribbling cum.

Jason gazed in disbelief at the handsome young surfer hanging limply from the ropes, his body gleaming under the lights, a pool of semen at his feet. "Jesus Christ, Mark, that is just about the most beautiful thing I have ever seen in my life."

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The next hour was a blur of sexual overload and multiple orgasms for the captive surfer. In a daze he watched as the muscular men raised their arms and he felt the ropes curl round his helpless body. He flinched under each lash, but he was bound so tight that his body had to take the full force of the punishment. In truth, Mark and Jason knew his pain threshold and the ropes fell across his naked flesh just hard enough to sting sharply without doing real damage.

But it felt real to Jamie as he watched the bare-chested fireman and cop, their muscles flexing as they whipped his chest, his thighs, jolting his whole body under the sting of the lash. His cock was rock hard again as he heard the cop say, "Come on buddy, let's go for that gorgeous ass." Suddenly Jamie felt the cord curl round his hips and lash hard against the mounds of his ass. "Aaagh" The pain was becoming intense and he looked at the men with pleading eyes.

"Come on, boy," Mark yelled. "You know you love getting your ass whipped. But you know how to stop this. You know what to do ..... show your masters how much it turns you on, boy. Submit. Let me hear you beg."

"Yes, sir," Jamie yelled, his ass on fire. "I submit, sir. Please I beg you .... I can't take any more ..... my ass ....aaagh!" He felt one last lash biting into the flesh of his ass and for the second time a ribbon of cum blasted from his shuddering cock."

But there was no let-up. Jason walked round behind Jamie and gazed at the white ass striped with the marks of the lash. "Holy shit, man, we've warmed him up real good. Look at that ass .... I gotta have it, man. Hold him tight ..... I don't want him to move."

Mark came close, pressed his chest against Jamie's and wrapped his arms round him in a tight bear hug. He gazed into Jamie's eyes and said quietly. "Jason's gonna fuck your ass now, kiddo. You OK?'

Jamie's eyes were shining as he whispered, "Yes sir .... very OK." Then he inhaled sharply as, for the second time that day, he felt the fireman's long dick slide into his sore ass and the fucking began. He gasped as he felt the hips pounding forward, felt the coarse pubic hair slamming against the inflamed flesh of his whipped ass. The naked young stud was trapped in the cop's arms as the fireman invaded his helpless ass.

In a delirium of pain and pleasure Jamie gazed wildly into Mark's eyes and saw his smile. "Now you're gonna do it again, Jamie. Just for me this time. I want to feel your juice on my body. Look at me Jamie." Then to Jason, "OK, buddy, finish him off. I know your balls are bursting. So let it go, man."

Mark pressed his mouth against Jamie's, grinding their lips together, probing the boy's mouth with his tongue. Crushed between the two bodybuilders Jamie had no choice. In a whirl of sensations he heard Jason howl, felt his cock erupt in his ass, felt Mark feeding on his mouth. His own scream was stifled by the gag of Mark's mouth as once again he shot another load and he felt his body sliding against Mark's, lubricated by his own warm semen.

Jamie was reeling now and only dimly heard his master's voice. "Now you're gonna do the same for Jason. That's an order, boy. I know you can ..... you can do anything when I fuck you." The positions were quickly reversed. Jason held Jamie from the front in a vise-like grip, and behind him the boy felt the familiar sensation of the cop's huge dick pushing into the furnace of his cum-slicked ass.

He had lost count of how many times he had cum, but he knew he had to do it again. It had been an order. He gazed at the beautiful face of the blond fireman, felt his lips against his, felt his master pounding his ass, heard his triumphant yell as he blasted another huge load of cum inside his ravaged ass. And, unbelievably, Jamie felt his cock pouring more warm juice over the abs of the fireman pressing against him.

Seconds later the two men were gazing in awe at the blond surfer hanging in the ropes, his stretched body dripping with cum, head hanging down, sobbing from exhaustion and exhilaration. He had received the punishment he had asked for ..... and it had been one of the most thrilling experiences of his life.

Mark put his hand under Jamie's chin and raised his head. "You are an awesome young stud, Jamie. I love you, and I would like to share you with Jason. But if that's not what you want, just tell me and I won't do it."

Jamie gazed into his master's blue eyes. "I do want it, sir. It would be an honor. It's just .... I mean ..... sir ..... I'll still be your boy, won't I?"

Mark laughed, "More than ever, kiddo. Ever and always. I am proud to call you my boy."

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It wasn't hard for Jason to persuade Mark and Jamie to spend the night with him. They were all still dazed by the extraordinary events of the day, and exhilarated by the awareness that they were all entering a new chapter of their lives. Jamie was in a rare kind of heaven as he sat at dinner between the two muscle-gods, smiling to himself. He could hardly believe that he now belonged to a cop and a fireman, who had stripped him naked, tied him up, whipped and fucked him. And he knew there was more to come.

He was suddenly jolted out of his reverie by the ring of his cell phone. With a consenting nod from Mark, he left the table to take the call. It was Darius. "Listen, dude," he said breathlessly, "I assume you're still with those two gorgeous hunks, but we need you back here by tomorrow evening. See, that's when I've called a meeting of all the boys to interview Eddie. You know Nate wants to hire him as his assistant, and Eddie's crazy about being my boy, but we all have to make sure he has the right stuff to become one of us. I may ask Zack to help me with that.

"Oh, and by the way, before the meeting we wanna get together with you, dude, to get all the scoop on what went down at Jason's today. You know the drill. We want the whole story .... if there is one, that is."

Jamie grinned. "Oh, there's a story alright, dude. Trouble is, I'm not sure you'll ever believe it."

# # #

## **Chapter 156 – Eddie's Marine Discipline**

Jamie reassured Darius that he'd be there for the meeting, but right now his mind was entirely focused on the prospect of spending another erotic night and a day with Mark and Jason before giving 'the scoop' to the guys and then joining in their initiation of Eddie.

In the meantime, however, the wheels were already in motion for Eddie's orientation into his potential new job as assistant houseboy. Nate was spending the day showing Eddie round the house, explaining what his job would entail. Next on the agenda was a visit to the Mulholland Drive property they would be cleaning, the house of Steve and Lloyd where Hassan also lived in the small guest house.

Nate knew it was important that he and Eddie should get familiar and comfortable with each other as they would be working together most of the time, with Nate as Eddie's boss. Darius had encouraged this and had told Nate privately that, although Eddie was Darius's boy, Nate should feel free to do whatever it took to establish his authority over the boy and make him feel

at home in the house. “Whatever it takes, dude,” Darius had repeated with a lascivious grin, “provided I get to hear all the details afterwards.” (Grist for his fantasy mill.)

Now, as Nate drove Eddie up the winding road into the Hollywood Hills he glanced at him sitting nervously beside him. He looked much younger than his 21 years and very vulnerable. He was slim and surprisingly pale despite living in Palm Springs, the resort city of eternal sunshine. His body was nicely trim, though, with a few tattoos that gave him the look of a young punk. Pablo had probably summed him up best: “He’s cute, real cute ..... nice face, handsome in a boyish kind of way. A bit thin for my taste but I can soon beef him up in the gym.”

Nate knew that coming to live here would be a major move for the young guy, who had led a fairly solitary life since he arrived in California from Nebraska two years ago and landed the job of bar-back in a small beer bar in Palm Springs. He lived alone and his sex-life was pretty much limited to the occasional blow-job in the back room of the bar. He had known only older leather guys until the day his life changed when Zack and Darius had dropped into the bar.

As he sat silently beside Nate Eddie had one thought uppermost in his mind ..... he really, really wanted this job. Being shown round the house by Nate had been an eye-opening experience for him. He had already met all the guys at the twins’ birthday party but going into each of their rooms was like getting a glimpse into their private worlds, the inner sanctums, and Eddie felt strong sexual vibrations in all of them.

Reading the silent boy’s thoughts Nate said, “So what do you think so far, Eddie, seeing all the rooms you’re gonna have to take care of if you work here?”

“Awesome, sir,” Eddie ventured. Nobody had ever called Nate ‘sir’ before and it took some getting used to but he knew it was proper for Eddie to call him that. He laughed and said, “Come on, kid, you can do better than that. When you see all those rooms, what’s the first word that comes into your head?”

There was a pause, then Eddie said, “Sexy.”

“Much better,” Nate laughed, “right on the money. Not surprising, though, as I hear you’ve already had sex with some of the guys, right?”

“Yes, sir ..... Darius and Pablo in the shower, soaping them down and .....” he blushed “..... giving them blow jobs, sir. And Darius was the first man ever to fuck me. Then Randy trained me in the gym and I shot my load when he leaned over me. And I’ll never forget being with Zack and Darius.” Eddie’s eyes sparkled. “It was a real fantasy getting fucked by those two gorgeous black leather studs.”

“Wow, mate, you’ve got around, haven’t you? Yeah, there’s a lot of sex in this place, that’s for sure. But you mustn’t let it get in the way of your work. That always comes first, OK? Anyway, now we’re going up to see Steve and Lloyd’s big house and Hassan’s place just down

the hill from them. You haven't really met Hassan properly yet ... only at the party. He's my master when Adam's not in town," Nate said proudly. "I think you'll like him.

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Eddie was all wide-eyed wonder as they pulled up at the impressive gate on Mulholland Drive. After Nate pressed the bell the gate swung silently open and they drove down the long driveway to the imposing front door. Steve stood there waiting for them, wearing a broad smile and not much else except gym shorts. His muscular body gleamed with the sweat of obvious exertion.

"Hey, Nate, good to see you. You too Eddie."

Lloyd appeared, also wearing only gym shorts, and draped his arm round Steve's shoulder. "Hi, Eddie," he smiled. "Nate giving you the grand tour? You like what you see so far?"

Eddie gulped and managed to murmur, "Yes thank you, sir." *Like?!* His cock was rock hard in his shorts as he gazed dumbstruck at the near naked doctor and architect, each of them a picture of masculine perfection with their handsome faces and ripped, muscular physiques, pumped from the result of rigorous exercise in their home gym.

"Hey, Nate," Steve said, "we're in the middle of a workout right now. Why don't you go down and show Eddie Hassan's house first, then come back up here? I don't think Hassan's home from work yet .... I think he said he's involved on one of those photo shoots they do over there at the Marine recruitment office. But you have a key don't you?" Steve playfully slapped his own cheek and grinned. "Good one, Steve. Of course he has a key, dummy ..... he's up here all the time taking care of his master."

Nate blushed and Eddie still stood rooted to the spot. Both boys would have loved to watch these guys working out together but Nate pulled himself together and said, "Right, sir. Thank you, we'll be back in a while."

Reluctantly they left the main house and trudged round the back, past the pool and down a short path to the guesthouse nestled on a slope. Nate produced the key, opened the door and they went in and gaped at the mess inside.

"Huh, same as usual," Nate grinned. "This may be a small house, mate, but it's by far the messiest one I clean. Hassan's a Marine, see, and when he comes home he usually strips off his work clothes, fatigues and all, and throws them on the bed. Then he puts on gym shorts and a tank and works out outside in the sun. After that he does the same with his gym gear and I usually find his sweaty jock, shorts and tank on the pile of clothes on the bed."

Nate picked up the jock, sniffed it and threw it back down on the bed with a frown of disgust. "Whew, told you so ..... stinks of sweat and piss, dried cum too. Eddie my boy, Hassan is a gorgeous hunk and one of the sexiest guys you'll ever meet, but one of the messiest too. Look

outside as well ..... gym equipment all over the place, and the porch hasn't been swept since I last did it. Shit, this can't wait 'til my next regular visit. Here, this'll be a tryout for you. Why don't you make a start in here, throw these filthy clothes in the laundry hamper and straighten the bed while I make a start outside?"

"OK, sir," Eddie said eagerly. He was so riveted by the pile of Hassan's discarded clothes on the bed that he barely noticed Nate leaving the room. As the door closed behind him Eddie gazed around the disheveled room. He had described all the guys' rooms he had seen so far as sexy but this was something else again. The whole place seemed to ooze sex .... the tangled sheets on the bed, the military fatigues, khaki tank and sweaty gym clothes thrown all over it, socks and underwear scattered on the floor.

The boy raised his eyes and his jaw dropped as he found himself gazing at a big Marine recruiting poster on the wall .... "The Few, The Proud, the Marines". The rugged soldier on it was depicted in full action mode, Rambo-style, his rugged face and muscular body streaked with dirt and stripes of camouflage paint, wearing camouflage fatigues and tank-top with an ammo belt slung over his shoulder.

Eddie could hardly believe his eyes. The guy in the picture was Hassan.

Then he recalled a snatch of conversation he had overheard at the twins' party where Hassan had been describing his job in the Marines Public Affairs office in L.A. Part of it was involved with shooting stills and videos for Marine recruitment, and Hassan had mentioned that they wanted a real Marine as the model, so they often used him. Hell, Eddie thought, just the sight of that picture would be enough to make him sign up.

Eddie reached down to make a start on the clothes and the first thing he picked up was the khaki tank top. Without thinking, he pressed it over his nose and breathed in the strong rancid smell of man-sweat. He looked at the poster, at the tank stretched over the soldier's muscular chest and wondered if this was the very one whose smell was right now filling his nostrils. Either way it gave him a huge boner in his shorts.

He threw it down and picked up the gym shorts, sniffing them hard, then an old pair of socks from the floor, and the stink of the soldier's sweaty feet made him giddy. All the time he was gazing at the rugged Marine in the poster, hardly able to believe that these were actually the same man's clothes.

Finally his gaze settled on the ragged, stained jock-strap. He picked it up, pressed it hard against his face and breathed in deeply. His head swam with the stench of male juices ..... sweat, dried piss and what had to be old semen. The smells made him fantasize ..... is that all Hassan wore when he worked out here? Had he shot a load of cum in his jock while he lifted weights looking at himself in the mirror? Or maybe some guy had gone down on him, clamped his mouth over the bulging jock, licked it, sucked it, and made the soldier cum in his jock that way.

Eddie looked again at the gorgeous Marine in the poster. He stared at the bulge in his fatigue pants and wondered if he had been wearing this very jock under them. He licked the jock, sucked at the thin cotton, then crammed it into his mouth, breathing in through his mouth. In a daze he stared into the slanting brown eyes of the Marine on the wall and heard the imaginary deep voice say, "Go for it, kid."

In his fantasy he imagined going down on his knees, opening the fly buttons of the Marine's pants, pulling them down and staring at the sweaty jock bulging over his balls and cock. The huge balls spilled out of the side of the jock and the hard, massive cock was visible through the thin wet fabric, so long that the tip of it poked out of the top. In his daydream, he went to work on the jock, pressing his cheek against the fabric, licking it, sucking it, tasting the sweat and piss through it, then running his tongue the length of the cock through the thin cotton.

Instinctively Eddie had actually knelt on the bed before the Marine in the picture, had pulled out his own cock and was pumping it hard. He gazed at the soldier, smelled his balls, tasted his sweat as he sucked on the jock crammed in his mouth. His imagination was reeling. He thought he saw the soldier move, saw his face writhe in ecstasy, heard his voice .....

"That's it, kid, work it ..... lick those balls, suck that big cock. You ever made a Marine bust his load, kid? You're getting me close ..... here it comes boy ..... drink that soldier's spunk boy, you want it?"

"Yes, sir!"..... The jock fell from his mouth as he heard the shout. Hypnotized by the picture he saw the spectacular body heave, heard the Marine yell and saw his cock explode with streams of come splashing over the bed. Over the bed? Suddenly the fantasy dissolved into reality. Eddie was shaking as he felt his body drain, the tension released, and he gazed down at the tangle of clothes on the bed drenched in his own cum. At the same time he heard another voice ..... not the Marine's this time ..... Nate's!

"Holy shit, Eddie, what the fuck are you doing?"

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Eddie jumped to his feet, trembling so hard he could barely stand up. Blushing deep red he opened his mouth to speak but no words came out. Nate gazed at the boy, at the cock hanging out of his shorts still dripping cum. Then his eyes traveled over the cum-soaked bed and up to the Marine poster on the wall. So that was it. Nate couldn't help smiling inwardly as he took in the scene. What Eddie had obviously just done was exactly what Nate himself had done on several occasions.

But that was after Nate had got to know Hassan and become his boy. But this was Eddie, the new kid. Nate had left him here to tidy up the room ..... it was his first tryout ..... and he had

spent the time gazing at the Marine's picture and jacking off over his clothes. Finally Eddie found his tongue and words came stumbling out.

"Sir, I couldn't help it, sir. I saw the picture and .... it was so hot that I ..... then I picked up his clothes and sniffed them and I don't know what ..... I mean .... it was such a hot fantasy, sir, and I had to cum ..... I couldn't help it ....." Tears welled in his eyes. "I blew it, sir, didn't I? I'll never get the job now ..... and I wanted it so bad....."

The tears started to flow and Nate's heart went out to the boy, with his crumpled face and drooping body. Instinctively Nate realized this was his own first test as a boss, and his thoughts raced trying to decide what to do.

He sympathized with the boy's lust for the magnificent Marine .... shit, he thought, who wouldn't get carried away? But at the same time, Eddie had disobeyed Nate's orders, had failed his first test as his assistant. He wondered .... what would his master Adam do to him, Nate, or what would Mark do to Jamie in such a circumstance? That cleared his mind and he knew that he had to assert his authority, something he had never done before. He had to discipline the boy, but with the same leniency that he knew Adam and Mark would show.

"OK, Eddie, first I want you to pull yourself together and stop crying. I don't think he" (nodding to the poster) "would approve of that, do you? OK, what you did was wrong, you disobeyed me. I told you to pick up the clothes not shoot jism all over them. A while ago I told you that there are a lot of sexual vibes around these guys, but you mustn't let it distract you ..... the job comes first. I know that guy on the wall there would turn anyone on, so I sympathize. I may still hire you, but you have to be punished ..... it's a rule of the house."

Eddie perked up and dried his eyes as he saw a glimmer of hope. "Yes, sir. I know, sir. Anything ..... I'll do anything to make it come right."

"OK, strip naked." Instantly Eddie pulled off his T-shirt, ripping it in his haste. He kicked off his sneakers, dropped his shorts and stood naked before his new boss.

Nate gulped and his heart went out to Eddie, his pale young body trembling in front of him, eyes downcast. He remembered how he had been when he first met Jamie and Mark ..... overawed, nervous, insecure. This kid was so..... so vulnerable, and Nate realized for the first time the power that a boss has over a boy like this .... a power for good or for harm. Nate determined that he would use his for good ..... and he knew exactly how.

"Turn round, boy." Eddie obeyed and Nate murmured "holy fuck" as he stared at the cheeks of the boy's ass. The body was slim but well-formed and the tight waist narrowed down to perfectly shaped, firm round globes. No problem here, Nate thought to himself as his cock stiffened in his shorts. "You been fucked before, boy?"

"Yes, sir, by Darius and Zack."



“Hell, if you’ve taken those two massive black dicks up your ass you’ll have no problem with mine.” He grabbed Eddie by the back of his neck and pushed him face down on the bed. Eddie stretched his arms up and grabbed the corners of the bed. He raised his head to gaze into the mirror at the head of the bed and saw Nate strip naked and kneel over him. “OK, Eddie, now you’re gonna get your ass fucked by your boss. It’s a rite of passage in this house. It’s happened to all the boys. You ready?”

“Yes, sir ..... please, sir.”

Nate spat in his hand and ran it over the length of his cock. Then he pushed the head between the ass cheeks and pressed it against the hole. Jesus, it was still a tight ass even though it had already been opened up by Zack and Darius. But he felt the sphincter relax and his cock slid gently into the young ass, hot as a furnace. Nate felt the body tense defensively beneath him and saw Nate’s hands grasp the corners of the bed in a white-knuckle grip. “It’s OK, Eddie, you can relax now. I’m not gonna hurt you.”

Eddie looked up at Nate in the mirror. “Thank you sir. Please fuck me hard, sir. I deserve it.”

Nate wasn’t sure whether this request reflected Eddie’s need to be punished, or simply his need for a good hard fuck. In any case Nate decided to take it slowly, and the result was an erotic warmth that spread through both their young bodies. “Good boy,” said Nate. “Your boss is fucking your ass for the first time. You’re Darius’s boy but he said that getting fucked by me is ‘part of your job description’ and you have to take it whenever I feel like it.”

“Yes, sir. Thank you, sir.” Nate’s confidence was building and he knew he was going to enjoy asserting his authority over the boy. The tempo quickened and soon his cock was pumping hard in and out of the tight ass. Eddie had lowered his face onto the bed and was breathing deeply. Suddenly he was overpowered by the smell of sweat, piss and cum and he realized that his face was buried in Hassan’s dirty gym shorts, smothered by his own cum.

It made him dizzy and he began to moan, “Oooh .... fuck me, sir, fuck my ass good. I love your dick in my ass, sir.” Overwhelmed by the smell of Hassan’s sweat Eddie’s senses were reeling in confusion and it almost felt as if it was the Marine’s cock inside him. Nate was aware that Eddie was lying on Hassan’s dirty clothes and guessed something of what he was feeling. He knew he should end it.... and besides, his cock was already shuddering in the boy’s ass.

“OK, kid, this is your punishment. I’m gonna shoot my wad in your ass ..... here it comes, boy ..... aaah!” Eddie pushed his ass upward to receive the full length of Nate’s cock as it erupted deep inside him. As he felt the warm juice pouring into his ass and smelt the rancid essence of the Marine, Eddie screamed into the shorts and felt the sticky warmth under him as his body went rigid and he shot his second load of cum onto the bed.

Gasping he looked up into the mirror and saw Nate's face smiling down at him. "Thank you, sir," Eddie moaned. Again he buried his face in the shorts as Nate fell on top of him. They lay still like that for some time, the only sound being their heavy breathing ..... the only sound until the heavily accented tones of a deep voice behind them.

"What the fuck.....?"

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Both heads shot up and two shocked faces looked in the mirror. Silhouetted in the doorway, back-lit by the sun, was the tall, looming figure of the Marine ..... identical to the soldier in the poster. In a moment of panic Eddie looked sideways at the poster, absurdly half expecting to see it blank, that the Marine had stepped down from the wall. It was the same muscular body in camouflage fatigues and boots, same khaki tank stretched over the bulging chest ..... the same exotic square-jawed features streaked with dirt and camouflage paint, eyes hidden behind mirror sunglasses. Only the ammo belt was missing.

The horror-struck boys sprang to their feet and stood trembling before the fearsome warrior. Behind his glasses Hassan's eyes took in the astonishing scene ..... two naked boys, one having obviously just fucked the other, and the chaos of the bed, rumped sheets strewn with dirty clothes, all covered with what looked like pools of semen.

Surprisingly it was Eddie who found his voice first. Driven by blind panic he blurted out the whole story: "It was my fault, sir, not Nate's ..... please don't blame Nate, sir, it was all me. I was gonna tidy the bed but I saw your clothes and smelt them ..... I saw your picture on the wall and it was so hot, sir ..... I stuffed your jock in my mouth and jerk off and spilled my jism all over the bed. But Nate caught me and punished me by fucking my ass, sir. It wasn't his fault...."

His voice trailed away as his impulsive burst of courage faded. Hassan looked at the earnest young face and it was all he could do to stop himself from bursting out laughing. Stifling a grin he said, "Hmm ..... some punishment! From where I stood it looked like you were enjoying every minute. Still, you get an A for honesty, kid, that's for sure. OK, Nate, what have you got to say for yourself?"

Nate was blushing deeply. "It .... it's like Eddie said, sir, only it's all my fault. See Eddie's working for me .... well, maybe not after this ..... and I was supposed to be in charge and I let it happen. I was trying to punish him, sir."

Hassan took off his glasses and his beautiful slanted eyes gazed at them both. Nate was his boy and knew the soldier well, and his keen eye glimpsed the amusement behind his stern look. "OK. I come in and find two naked boys fucking ..... on my bed! That can't go unpunished. You, boy," (to Nate) "I'll deal with you tomorrow. Report to me here at 1800 hours for your dose of military discipline."

It was Nate's turn to stifle a grin .... and the boner in his shorts. "Yes, sir .... understood, sir."

Hassan turned his gaze on the terrified Eddie. "As for you, boy ..... now what am I gonna do with you? You're new here so you may not know that there's a rule around here that the punishment has to fit the crime. All day I've been working on a recruitment photo shoot in this military gear and war-paint, just the way I look in that poster over there. Those blazing hot lights made me sweat like a pig. I stink and was looking forward to a good, long shower."

He paused and Eddie wilted under the soldier's piercing eyes as he continued. "OK, from what you say you got turned on by my stinking clothes ..... you licked them, stuffed my jock in your mouth and busted your load. As I said, your punishment will fit the crime, so I'll forget the shower ..... and use you to clean me up instead. I think you'll know what to do."

Eddie gazed in bewildered awe as the Marine stood before him, legs astride, raised his arms and linked his hands behind his head, his elbows stretched sideways. The boy hesitated uncertainly and again glanced at the poster on the wall for inspiration. Nate gave him a shove and he stumbled forward. It was true, the soldier did stink of sweat ..... and suddenly Eddie knew what he had to do.

Weak at the knees he came close to the Marine and looked at the sweat-soaked tank, the gleaming, olive skin ..... and the armpits raised up on full display. "That's it, boy," Hassan growled, "start with the pits."

Eddie stretched his head forward and tentatively licked under the arms, savoring the sour, salty taste of the sweat trickling down them. "Oh come on, kid you can do better than that," Hassan barked. He clamped one hand behind Eddie's head and pressed his face hard into his armpit. Eddie almost passed out as he gagged on the wet, wiry hair choking him and felt the dampness oozing into his mouth. Almost suffocating he pulled back, coughed, and gazed desperately up at the soldier.

"Shit, I don't think you're cut out for this, kid," Hassan said. "I thought you said you got off on the smell of Marine sweat."

"I do ... I do, sir. Please give me another chance. I can do better."

Hassan linked his hands behind his head again and relaxed. "OK, kid, show me. Show me how much that sweating Marine turns you on."

Desperate to please Hassan, Eddie went to work. This time he pressed against the soldier and sucked on his armpit, taking the coarse black hair into his mouth and breathing in lungfuls of the rancid smell. His head swam but he was in heaven. He licked the armpit clean, then bent lower to the tank. He sucked in the wet fabric and clenched it in his teeth, squeezing hard so the sweat oozed out of it and ran down his throat.

Then he cleaned the other armpit in the same way, moving slowly lower until his cheek was pressing against the front of the tank and he felt the hard mounds of his pecs underneath. He felt Hassan's heartbeat against his face, and his legs almost gave way beneath him.

"OK, boy, that's enough there. Now do the rest." His face still inches from Hassan's chest Eddie saw the khaki tank rise as Hassan pulled it off from behind, used it to wipe the war-paint streaks from his face and tossed the shirt aside. Suddenly the boy was looking at the cleft between the soldier's rounded pecs as sweat trickled down it. He pressed his face into the chest and inhaled deeply ..... "aaah....!" Eddie was dimly aware of his cock throbbing .... and he lost all his inhibitions.

He went wild, lapping at the smooth skin, over the mounds of the chest, brushing the nipples, then down to the stomach, running his tongue between the ridges of the washboard abs. He heard the Marine sigh and his own cock was now shuddering so bad he was afraid he would cum all over him. But then he heard the deep voice ..... "On your knees, boy."

The naked boy dropped obediently to his knees and his heart missed a beat as he found himself facing the huge bulge in the soldier's fatigues. He remembered the same bulge in the poster, but now it was real ..... this was the man himself and the bulge was inches from his face. Again the commanding voice. "Go for it, boy."

With trembling fingers Eddie pulled down the zip of the pants, opened up the fly and he gulped as he saw that Hassan was wearing a jock-strap underneath ..... not the soiled white jock from the bed, but khaki, matching his uniform. Without hesitating this time he licked the bulge with the tip of his tongue and tasted a mix of man-juices ..... sweat, dried piss and cum.

Growing impatient, Hassan unbuckled his belt, yanked open his pants and let them fall round his ankles. Eddie gazed in awe at the fully exposed jock. Earlier he had fantasized about it while looking at the picture ..... and here it was, exactly as he had imagined ..... the balls poking out of the side, the shape of the stiff cock obvious under the thin fabric, so long the head was sticking out above the waistband. He was yanked out of his trance by Hassan growling, "Quit pussyfooting around, kid. Come on, clean up my stinking crotch."

He didn't need telling twice. He reached forward to the waistband of the jock and slowly pulled it down, clear of the waist, over the hips and.... "Aaah" ..... suddenly the huge rod sprang free and hit the boy in the face. The shock of the blow and the overpowering smell of the sweaty crotch drove him to renewed effort. His tongue again started to work feverishly, licking the fully exposed balls, sucking them into his mouth, then running his tongue along the deep crevice of the groin where the smell and taste were the most pungent.

Finally he pulled his head back and stared at the huge pole pointing at his face. For a moment he was frozen in place, but he still heard the soldier's voice. "What's the matter, kid? You scared of this hunk of prime Marine beef? Too much for that mouth of yours, eh?"

“No, sir,” Eddie sprang back into action. “I can take it, sir.” If there was one thing Eddie did well it was sucking cock, even one as intimidating as this. He leaned forward, pressed his lips over the head, then pushed further, feeling the long shaft slide into his mouth. When he felt it deep in his throat he clenched his throat muscles hard round the cock and heard Hassan yell, “Yeah ..... oh shit man, that is fucking great.”

As Eddie moved his head back and forth, taking the entire length deep down his throat Hassan looked up at Nate in the background and moaned, “Fuck, Nate, this boy of yours is one hell of a cocksucker.” He clamped his hands behind Eddie’s head and rammed his face down into his pubic hair. “That’s it, kid, eat that fucking meat.”

Nate had been watching in the background, transfixed by the whole show. He had pulled his cock from his shorts and was stroking it hard as he saw Hassan slamming the boy’s head into his crotch again and again. Soon the Marine went back to his earlier position, hands behind his own head, elbows outstretched. His stomach muscles rippled as his hips moved back and forth, pounding Eddie’s hungry mouth. To steady himself Eddie reached forward and gripped Hassan’s hips, his fingertips feeling the hard mounds of his ass flexing as it pushed forward.

The sight was one of the most incredible Nate had ever seen, the naked Marine, pants pooled round his ankles, his cock pistoning in the mouth of the slim, naked boy kneeling in worship before him. It was too much for Nate and he felt the blood pounding in his cock, felt semen racing through it and he screamed as a ribbon of cum blasted from it across the room.

Eddie was in a world of sensual overload, where all he felt was the Marine’s rod pounding his face, all he tasted was cock, all he smelt was the sweaty crotch, and all he heard was Nate’s scream. His mouth was impaled on the huge shaft so Eddie breathed in frantically through his nose and the soldier’s pungent smell overwhelmed him. His body convulsed, he screamed into the gag of the cock and felt his own cock explode, again and again, in a huge multiple orgasm. He instinctively jerked his head back and Hassan’s cock sprang from his mouth.

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There was a sudden silence as Eddie’s head dropped in exhaustion. But when his eyes opened he found himself staring down at the soldier’s combat boots and the fatigues pooled around them. And he was horrified to see his own cum splashed all over them. He had only one thought as he gasped, “I’m sorry, sir. I didn’t mean to ..... I’ll clean them off right away, sir.”

His face fell to the floor and he began to lick the soldier’s boots frantically, sucking in his own semen, lapping at the leather in a desperate attempt to clean off the evidence of what he had done. Bent over at Hassan’s feet he worked feverishly, but suddenly he felt his head pulled up by the hair and he saw the Marine’s blazing eyes, heard his snarling voice.

“I don’t give a shit about the boots, boy, but what about this?” He slapped his cock hard against Eddie’s cheek. “It’s still fucking hard, boy ..... see the pre-cum dripping from it?” He

pressed the sticky tip of his cock against Eddie's lips, then pulled his head back again and glared at him. "What the fuck you think you're doing? ..... You lick my body, suck my balls, then work on my dick and bring me right up the edge of busting my load ..... and then nothing! You pull your mouth off my cock! You two both get to shoot your wad ..... and here's my rod still loaded with spunk."

Suddenly he yanked Eddie's hair so hard the boy shot to his feet, his terrified eyes staring into Hassan's face. "Look at me, boy. Do I look like the kind of guy who gets jerked around by a punk like you? So, you didn't wait for me to shoot inside you? OK, well, I tell you this, boy, I am gonna cum inside you, and it's something you won't forget in a hurry."

Hassan gripped Eddie round the waist, picked him up bodily and flung him down on the bed where he landed heavily on his back, the wind knocked out of him. The soldier kicked off his combat boots, stepped out of his pants and jock, strode to the bed naked and knelt between the legs of the trembling boy. He pointed to the poster on the wall. "See that, boy? What is it?"

Eddie croaked, "It's a Marine, sir ..... a gorgeous, hot Marine, sir."

"So hot he made you jack off all over this bed, right? Now look at this, boy." Hassan slapped his own chest. "This is the same hot fucking guy. Only this time the Marine's stripped naked and you know what he's gonna do, boy? He's gonna fuck your ass until he busts his load inside it."

Hassan heaved Eddie's legs over his shoulders and stared down at his frightened face. He spat in his hand, gripped his rigid cock and in one ferocious move shoved it between the cheeks and deep inside the tight, warm ass. Eddie screamed as he felt the huge shaft impale his ass.

"Quiet! Look at me, boy. Now, you won't yell again 'cause there'll be no more pain. Earlier you shot your wad looking at my picture. Now you're gonna cum looking at me while I fuck that tight little ass of yours." Eddie gazed up at the dark, exotic face, still streaked with dirt, jet black hair falling over the brow. He saw the heaving body, muscles rippling as it rose and fell above him. And Hassan was right ..... there was no more pain, only the exquisite sensation of the soldier's cock moving in and out of his ass.

Eddie glanced sideways at the Marine in the poster, then up at the same man leaning over him, the real one, and this Marine, stripped naked, was fucking his ass. It was a pornographic fantasy come to life ..... beyond fantasy ..... a sensation so real, so erotic, that Eddie lost all sense of time and place, aware only that he was entirely at the mercy of the muscular soldier driving his piston into his ass.

The jackhammer was relentless, merciless and as it went on and on Eddie couldn't get enough. He pushed his ass up high to take in every inch of the pounding rod, and when the head pierced his inner sphincter he knew that was it ..... he had to cum. "Wait for me, Eddie," Hassan said,

reading his thoughts. "And this time I really am gonna cum inside you. You ready, kid? Here it comes....."

And as Hassan had ordered, there was no yelling. Eddie saw the soldier smiling down at him, saw the body jolt and felt his warm juice flooding his ass. The incredible sensation in his ass sent flashes of ecstasy through his body, into his balls and up through his cock, which exploded all over the smooth white skin of his young body.

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A few minutes later Hassan had pulled Eddie up off the bed and scooped him into his arms. He held him close and whispered into his ear. "I'll tell you a secret, Eddie, just between you and me. Sometimes I look at the Marine in the poster and he turns me on so much I jerk off over the bed just like you did." Eddie's eyes were sparkling as Hassan pulled back and said, "You're a terrific, kid, Eddie. I look forward to getting to know you better. Hey, Nate, you better damn well hire this boy."

"I intend to, sir. No matter what the other guys say."

"OK, now I'm really gonna take a shower and you guys better get your asses up to Steve and Lloyd. And remember, Nate ..... report to me at 1800 hours sharp tomorrow. "Sir, yes, sir," Nate grinned, saluting. He gave his master a long hug and left the room. Eddie pulled on his shorts and was about to follow, but Hassan stopped him, grabbed the sweat-soaked khaki tank top off the floor and used it to rub the cum off the boy's chest.

"Can't go into polite company with jism all over you, kid," Hassan grinned. Then he picked up his rancid old jock from the bed, the one Eddie had crammed into his mouth. He bundled it up with the tank and stuffed them both into Eddie's pocket. "Keep them, kiddo, to remind you of today. Just between us two, eh?" Eddie's eyes filled with tears and he flung his arms round Hassan. "Just one thing, Eddie," Hassan added. "Don't you dare wash them."

Eddie grinned. "Never, sir. No fear of that."

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"So," Nate grinned as they trudged away up the slope, "you've met Hassan."

"Yes, sir," Eddie said. He frowned. "Sir, I know you're his boy so I hope you don't mind that he ..... that we ...."

"Nah, no worries there, mate," said the Australian. "It's cool with me. In fact, when it's your turn to come up here and clean his place, then whatever the big stud Marine wants to do ..... well, he's the boss." And that ended the subject. "OK, that's that ..... now for Steve and Lloyd."

When they went into the main house they heard Steve shout, "In here, guys, we're just finishing up." They went into the big room that the men had converted into a gym, and stared in awe at the two handsome bodybuilders, stripped down to just their gym shorts. Despite the heady sexual experiences the boys had just been through their cocks stiffened at the sight of them.

"Take a seat, guys," Steve said. "We've almost finished, then we'll show you around. Just one more thing. We always finish up with this little contest to see which one of us gets to fuck the other in the shower. You ready buddy?"

They dropped to the floor, flat on their stomachs facing each other. Lloyd grinned, "OK, go!" and they began to do pushups, their already pumped muscles flexing hard as the contest progressed. Eddie moaned inwardly, 'Jesus, would today never quit?' It was nonstop sexual fantasy. He gazed in a trance at the two muscle-gods as they punished their already exhausted muscles. And the loser was about to have his ass fucked by the winner.

As he sat watching Eddie put his hand in his shorts pocket and stroked his cock, rigid despite the fact he had cum so many times already. The grunting grew louder, the pace slowed, they strained hard .... and finally it was Lloyd who collapsed, defeated, flat in the ground. "You lose, buddy," Steve yelled. "Your ass is grass." Eddie tried to imagine the handsome architect standing naked in the shower, his ass being pounded by the muscular doctor. And suddenly he felt a sticky wetness on his leg. He had emptied another load of cum into his shorts.

Steve jumped to his feet. "OK, guys, sorry for the wait. Before we shower we'll give you a quick tour and then settle on days and times and things. We are so grateful you boys will be cleaning our house. Hassan speaks very highly of you," he added with a knowing smile. He and Lloyd had noticed the big wet patch on Eddie's shorts and flashed a grin at each other .... but discretely chose not to say a word.

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Half an hour later the boys were driving down the hill back to the house and Nate said, "OK, now for the boys' inquisition." Seeing the alarm on Eddie's face he added, "Nah, no worries, kid, it'll be a piece of cake. The twins are rooting for you and Jamie too ..... he's real kind like Mark. Darius, of course, 'cause you're his boy. Maybe a little turbulence from Pablo, though. He thinks 'cause he's Randy's boy, his adopted son and all, that he's the boss."

Nate was dead right. When they went through the gate the meeting was already in session. All five boys were sitting on one side of a long table in the garden, with Pablo and Darius in the middle. Nate took his seat at the end of the bench and Eddie stood nervously before them all. The word 'inquisition' still rang in his head.

"OK," said Pablo formally, this is a meeting of the boys to see whether Eddie has what it takes to join the house and become one of us." Darius sighed and rolled his eyes ..... Pablo was



gonna milk this for all it was worth. “Now first, Eddie, tell us why you want to come and live here with us.”

“Because he’s crazy about me, dude,” Darius chimed in before Eddie could reply. “Hell, he went nuts for me the minute we met, and now he loves me a whole lot ..... what’s not to love?”

“I think Eddie can speak for himself,” Pablo said sarcastically. “He’s got a tongue, hasn’t he?”

“You bet he has,” said Nate, thinking of the recent licking scene with Hassan.

Darius was getting steamed. “I’m his master so I think I can speak for my boy, asshole. All you want is to show off your ....”

“Eddie,” Jamie interrupted firmly, rolling his eyes at Nate who grinned back. “Now that you’ve met everyone in the house, are you sure you feel comfortable with the idea of living here? It can be a tough crowd, you know, and there are rules, discipline, punishment sometimes.

“I have no problem with that, sir,” Eddie said boldly. “I’ve had my share of punishment and I don’t mind it at all,” he said grinning at Nate. “And I’ve had a crash course in all the house rules from Nate.”

“Well, better Nate than never,” said Darius with a huge grin, causing a gale of laughter from all the boys except Pablo.

“OK,” Pablo said, miffed at being upstaged by Darius. “Let’s cut to the chase here. There’s a whole lotta sex goes on around here .... between the boys, with the masters ..... and you can’t be squeamish about that. You have to be ready to put out ..... fuck and get fucked. Often you’ll be expected to shoot more than one load a day.” His eyes narrowed. “So tell me this, boy ..... today, for example .... how many time have you cum already today?”

Eddie frowned and thought hard for a minute before replying. “Seven, sir.”

Pablo and the boys gaped. “Seven?!” Pablo said. “No way! You’re kidding, right?”

“No, sir.” Again Eddie concentrated and started to count off on his fingers. “One: as Darius fucked me when we woke up. Two: jacking off watching him get dressed. Three: jerking off over Hassan’s bed looking at that Marine poster of him. Four: getting fucked by Nate as a punishment. Five: shooting my load over Hassan’s boots after I licked the sweat off his body then sucked his cock and balls. Six: getting my ass fucked by Hassan. Seven: creaming my shorts watching Steve and Lloyd in a gym contest to see which one would get to fuck the other.”

He paused and thought some more. “That’s it, sir .... seven, that’s all ..... if you don’t count the times in between when I jacked off on my own.”

There was a stunned silence as the boys tried to take in the dimensions of this sexual marathon. Finally Pablo cleared his throat. “Er..... and when you jack off alone .... what are you thinking about?”

Eddie grinned, “Hot guys like you, sir”

“Good answer, dude,” yelled Darius, slamming his hand on the table, and the group again broke into peals of laughter.

“OK,” said Pablo finally. “You get my vote, kid ..... how about you guys?”

“Unanimous,” yelled Darius, jumping the gun.

“Not so fast,” said Pablo. “A show of hands first.” All the hands shot up.

“Unanimous,” Darius shouted again.

“Oh, just one more thing,” said Pablo. “How often have you been whipped, Eddie?”

Eddie looked shocked. “I ..... er ..... whipped, sir? I’ve never been whipped, sir. I don’t think I could ever .....” and his voice trailed off as he saw the disappointed faces round the table.

Pablo said, “You see, boy, everyone here has to be able to take a whipping. Most of us have. If you can’t, then ..... well .....” and he shrugged.

Darius jumped up. “Guys, I vote we adjourn until tomorrow. There’s someone I need to consult.”

Relieved at this temporary solution everyone agreed and the meeting was over. Darius grabbed Eddie’s arm and steered him toward the gate. “Don’t worry, dude, I know just the guy to help us out of this. He pulled out his phone and punched the speed-dial for Zack.

“Sir? Is that you, sir? We’ve hit a kind of snag here. There’s one more thing Eddie has to do ..... and I need your help.”

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## **Chapter 157 – Eddie’s Trial – Randy’s Fight – Bob’s Passion**

Nate was concerned about the hitch in his plans to hire Eddie, whom he had come to like and respect a lot. But he agreed to let Darius handle the problem. If any of them knew how to deal with Pablo it was Darius, after all. And besides, his plan was to consult Zack, the ultimate expert in leather-sex and discipline. Seemed like a great idea.

So it was that after dinner that night Zack sat at the table in his garden sipping coffee and Darius and Eddie stood before him. Darius had explained what had been said at the meeting and they now waited nervously for Zack's advice. They gazed in awe at the handsome black muscle-stud in a white T-shirt that contrasted perfectly with his gleaming ebony skin, his biceps flexing as he rested his elbows on the table. Despite the tension in the air both boys had stiff boners in their shorts.

"Hey, kids, relax," Zack said. "Take a seat and have some coffee. No problem we can't solve together, eh?" and he smiled warmly at Eddie. "So, from what you say Nate wants to hire Eddie and the boys all agree, only Pablo has raised this objection. OK, well let me say right off the bat that the idea that Eddie has to get a whipping before he can come and live here is total bullshit. That's not what this house is all about. Don't worry, kid, it ain't gonna happen."

"But sir," Eddie blurted out, "Pablo said that all the other boys have ...."

"Don't worry about Pablo," Darius grinned. "I can handle him. Hell, I'll tell him he's never gonna feel my cock in his ass again. That'll do it."

"Now listen, Eddie," Zack said, "it's true that most of the boys have had a whipping from time to time. Hell, when you first met Darius and me and we put on a show in the back room of your bar you saw me whip him good when he was tied up wearing nothing but leather chaps. Remember?"

"I can never forget that, sir," Eddie said softly, his cock getting even harder at the thought.

"OK, but there are a couple of things you should know about that. "First, Darius really wanted it." Darius grinned, with a thumbs up. "And second, he is my boy and he trusts me absolutely."

"But I trust you too, sir."

Zack looked sternly at him. "Don't you ever say that you trust anyone outside this house. Too many boys have got into trouble like that. If I find out that you have, I'll ....."

"You'll whip me, sir?" Zack grinned and shook his head. "Thing is, sir, I want to be like the other boys ....." I want to do what they've done so I'll feel I belong. Please, sir ....."

Zack gazed at the boy with newfound respect. The shy young kid was beginning to show just how tough he could be. After some thought, Zack said, "OK, Eddie. If that's really what you want, that's what you'll get. But if we're gonna do it we have to do it right." He stood up. "I'm going inside, but I'll be back in a minute. Get him ready, Darius. You know what to do."

Left alone Darius gazed at Eddie with a gleam in his eye. "You scared, kiddo?"

“Yes sir, I am,” Eddie said quietly.

“Don’t be. Zack can be a mean son-of-a-bitch but he would never hurt one of his boys .... never. OK, now the first thing is, you have to get naked .....

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A few minutes later Darius stood back and looked proudly at his work. Under a tree stood the naked boy, arms raised up and out, wrists tied to a branch overhead, high enough to stretch his slim body so his feet still touched the ground. His was shivering with fear that had made him lose his erection and his cock swung between his legs.

“Perfect,” said Darius. “Hell, dude, you look real hot. Zack’s gonna love working on you.”

In a moment of panic Eddie had second thoughts and was about to ask Darius to untie him when suddenly he gasped. Zack came striding from the house, a stunning leather god in heavy boots, leather pants and a black leather vest hanging open over his bare chest. He wore a black leather cap on his head and mirror sunglasses, and in his hand was a whip with many narrow strands of leather, a cat-o’-nine-tails.

Darius smiled to himself. Zack looked spectacular and knew exactly what he was doing. That kind of whip caused minimal pain, far less than a belt, say, or a stock whip. But that subtlety was lost on Eddie who instinctively pulled at the ropes in another jolt of panic. Zack came close and Eddie held his breath. Instead of seeing Zack’s eyes he saw himself, a scared, naked boy, reflected in the leatherman’s mirror glasses.

Nervous as he was, the sight of his own reflection, set in Zack’s handsome face, was so thrilling that it gave him courage. And when Zack took off the glasses Eddie suddenly knew that everything would be OK. The pale grey eyes bored into his, and behind the sternness Eddie saw kindness, affection. The deep voice had the same mix of authority and compassion.

“Now I’ll ask you one more time, boy. Are you sure you want this?”

“Yes, sir. Definitely, sir.” Eddie wanted this more than anything.

“Now listen carefully. You’re in my power ..... a naked boy tied up at the mercy of a leather stud holding a whip. Let me see you try to get free.”

Eddie looked up at the ropes and pulled hard at them, his young body struggling and writhing, face grimacing with effort. But it was no good. He was Zack’s prisoner and he gazed again into the cool, gray eyes. “Good,” Zack said. “Now here’s the deal. The whipping will get harder and harder and it’ll hurt. But when you know you can’t take any more you use the word ‘submit’ and it will stop.”

“Yes, sir. Thank you, sir.” The look in Zack’s eyes, the sound of his voice describing what was about to happen, took away some of Eddie’s fear and his cock began to get semi-hard.

In the background Darius had his own stiff erection as he watched his master training this novice boy. Darius knew what his role was to be. He had run into the house and grabbed his camera. Hell, he thought, when the guys see this they’ll see what Eddie’s made of and there’ll be no more objections. He held the camera to his eye and murmured, “And.....Action!”

And action is what he got. Zack raised his arm and cracked the whip sharply across Eddie’s chest, just hard enough to make him flinch. The result was amazing ..... as the boy felt the lash his cock sprang to attention in an instant erection. Zack smiled in surprise. “Holy shit ..... you wanted this, didn’t you, boy? Have you jerked off at night thinking about it?”

Eddie blushed, “Yes, sir. But I never thought I could really take a.... Aaah!”

He yelled as Zack surprised him with another blow, then another, then a rain of lashes across his chest, his stomach his arms and down across his thighs. Aware now of the boy’s desires Zack steadily increased the intensity of the blows and took him almost to his pain threshold, then stopped. The pale young body hung from the ropes shuddering, feeling more alive than it had ever been.

“What do you say, boy?” Zack barked.

“Thank you, sir..... thank you, sir,” Eddie shouted.

“You want more, don’t you?”

“Yes please, sir. I want it real bad.”

“OK, kid, you asked for it.” Zack threw off his cap, shucked off his vest, and now the whipping began in earnest, the strips of leather dancing in the air, then cracking across the boy’s chest. It required all Zack’s skill to calibrate the blows, hard enough to hurt him as he wanted but not to the point where he would submit.

Eddie felt the sting of the whip across his naked body as it spasmed with each blow, his rigid cock bouncing before him. He gazed at the incredible black leather-god, stripped to the waist in tight leather pants and heavy boots. His muscles flexed and gleamed as his arm crashed down, his rugged, square-jawed ebony face and shaved head making him the ultimate, pornographic picture of the leather master.

As Eddie gazed at him and felt each lash biting his flesh he was suddenly transported to a place he had never been before, a world of pain-as-pleasure. And he lost all control. “Whip me hard, sir,” he yelled. “I want to feel it ..... hurt me, sir. I need it.”

Zack moved behind him and said. "OK, now for that tender ass of yours, boy. And this is gonna hurt." Eddie yelled as he felt the whip sting his ass with a new kind of pain. The white globes of his ass bounced under the lash of the leather braids and Darius had trouble focusing his camera as he saw the red welts rise on the pale skin. But still Eddie pleaded for more.

Zack glanced at Darius, then down at a second whip he had brought out and dropped on the ground. Darius understood his cue. With perfect timing the twins came out of their small guesthouse on the property, attracted by the noise, and stood spellbound by the incredible spectacle. "Here, Kyle, take over," Darius said handing him the camera. "Hold it steady now and focus on Eddie." He stripped naked, picked up the second whip and stood before the boy who was jerking forward as his ass got whipped.

In his haze of ecstatic pain Eddie's eyes opened wide as he saw his naked young master, muscles rippling, his ten-inch cock hard as iron. "Oh yes," he breathed as the truth dawned on him. "Yes, please, sir ..... please....."

Darius caught Zack's eye behind Eddie, and saw the look of caution on his face. He knew he had to be careful. So he brought the whip across Eddie's chest lightly at first, then with more stinging blows, while Zack lashed the boy's back. Eddie began to hallucinate, in a fantasy world where he was tied up naked and being whipped by two black muscle-studs, the shirtless leather master lashing his back and the naked muscleboy with the huge cock whipping his chest. Somewhere there was pain, but it was veiled in pure rapture .... his body was on fire.

He wanted this to last forever ..... but he was unaware of Zack's signal to Darius. Darius dropped the whip and took the camera back from Kyle. Zack knew that Eddie was reaching a threshold where he was at risk of slipping into a harmful unreality. He had to bring it to an end, and he knew exactly how. He walked round and faced him. "OK, boy, that's it. Now I'm gonna make you submit."

"No," Eddie yelled defiantly. "I'll never submit. Fuck you!"

Zack knew that, in his delirium, Eddie was trying to goad him to do more. So Zack feigned anger. "OK, asshole," he raged, "nobody speaks to me like that, least of all a punk like you. So here it comes, boy." Zack raised his arm and slammed the whip across his chest, knowing he was taking the boy over his pain threshold. He delivered a second blow and he saw the look in Eddie's eyes that he wanted to see. Reality was back, the fantasy gone. The head jerked back and his eyes opened wide. This was real pain .... and he couldn't take it.

"You want more, boy?" Zack shouted ..... "Like this?" The third blow did it. The pain was too much and Eddie shouted, "No, sir .... Please, sir ..... I can't take any more. I submit to you, sir. Please .... I submit." And the whipping stopped.

He stared at Zack, the magnificent leather-god who had whipped him into submission, standing before him his muscles heaving. He yanked at the ropes desperate to touch his raging cock

.... but he was a prisoner. His body shook, thrashing in the ropes, he felt fire racing through him, his cock shuddered and he screamed, "I submit, sir ....I submit ....aah .... aah ... aaagh!." He saw a plume of white liquid burst from his cock, arch high in the air, then splash onto the ground at his master's feet, followed by another and another.

It was a while before his body stopped shaking and he hung from the ropes, his head sagging down as he sobbed quietly, "I submit, sir."

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The next thing Eddie felt was a hard chest pressing against his as a strong arm folded round him. Zack's other arm reached up, he quickly untied the ropes and Eddie let himself slump in Zack's safe embrace. Memory started to flood back of what he had shouted to Zack and he moaned, "I'm sorry, sir ..... what I said to you ..... I didn't mean it, sir ....."

"Hey, kiddo, relax. It was all in the heat of the moment." He pulled back a little and stared into Eddie's teary eyes. "You were terrific, kid. You're on hell of a tough boy. But listen to me, this is important. You have something inside you that makes you lose control and want more and more pain. You have to be real careful. Never, ever, let anyone tie you up and whip you except guys in this house. And if I ever find out that any of them has hurt you I'll ....."

"...whip the shit out of them, sir?" That was Darius, grinning broadly.

"Here, Darius, take your boy." Zack eased away from Eddie, who fell into Darius's arms.

"Did I do OK, sir?" Eddie asked.

"OK? Look at this, dude," and he pulled back to show Eddie his rigid cock. "I could have cum just looking at you, but I'm saving this boner for your ass. You were awesome, kid, and I've got the evidence to prove it." He waved his camera in the air. "Just wait 'til the guys see this!"

The boys' meeting reconvened the next day in Darius and Pablo's bedroom. They sat around the TV and Darius stood beside it like a showman about to unveil his latest, greatest movie. When the video began he expected howls and cheers from the boys but ..... there was complete silence. The boys watched in wordless awe as the dramatic scene unfolded of the boy, bound naked, being lashed by the ultimate leather master. Darius had edited the eruption of cum into slow motion, and the video ended with Eddie sobbing, "I submit sir." Darius froze the video on the image of Eddie hanging from the ropes, his exhausted body striped with the marks of Zack's whip.

Only then did the room erupt into cheers and whistles. Pablo stood up, pulled Eddie to his feet and shook his hand warmly. "That was spectacular, kid. Welcome to the group. You're one of us." As Darius looked on proudly, Jamie, Nate and the twins stood up and clustered round Eddie, showering him with hugs and congratulations.

Eddie glowed with excitement at being embraced by this incredible group of guys. For the first time in his life he did not feel alone. He belonged.

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And so another notch was added at the very bottom of the house's totem pole ..... for a wide-eyed, star-struck boy, the only member of the group to call every other man 'sir'. The boys treated him like a kid brother, looking out for him, mentoring him, lecturing when necessary. As for the men, he had been well and truly broken in .... disciplined and thrilled by Hassan, and introduced to the pleasures of the whip by Zack. He was already in love with Bob, of course, and stood in awe of the gorgeous cop Mark.

Then there was Randy. Eddie was still scared of the 'gypsy king' as he thought of him. The rugged construction boss was so far above him and his reputation was so fearsome, his anger legendary, that Eddie tried to give him a wide birth. But all that was about to change and Eddie would come to be grateful for Randy's terrifying rage.

While Eddie was back in Palm Springs working out his week's notice at the bar, Zack had placed a discreet call to Mike, the bar owner, to make sure he was on board with the idea of Eddie moving on. It turned out that Mike was all for it.

"Do him a world of good," Mike said. "About time he came out of his shell and saw a bit more of life, rather than living alone in that dingy apartment out here and working as a bar-back. And hell, what's not to love about living with an incredible bunch of studs like all of you?" He laughed, "Shit, if I didn't have this bar to run I'd consider applying for a job there myself."

Then Mike became more serious and confidential. "And to tell you the truth, Zack, it'll be good for him to get away from a couple of guys out here who've been harassing the poor kid. The Krieger brothers ..... bikers, real low-life assholes who've done time in prison. I've 86'd them from the bar but they still hang around Eddie and I'd hate for him to fall into their grubby hands. So good riddance to them. Treat the boy well, Zack .... he's a good kid. And when I'm next in L.A. maybe I'll drop in and see you all ....." he chuckled ".....then spend the next few months jerking off thinking about it."

"You're welcome anytime, big guy," Zack laughed. "And don't worry about Eddie ..... he's in good hands."

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By his third week in the house Eddie had hit his stride in the daily routine, working hard, eager to prove himself. Nate was impressed with his attitude to his work, and the other guys had got used to his being around and liked him a lot. As Mike had hoped, he really was coming out of his shell, and joined in more and more of the boys' activities.



It was late one afternoon and Eddie was working alone in the house. Nate was up at Hassan's place and all the other guys were still at work. Even Jamie wasn't upstairs in the office as he had gone out with the twins buying supplies. Eddie had finished cleaning inside the house and was now outside the gate, sweeping up the piles of leaves that remained after a strong Santa Ana wind that had blown for a couple of days.

He was bent over, shoveling the leaves into a trash bin, concentrating so hard that he did not hear the two bikes come quietly to a stop a bit down the hill. The first thing he heard was a familiar guttural voice. "Well, well, so this is where you finally washed up, boy." Eddie looked up sharply and terror gripped him. Like lightning he turned and ran through the gate, trying to slam it shut, but a heavy foot in the door prevented it.

He ran toward the house but he was overtaken. Strong arms grabbed him, spun him around and he found himself looking into the sadistic eyes of the Krieger brothers. He knew he was no match for these two brutal thugs ..... heavy-set, tattooed, bearded, in motorcycle leathers, black T-shirts and leather vests. They were his recurring nightmare. They had harassed and terrified him in the desert, which is why he kept to the bar and his apartment. He didn't want even to imagine what they would do with him if they got him alone. And now it was happening.

One of them held him tightly from behind while the other clamped his hand round Eddie's jaw. "Thought you'd given us the slip, didn't you, boy?" He sneered sarcastically. "Real cute leaving the desert like that and not leaving us your forwarding address. Took us all this time to track you down, but these days you can find anyone, even a young punk like you. Guess you're gonna have to pay for all the trouble we've gone to. OK, Bert, let's get a look at that ass.

"Sure thing, Lenny." His brother yanked down Eddie's shorts and they both ran their hands over the cheeks of his ass. One of them slapped it hard and when Eddie struggled the other slapped his face. Helpless and scared as he was he faced them defiantly. "You gotta get out of here. Mike told you to stay away from me."

The older of the two, Lenny, laughed sneeringly. "Is that so? Well, kid, seems to me you ain't got Mike to protect you anymore."

"No, he's got me!"

Lenny spun round and looked at the towering figure in the gateway, a big, muscular construction worker in old jeans and boots, his sculpted chest rippling under a ragged, grease-stained tank top. Eddie felt hope surge through him as he gazed at Randy.

The thug was taken aback but quickly recovered his wits. "Who the fuck are you?"

"I'm the guy who's gonna throw you two assholes off my property. And that's my boy you got there. Let him go."

Lenny's lip curled. "Make us, stud."

"OK, if that's the way you want it," said Randy calmly. He strode forward and just as Lenny started to move Randy broke stride, raised his leg in a high karate kick and slammed it across the thug's stomach. Lenny howled and dropped to his knees clutching his stomach. In a lightning follow-up Randy smashed his fist into Bert's face and he joined his brother on the ground. Freed suddenly, Eddie quickly pulled up his shorts

"You OK, kid?" Eddie nodded at Randy. "OK, stay out of the way while I take care of these two asswipes."

And he did, swinging into action with flying fists and legs. As each of the bikers staggered to his feet the wild man sent them flying again. They were both groaning on the ground as Randy ran toward Lenny to finish him off. The thug gazed in terror at the approaching demon and gathered enough strength for one last desperate move. He lifted his leg and kicked wildly. He was lucky. His boot slammed hard into Randy's balls, and the shaft of pain made him howl and fall the ground in agony

Lenny took his chance, staggered painfully to his feet and stood over the fallen construction worker who was still groaning in pain. "Not such a hot stud now, are you? How about this?" He raised his boot and stomped hard on Randy balls, causing another howl of pain. "Here, Bert, come and grab some of the action here." Bert had dragged himself to his feet and now joined his brother stamping viciously on Randy's crotch as he twisted and writhed on the ground in a futile attempt to protect himself.

"That'll teach you to mess with the Kriegers, asshole," Lenny panted. "OK, bro, his balls have had enough." He sneered. "His stud days are over. .... let's finish him off." Bert pulled Randy to his feet by his tank, ripping it to shreds. He held him from behind, his arms under Randy's armpits and round his neck in a brutal full nelson. Randy was a natural fighter and could normally have powered his way out of the hold. But spears of pain shot through his body from the hammering to his balls, and all he could do was flex against the onslaught of Lenny in front of him.

"Asshole mother-fucker," Lenny sneered. "I'm gonna enjoy this." His fist slammed into Randy's stomach, then across his face, one side and then the other. The construction worker's tank hung in shreds round his waist as his chest and stomach took the brunt of the beating while Bert tightened his hold and cheered his brother on.

Desperately Randy flexed his muscles against the flailing fists and writhed in a helpless attempt to free himself, but his strength failed his weakened body. Randy had survived many a beating in his life but he knew that this one would finish him. In a haze of pain he was dimly aware of movement behind Lenny, and suddenly the thug howled and dropped to his knees. Behind him

stood Eddie, swinging the shovel he had been using to scoop up leaves and had now used for a different purpose entirely. He had smashed it against the biker's back.

Bert was still holding Randy in a vise-like grip until he too felt the full force of the shovel and he too fell to his knees, stunned. Randy was free, but dazed and stunned, and he fell to the ground, clutching his shattered crotch and groaning in pain. The two bikers regained their senses and turned their fury on Eddie, who was looking on in terror, determined not to leave the wounded Randy but not sure what to do next.

"You fucking little bastard," Lenny screamed and launched himself at Eddie. He picked him up bodily and said, "Come on, Bert, let's get the fuck out of here and teach this little punk a lesson. Eddie fought, kicking and scratching, but felt himself being carried helplessly to the gate. He screamed, "Sir, help me. Please, sir, they'll kill me."

The terrified voice pierced Randy's numbed consciousness. He opened his eyes and saw the young boy being carried away. And that's when his anger took over. "NO!" Despite the searing pain in his balls he dragged himself to his feet and with the howl of an enraged animal launched himself forward. Wounded he may be but rage and adrenaline surged through him and all he knew was that he had to save the boy. He threw himself at Bert, grabbed the back of his head and smashed his forehead against the gatepost.

As Bert sagged to his knees Lenny released Eddie and sprang to his brother's defense, to be met by Randy's fist square on his jaw. Randy's body became a lethal weapon as he pulled Bert up, smashed his fist across his face, sending him flying. Lenny got the same treatment and soon Randy was out of control, his fists and feet flying as he totally demolished the thugs.

From a distance Eddie looked on in awe at the shirtless construction worker, a fighting machine, his body bruised, face cut, but his powerful muscles rippling as he spun in a blur of action until finally the brothers lay annihilated in a heap on the ground. Randy stared down at them with blazing eyes, his body heaving with rasping breaths.

"Get those ropes, kid," he gasped as he dragged the unconscious bodies across the garden and threw them against a tree. Eddie ran to gather up the ropes by the garden shed and give them to Randy who, with the last ounces of his strength, tied the brother's arms tight round the tree.

He stood up, wild-eyed. It was over, and now the adrenaline that had fueled his churning body drained away. He had nothing left. Pain surged back through him, his vision blurred .... and he pitched forward, crashing heavily to the ground.

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Horrified, Eddie fell to his knees beside his fallen hero and turned him onto his back. He knew he should go and get water but couldn't tear himself away from the man who had rescued him. He pulled off his own T-shirt and wiped it gently over Randy's face to clean off the dirt and

streaks of blood. “Sir, please open your eyes. Please wake up, sir.” He looked down at the dark rugged features, and instinctively moved to tend to the cuts and bruises. He leaned forward and began to lick the cuts, using his saliva as a healing balm.

But Randy had not lost consciousness. Of long experience he knew how to fight and how to recover. So when he had hit the ground he closed his eyes and lay still, breathing steadily, waiting for his strength and clarity to return and for the pain to subside. He was tough and resilient and now that the danger was over he knew that all he needed was a few minutes’ rest.

But he had not expected to feel the warm tongue tenderly washing his face, massaging the bruises. It was strangely soothing and he relaxed into it, his eyes closed. Then he was astonished to feel warm lips press lightly against his, the tongue trying gently to open his mouth.

Eddie had no idea why he was doing this ..... it just felt right. He pulled back and said softly, “Please, sir, please wake up. I’ll do whatever you say. Just come back, please.”

He gasped as suddenly Randy’s mouth opened in a gleaming smile and said, “I’m not going anywhere, kid.” The eyes opened and he smiled up at Eddie’s anxious face. “Thanks for your help back there, kiddo. Couldn’t have done it without you and your shovel. We make a great team.” Impulsively he reached up, pulled Eddie’s head down onto him and their mouths locked in a tight embrace, Randy’s tongue hungrily exploring the boy’s mouth.

When Randy pulled Eddie’s head back his pale blue eyes bored into him ..... and the boy was lost, falling under the hypnotic spell that had captivated all the other men before him. His heart beat wildly and, incredibly, he felt his cock getting hard in his shorts. He murmured, “Thank you for saving me, sir. I think I love you, sir.”

“Well now that’s a good thing, young Eddie. So how about dragging that hose over here and giving me some water. But just then they heard a voice. “Holy shit, what the fuck....?” It was Mark, towering over them in full uniform, just off work. He took in the whole scene with his expert eye .... Randy with his ripped shirt, cuts and bruises, the shirtless Eddie kneeling over him and two unsavory-looking characters tied to a tree, stirring back to consciousness.

“Hey,” Randy grinned up at Mark, “the cavalry’s arrived. Just in time, officer, to take care of those shit-for-brains assholes over there. Don’t worry about me ..... the boy’s taking good care of me, eh Eddie?” Eddie melted under his gaze.

Mark strode over to the tree and the Krieger brothers groaned as they saw the uniformed cop. “Not a word out of you,” Mark ordered, reached down and pulled their wallets from their pants pockets. He unclipped his police-issue phone and spoke into it with his usual calm professionalism.

Eddie had dragged the hose across the lawn and was gently running it over Randy’s face, and he gulped the water down thirstily. Just then it seemed like everyone came home at once.

Zack, Darius and Pablo came in from work together, shortly followed by the twins and Jamie with full shopping bags. In the first few chaotic seconds Darius saw the red slap mark across Eddie's face and took him into his arms, and Pablo and the twins helped Randy to his feet.

Eddie glanced at Zack and said, "Those guys from the desert, sir, that Mike told you about." Zack's eyes blazed and he and the others approached the thugs menacingly. But Mark barred their way. "No further guys. These men are in police custody and we'll do everything by the book. I ran a make on them and they've got rap sheets as long as my dick." ("That long!" Darius grinned at Jamie.) "Parole violation for this one, outstanding bench warrant for the other. They've done plenty of prison time and it looks like they'll be going down for a lot more. I've called for back-up so let's just cool it 'til they get here.

Easier said than done. Zack and Pablo fretted over Randy who was still wincing with the pain in his balls. And the boys crowded round Eddie, agog to hear a (literally) blow-by-blow account of the incident. Before the backup cops came another car drew up at the gate ..... Bob's Mercedes. He was met inside the gate by Mark who quickly and coolly explained the situation. "Seems like once again Randy and his fists saved the day. He got pretty banged up, but he'll live and my guess is that what he needs most in the world now is you."

"Thanks, Mark." Bob walked across the lawn and the group parted as he approached Randy, whose face lit up instantly. He grabbed Bob's arm and forestalled any expressions of concern in his usual blunt way by cutting right to the chase. "Good, you're here, buddy. Come with me, I need you." He steered Bob forcefully to the house, leaving the others gaping in their wake.

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When they got to their bedroom Bob took Randy by the shoulders and stared in concern at the cuts on his face and bruises on his chest. "Jesus, Randy, that must have been a hell of a fight. You're a mess."

"Yeah," Randy grinned, "but you should see the other guys."

"I did," said Bob. "Beaten to a pulp, I think is the phrase. But seriously, you sure you're OK?"

"No sweat, man, the face'll heal and you know me, body like the Rock of Gibraltar." He faltered. "But talking of rocks, buddy, those pricks did a real number on my balls .... stomped them good. They're kinda numb and that's where you come in. I wanna make sure ...."

".....that you can still get your rocks off," Bob grinned. "Leave it to me, man. Never known a time when I couldn't get a rise out of you."

Bob was in his business suit and tie and all he shed was his jacket before falling to his knees in front of the battered construction worker. Carefully he unbuttoned Randy's jeans and pulled

them down over his cock and balls. “Aaaagh,” Randy yelled as the denim scraped his balls. Jesus, Bob thought, they really are a mess, and he gazed at the long, thick club swinging limply between his legs. Usually by now it was rock hard and Bob felt a stab of fear.

But this was Randy, the toughest, most sexually potent man he had ever met. Plus he loved Bob and would do anything in the world for him. Bob leaned forward and licked the long, lifeless shaft from the head right up to the sweaty pubic hair. But nothing stirred so he tried again, and again. Finally he risked touching the balls lightly with his tongue, to be met with another ‘aaagh’ as Randy jerked his hips backwards.

Bob gazed up at his face staring forlornly down at him. What drove Randy, the thing at the root of his power, was his incredible masculinity and sexuality. What he couldn’t solve with his fists he solved with his cock. But now .....” The light of panic dawned in his eyes.

Bob stood up and gazed directly into his eyes. “Randy, remember when I was in a coma, hovering between life and death? Remember how you brought me back to life? You held my cock under the bedcovers, stroked it and told me over and over that you loved me. My cock stirred and, in the depths of my coma, I heard you .... and I came back.” Bob reached down and held Randy’s cock lightly in his hand.

“You told me you loved me then. Do you still love me, Randy?”

“You know damn well I do, man. You’re my life.”

“Then show me. Randy, I want you to fuck me. Think of all the times you tied me up, watched me struggle, and fucked the shit out of me. I want it now, man. I crave it. Please, Randy ..... show me you still want me, you still love me. He gazed into the steel blue eyes ..... and felt the cock stir in his hand. He smiled, “That’s better. Now we’ll try that again.”

When he dropped to his knees again the cock was already semi-erect. Bob licked it again, it grew hard and he took the rigid shaft in his mouth until he felt the head press deep in his throat. Randy grabbed the back of Bob’s head and soon he was forcing his face into his pubic hair again and again. Finally he pulled his cock out and shouted, “The balls, man. Suck the balls!”

Bob opened his mouth wide and as gently as he could he sucked in the balls, first one, then the other. A scream echoed round the room and Bob tried to pull back but Randy’s hand clamped his mouth on the balls, despite the pain that he felt. This was Randy and pain empowered him .... roused every sexual impulse in him. “That’s it, man, eat those balls, chew on them, man ..... hurt them!”

Bob obeyed, clamped his mouth hard round the balls and sucked hard. It was excruciating for Randy, sending shafts of pain through his heaving body ..... and he loved it ..... he was alive ..... he was in love. He shouted in triumph, “Your master’s back! Here it comes ..... I love you, man!” The balls were rock hard, and so was the cock as it exploded in a stream of white

juice that flew high in the air, seemed to hover, then splashed down on Bob's face below. It was followed by another jet, and another, until Bob felt he would drown in his lover's semen.

When he pulled back Randy looked down at Bob, his eyes wild, his body heaving. He was on fire ..... first the fight that always made him horny as a stallion, then his display of enduring love for Bob that nothing and no one could destroy. He shouted in jubilation, "I love you, man."

He put his hands under Bob's arms, pulled him up and threw him on his back on the bed. He gazed down at the gorgeous executive in shirt, tie and dress pants, the dark hair, chiseled features and body of a god straining under his business clothes.

"Man," Randy said, close to tears, "you are the most beautiful thing ever to come into my life. I'm crazy about you .... I can't get enough of you. Look!" and he pointed to his cock, still rock hard even though he had just shot a massive load.

"Are you gonna fuck me, sir?"

"Damn right I am."

He tore the belt from Bob's pants, ripped them open and pulled them down below his knees. He threw his legs in the air, knelt between them and with one mighty thrust plunged his cock deep in his lover's ass, taking satisfaction in the scream that bounced off the walls. And so began a classic Randy fuck ..... wild, ferocious, his hips slamming forward, driving his cock into the ravaged ass like a piston.

As his balls slapped against Bob's ass the pain in them was agonizing and it drove him to even wilder abandon. He gazed down at the muscle-god beneath him in his shirt and loosened tie, his perfect body straining under his clothes, writhing under the assault on his ass. The beautiful face winced with pain, tousled dark hair flying as his head thrashed from side to side.

But as his ass was impaled on the relentless cock Bob's pain subsided and he gazed up in awe at the stunning construction boss above him, his dark gypsy face cut and bruised, his shirtless body gleaming with sweat and the marks of battle, the bulging chest, ripped abs, slim hips pounding down on him, the torn shreds of his tank hanging round his waist. He had fought two men, suffered a vicious beating, rescued a boy and was now pounding ass like a wild stallion. He was magnificent, a pornographic muscle-god ..... and Bob was in ecstasy.

The jackhammer rammed into him again and again until finally Bob was pleading, "I've gotta cum, man. You're so fucking hot I've gotta cum. Please, sir .... Please."

"OK, mother-fucker ..... here it comes!" With one last frenzied lunge Randy's hips smashed forward and his cock exploded with a flood of semen deep in the furnace of his lover's ass. He watched in awe as Bob screamed and a long ribbon of cum spurted from his cock high in the air and splashed down on Randy's chest.

They stared wildly at each other. This was it, their world. No matter what battles had to be fought, no matter how many beautiful men passed through their lives, it was really all about the two of them ..... just them ..... Randy and Bob, sharing a love that was unfathomable, indestructible and, they were sure, eternal.

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As they lay back afterwards catching their breath Randy turned to Bob, his eyes shining, and said, "Hey buddy, let's get out of town. I need to be alone with you somewhere. I mean, I love these guys, they're our family, but sometimes it all gets too much ..... you know, all that recent stuff with the new guys Jason and Eddie. Don't get me wrong, I think they're gonna be great, but suddenly I have a hankering for it to be just us two, simple, the way we started. How about a few days like that away somewhere? What do you say, buddy, eh?"

"Sounds like bliss on a stick to me, buddy. Let's do it."

But even as they were making plans, someone else in the house was planning a brief interruption in their lives before they took off together. After Mark, as the arresting officer, had gone off in the patrol car taking the thugs for booking, Darius had taken Eddie across the street to Zack's. He was taking care of him, making sure he was recovering ..... and 'debriefing' him, of course, listening wide-eyed to his story. "Sounds like you were the hero of the hour, dude. Hell I can just picture you swinging that shovel to drop those two guys and rescue Randy."

"No, no," Eddie protested. "It was Randy saved *me*. Sir, you should have seen him, he was magnificent, like something out of a Rambo movie the way he totally demolished those guys. And afterwards, when he was on the ground, I was licking his face trying to clean it and he opened his eyes and stared at me, then he pulled my face to his and started to kiss me ..... It was ..... I dunno ..... I suddenly felt ..... I mean he's so incredible, I....

"Hey, hey, dude, what's going on here?" Darius looked at Eddie's shining eyes and grinned. "So that's it, I should have guessed. The big muscle-boss saved you and now ..... you've got Randy fever. Don't worry, kid, it's happened to all of us. He's an incredibly hot sexy stud.... no one can resist him."

"Yes but you don't understand. I know what I want, sir. The way he looked at me and all .... I know exactly what I want." He spilled the whole truth to Darius who smiled reassuringly at him. "You know, kiddo, Zack always tells me that when you want something really bad, just go for it. That's what you should do."

"OK, sir," said Eddie, his eyes shining, and he stood up.

"Hey, hey not so fast. I didn't mean now. Wait 'til tomorrow at least"



“No, sir. I gotta go now ..... right now, or I’ll lose my nerve.

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Bob and Randy were still sitting in their room, in their boxers, sipping beers and making plans for their weekend getaway. Calm had replaced the wild sexual vibrations in the room, but suddenly there was a timid knock at the door. “Come in,” Randy shouted. Nothing happened. He leapt to his feet, yanked open the door and there stood Eddy. On hearing Randy’s shout he had almost lost his nerve and run away, but now he stood nervously facing his hero.

“Hey, kid, what’s up? You doing OK now?”

“Yes, sir ..... thanks to you, sir. And that’s what I came for ..... to thank you.”

Randy laughed as he sank back in his chair. “No need for that, kid. We take care of each other in this house no matter what.”

“Thank you, sir. I .....” His words died and he became even more nervous, shifting from foot to foot.

From his chair Bob gazed up at him and smiled encouragingly. “Is there something else you want to say to Randy, Eddie?” Bob had a fair idea that Eddie was feeling something much stronger than gratitude and he grinned at Randy. But Eddie just bit his lip nervously.

“Hey, come on kiddo, out with it,” Randy said. “If you didn’t come here just to thank me, what else do you want?” He laughed. “You want me to fuck you, or something?”

“No, sir .....” Eddie gulped .... “I mean yes, sir ..... that is what I want ..... please, sir.” He blushed a deep red.

There was a stunned silence and Bob’s heart went out to the boy. He stood up and gave Eddie his warmest smile. “I know just what you mean, Eddie. Most guys in this house have wanted that at one time or another. And I’ll tell you a secret ..... I want it all the time.”

“You do, sir?”

“All the time. I admire your courage coming here and asking for what you obviously want real bad. I heard you’re a tough kid, after the way you acted today, helping Randy beat those guys. Seems you swing a mean shovel. So what about it, Randy? You owe him one. Why not give the boy what he wants?” Randy grinned in amusement and nodded.

“Sir,” Eddie said timidly to Bob. “Only thing is, the boys say that Randy can be real rough. Does it hurt a lot, sir?”

“Only at first, Eddie,” Bob smiled. “After that it’s the greatest feeling in the world.” He grinned at Randy. “Trust me, I should know.”

# # #

## Chapter 158 – Randy & Bob – The Pain of Love

Randy roared with laughter and stood up to face Eddie. The boy wilted at first under the piercing gaze, but he took a deep breath, strengthened his resolve and stood up visibly taller, looking directly into Randy’s eyes. “That’s better, kid,” Randy said. “A boy has to be tough to get fucked by me and you already proved yourself out there today when you whacked those bastards. And rumor has it that you asked Zack to tie you up and whip you. How was it?

“It was awesome, sir,” and again Eddie blushed.

“No need to get embarrassed about it, kid. Good training for a boy. OK, let’s see you naked.”

Again Eddie’s courage almost failed him. He was aware how slim and pale his body was in contrast to the bronzed muscularity of the other men in the house, and especially facing this ultimate image of powerful manhood. But again he gathered his strength and pulled off his T-shirt, kicked off his sneakers and dropped his shorts. He stood there in just his tight white Calvin briefs, his head hanging down. But then he raised it slowly and looked up at Randy with determination in his eyes.

Randy smiled. Above all he liked toughness in a man and this kid had it, young and slight though he was. “Turn round, kid.” Eddie obeyed and Randy gazed admiringly at the round cheeks of his ass, bulging under the white cotton briefs. “Oh, yeah, now that is a real sweet ass,” Randy said, stroking the cheeks with the practiced hand of a master. “Tight too, I bet. Think you can make my cock feel good in there, boy?”

“Yes, sir, please sir,” Eddie said firmly.

Randy turned him round and looked down at the shape of the boy’s cock under his briefs. “Decent sized prick, too, good and hard. And talking of stiff dicks ..... you know me and Bob here just got through a pretty hefty sex session and I shot two massive loads, one all over his face and another in his ass. So now you’ve gotta get my rod hard again, kid. You any good at sucking cock?

“Yes, sir, I’m an expert at that, sir. That’s what I used to do all the time in the back room of the bar in the desert.”

Randy and Bob both couldn’t help smiling at the boy’s simple honesty, but they were moved too by the thought of this shy young kid on his knees in the bar sucking the cocks of all the leather

bears lined up to fuck his face. “You deserve more than that, kid,” Randy murmured, mostly to himself. And at that point Randy knew he had to give Eddie the best fuck of his life.

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“OK, kid. We’re not in a dingy bar now. We’re in the master bedroom shared by me and this gorgeous man of mine.” He smiled. “And you’re gonna suck the big thick cock of the King of the Gypsies. You ready, boy?”

Eddie’s head was swimming and he almost shot his load at the sound of the deep voice, but he managed to stammer, “Ready, sir.” He sank to his knees and pulled down Randy’s boxers, gasping at the huge chunk of meat that flopped out and swung between the muscled thighs. He gazed at it in awe, and sensed that all his hours of sucking cock had been preparing him for this moment.

He leaned forward, stuck out his tongue and gently licked the tip of the cock, tasting for the first time the musky male essence of the man. He licked all round the head, stuck the tip of his tongue in the hole, then worked on the corona, the hard, sensitive ridge round the base of the head. He heard Randy groan softly “Yeah.” Then Eddie ran his tongue up the long shaft to the base and buried his face in the wiry black pubic hair, breathing deeply.

He pulled back and stared at the heavy ball-sac hanging behind the cock. He knew that the balls had taken a heavy pounding in the fight, stomped on by the boots of the two thugs. Tentatively he leaned forward and licked them lightly. Randy said, “Don’t worry, kid, Bob already took care of the damage down there, so just go for it.” Eddie opened wide and sucked in first one ball, then both. They were still tender and Randy groaned loudly, “Oh, yeah, boy, that feels great. Suck on those balls, boy.”

Almost suffocating from the balls crammed in his mouth Eddie ran his tongue over the hard globes and, breathing through his nose, smelled Randy’s cum that had dripped down from Bob’s face earlier when he was kneeling before him. Randy’s shaft was now rigid and lay heavily on the boys upturned face. Eddie knew it was time for the main event.

He pulled back and gazed at the long pole pointing at his face. His heart beating wildly he took the head into his mouth and eased forward with no hesitation until the thick rod was deep in his throat and his face came to rest in the pubic hair. He knew of long experience what to do next. He clenched his throat muscles round the cock, pursed his lips hard, then slowly drew back, letting the cock slide out slowly in the tight grip of the throat and lips.

“Holy fuck,” Randy moaned. “That is fucking awesome, boy.” He clamped his hands round Eddie’s head and pushed it off his cock, gazing down at the eager young face, mouth sagging open drooling with spit. “Kid, you are one hell of a cock-sucker .... I gotta get more of that. Keep sucking, boy.” He pushed his head back down on his cock then pulled it back slowly.

Reveling in his skill and the effect it was having on his master Eddie went to work, squeezing the cock with his throat muscles as his face was forced down and up. After a few minutes of this Randy was going wild, moaning obscenities as heat radiated from his cock all through his body. He could easily have busted his load in the boy's mouth but he wanted to save it. "Hey, Bob," he said, "this kid is an awesome little cocksucker, you gotta feel it. Come here."

The sight of his lover's body flexing as he got sucked had stiffened Bob's cock and he was good and ready. He dropped his shorts and stood next to Randy. Still grabbing Eddie's head Randy pulled his mouth off his own cock, moved it over and pushed it down onto Bob's. Bob moaned with pleasure as he felt the boy's expert mouth tight round his cock, squeezing it as he had Randy's. Eddie managed to look up and almost creamed his shorts as he saw the two beautiful muscle-gods, naked, their huge rods pointing at his face.

Randy had his arm over Bob's shoulder and he said, "OK, boy, let's see what you can do with these two hunks of prime beef, eh?" Eddie was in fantasyland. This was the biggest cock-sucking challenge he had ever faced and he rose to the occasion. He sucked first one cock using all his skill to bring it to the brink of orgasm, then switched and worked on the other. In their euphoria the men turned their faces toward each other and their mouths joined in a ravenous embrace, their exhilaration making them pound the eager young face even harder.

Eddie's throat was raw but he didn't feel any pain. All he felt was the ecstasy of two huge rods as the gorgeous bodybuilders pounded his face in turn. It was Bob who gave in first. He gazed down at the frenzied young cocksucker, then at Randy and moaned, "I can't take any more of this, man. He's too fucking good. It's gonna make me bust my load, I can't hold back."

"Go for it, man, Randy said. "Fill his mouth with jism .... make him choke." And that's exactly what happened. "Aaagh!" Bob rammed his cock in deep and Eddie felt a stream of juice slam against the back of his throat. He gagged and gulped desperately, tasting the musky liquid flowing down his throat. His screams were stifled by the huge cock erupting inside him as he felt his own cum spurting into his briefs, soaking them and flowing down his leg.

Suddenly Bob pulled out and blasted another load of cum into the boy's face, running down it and dripping onto his chest. Through the film of semen Eddie saw the muscular body shudder over him as the cum kept pouring from the cock. But finally it was over and Eddie's head dropped forward. He felt it pulled up by his hair, and Randy gazed down at the elated boy, his face covered in Bob's juice, mouth sagging open with semen spilling from it onto his chest.

"You look fucking beautiful like that, boy. Stand up." He pulled the boy to his feet and grinned, "Hell, your fucking shorts are soaked, you creamed them real good. Take 'em off." Quickly Eddie pushed them down round his ankles. Randy grinned, "Kid, anyone who can give my man a spectacular orgasm like that deserves the best .... and you're gonna get the best. I haven't busted my load yet, but I'm gonna."

Randy clamped his hands round Eddie's slim waist and hoisted him bodily in the air, holding him up high and staring up at the helpless boy dangling above him. "Boy... you are gonna get so fucking fucked!" He hurled him away and the naked young body flew through the air and slammed onto the bed on his back. Stunned, Eddie shook his head and gazed in disbelief at the dark, stubbled face and piercing blue eyes as the naked muscle-god approached him. He knew he was about to get ass-fucked by the King of the Gypsies.

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Randy knelt on the bed, grabbed Eddie's ankles and pulled his legs up high. He looked down at the vulnerable hole and launched a gob of spit straight at it. "That's all you're gonna need, boy," he said, his voice taking on a harsher edge now. Holding the ankles with one hand he used the other to work the spit into the hole. "Oh, yeah," he growled. "That is one tight little ass. You sure you can take my thick pole, boy?"

"Yes sir," Eddie said resolutely. Scared as he was he craved the moment when he would feel this incredible man's cock inside him. And then it came. "OK, kid. With me you don't get foreplay. You get this." Eddie's eyes opened wide and he stopped breathing as he felt the thick rod push quickly inside him, all the way down the chute of his ass. "And you get this ...." With one final push the head of the cock passed over the inner sphincter and came to rest in the hot, secret chamber deep inside him.

Fire shot from Eddie's ass through his body. He gazed up at the rugged face, the square stubbled jaw and the electric blue eyes staring down at him. He squeezed his ass tight round the cock, his body convulsed and he screamed as a long ribbon of cum spurted from his cock and splashed onto his face and in his hair. Then he shot another load, and another.

Randy gazed down in awe. "Shit, my boy Pablo told me you cum a lot, a regular little gusher, and now I see he was right."

"I'm sorry, sir. I didn't mean to .... I just couldn't hold back ..... I..."

"Hey, never apologize to a man who has just made you blow a load like that. Besides, there's gonna be a lot more. See, kid, now you're really gonna get fucked."

Bob was watching in the background and winced when he heard that. He knew full well that, with Randy, those words were always followed by one of his wild, savage fucks. Bob's ass had felt the onslaught many times ..... so he was relieved when it didn't happen. Instead Randy pulled slowly back, then eased his hips forward until the head once again came to rest in the burning depths of the boy's ass.

He was gentle for a while but gradually revved up the pace until his cock was working the ass like a piston. He expected the boy to cry out, beg him to stop, but instead Eddie's eyes gleamed with the desire for more. This is not what Randy had expected but if the boy wanted

it, so be it, and he started to pound the ass harder and harder to the point where it was a classic, ferocious Randy fuck. His hips moved like a jackhammer, the steel rod piercing the fiery depths of the young ass.

Still the boy did not scream. Randy saw a manic light in his eyes as Eddie lost control and shouted, "Fuck me, sir. I love it ..... fuck my ass harder ..... please....."

Randy recalled what Zack had told him after he had whipped the boy. Eddie had a masochistic streak that could go past the danger point where he lost control and put himself at real risk. And that's what Randy was seeing now. Suddenly his cock slowed to a gentle stroking of the tender ass and Randy said quietly, "You've had enough, boy .... you're pushing too far."

"No, sir. I want it .... I want it to hurt .... you've gotta fuck me real hard ....."

"Quiet!" The voice was fierce, the eyes blazed. "Since when did a young punk like you dictate to a man like me how I should fuck? So keep your mouth shut!" The ferocity of Randy's command made Eddie flinch and tears came to his eyes. Out of the corner of his eye Randy saw Bob take a step forward with a look of alarm, and that was his cue. He smiled at Bob, then looked down at Eddie with kindness in his eyes. Time to teach the kid a lesson.

His cock kept up its gentle rhythm, sliding in and out of the hungry ass, and now Randy's voice was tender. "Eddie, there's more to getting fucked by a master than brute force. Any guy can fuck you hard, can hurt you, that's easy, but there are not many guys can do what I'm gonna do to you now. He leaned forward and pinned Eddie's hands to the bed above his head, their faces now very close. "Look at me, Eddie. Look into my eyes."

Soothed by Randy's deep voice, Eddie looked up at the stunning, dark gypsy face, chiseled features, stubbled chin, unruly black hair. But it wasn't just the rugged beauty of the face ..... it was the power, the mesmerizing sexuality that radiated from it. And the eyes! .... the pale blue hypnotic eyes that now pierced Eddie's and made him shudder. The boy had fallen totally under Randy's spell. In this magical world nothing was real except the man ..... his face, his body, the eyes ..... and the cock working deep inside him.

"That's it, kid," Randy said softly, "look at me. You see yourself in my eyes?"

"Yes, sir," said Eddie in a trance.

"That means we're joined, and it means I can make you do anything. Are you gonna do what I tell you to, Eddie?"

"Yes, sir."

“Good, now you can feel my thick rod moving in and out of your ass. It’s making love to your ass, Eddie, and it’s gonna make you shoot another huge load. But only when I say you can.” He paused and his eyes gleamed. “Eddie ..... do you love me, Eddie?”

“Yes, sir. I love you, sir,” and tears began streaming down his face

“OK, I want you to show me how much. Look at my body flexing over you, feel my sweat dripping down on you, feel my cock sliding in your ass .... look into my eyes, Eddie ..... into my eyes. That’s it. And now you’re gonna feel the master’s juice pouring into your ass. And when you feel it I want to see you shoot a load all over yourself. Here it comes, boy ..... now!”

Eddie was drowning in this man, drowning in his eyes, as the massive body shuddered and he felt hot liquid flowing deep inside him. Randy was cumming inside him! This spectacular man was blasting his load inside him! He couldn’t believe it, couldn’t believe the sensation as his own body shook and he felt hot juice surging up through his cock, bursting out of it and splashing on his heaving chest.

He thought he must have passed out for a moment because when he opened his eyes Randy was smiling down at him. “And that, young Eddie, is what it feels like to get fucked by the boss. So now, at last, you’re full member of the tribe, kiddo, because you’ve been fucked in the ass by the King of the Gypsies.”

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A few minutes later Eddie was pulling on his clothes, his mind still reeling. At a loss for words he threw his arms round Bob in a tight hug, then gazed at the man who had just fucked him and fell into his arms. Randy said in his ear, “Eddie, I know you have Zack and Darius to protect you but if you ever need my help ... or anything else, anything .... I’m here for you, boy. Now, I’m sure Darius is downstairs waiting for you to ‘spill the beans’ as he calls it, so go spill them. You’re a great kid. You’ll do well in this house. You belong here.”

Eddie’s eyes were moist as he gazed at Randy one last time, then ran to the door. He paused and looked back with a grin. “Sir, that thing you said ....‘or anything else.’ I’ll take you up on that, sir.” Then he was gone.

Randy laughed. “The little fucker. Oh yeah, he’ll fit right in here.”

Bob was looking at Randy in awe. “Man, you were great with him. It’s something he’ll never forget. I’ve never been so proud of you ..... or so in love.”

Randy gave an embarrassed shrug. “Yeah, yeah, OK. Now let’s get the hell out of Dodge. I’m done with all this. Like I told you before, I need to be alone with you somewhere .... just us two ..... simple ..... the way we started. Let’s hit the road first thing tomorrow. Think you can swing it, a few days off from work?”

Of course he could. Bob could do anything to be alone with Randy, out of town. Early next morning he walked through to the office where Jamie was already at work. The boy flashed a smile at him and Bob thought, for the umpteenth time, how perfect the young blond was as Mark's boy. "Morning, Jamie. Er, I have a favor to ask. That shack in the dunes that Mark bought for you. I wonder if you would let Randy and me use it for a few days."

"Hmm." Jamie frowned doubtfully and rubbed his chin. "I dunno ...." Then his eyes lit up with mischief and he gave another dazzling smile. "Just kidding. Of course you can, sir, it would be an honor." He pulled a key out of a drawer. "Here, I always keep a spare key. Keep it, sir."

He gave Bob a tight hug and Bob felt the stiff bulge in his surfer shorts. He grabbed it playfully and said, "Save this for Mark, kiddo. He'll be home soon after his night shift, and you know what that means."

"I do, sir," Jamie grinned. "And he won't even stop to take off his uniform."

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There was electricity in the air as Randy and Bob drove up the Pacific Coast Highway, with the sparkling ocean on the left and the mountain foothills on the right. They had driven for an hour in near silence, basking in the joy of being together, shoulder to shoulder, leaving the upheavals of the house behind them. It was just the two of them now, and the sense of freedom was so strong it was strangely inhibiting ..... they hardly knew what to say to each other.

One thing was certain ..... there was a palpable aura of sex filling the cabin of Randy's truck, and it was that that inhibited them. They both had raging hard-ons and hardly dared look at each other. Instead they stared straight ahead at the road, both men acutely aware of the cocks throbbing in their shorts. Finally it was Randy who broke the silence.

"That thing you said to Eddie yesterday, when he said he wanted me to fuck him. I remember your exact words: 'I know just what you mean, Eddie. Most guys in this house have wanted that. And I'll tell you a secret ..... I want it all the time'." Randy turned and looked at Bob. "Did you really mean that, buddy?"

Bob smiled. "You know, at work when I'm chairing a meeting in the boardroom, looking at all those droning faces, my mind often wanders to our bedroom, where I'm tied naked to the bed getting my ass ploughed by a big muscular construction worker. It makes me so hot I almost cream my pants under the boardroom table. Yeah, buddy, I meant it. I want it all the time.

Randy's eyes flashed. "Me too." Suddenly he wrenched the steering wheel and drove the truck off the highway onto an unmarked dirt trail leading into the hills. Bob was startled but knew from Randy's clenched jaw that he was in charge. The truck bounced along the track for a while as it headed higher into the hills. They were in a small canyon now and heard the sound



of running water. Randy steered toward the sound, between two big boulders, and the truck came to rest by a mountain stream, with a small waterfall splashing down into a pool below.

But Randy was in no mood to look at the scenery. He leapt out of the truck, strode round to the other side, yanked the door open and pulled Bob out. Gripping his arm he pushed him round to the back of the truck and pulled down the tailgate. Randy stared into Bob's startled eyes, then grabbed him on the sides of his waist, lifted him up and laid him on his back on the tarps in the flatbed of the truck.

Instinctively Bob raised his arms and grabbed the hooks behind him in the corners of the flatbed, flexing his stretched muscles under his T-shirt. Randy gazed down at him spread-eagled in the truck. "Shit, man, you are so fucking beautiful. I gotta fuck you, buddy. I've got to." He quickly ripped open Bob's cargo shorts, pulled them down over his legs and hurled them aside. Then he yanked off his own T-shirt and dropped his shorts, freeing his massive cock that sprang up like a pole.

Naked now, in just his old sneakers, Randy leapt onto the flatbed of the truck, standing astride his lover. Bob looked up at the swarthy muscle-god towering over him, eyes blazing from his rugged gypsy face, and the sight almost made him shoot his load. He had seen that wild look in Randy's eyes many times before. The man was fired up, chest heaving, and Bob knew his ass was going to get hammered. Randy gazed down at him as if in a trance and moaned again, "I gotta fuck that ass, man."

Randy dropped to his knees between Bob's legs and the sight of this gorgeous, muscular alpha male lying beneath him, waiting, overwhelmed Randy and he lost control. He yelled, "I gotta see that body man ..... it's so fucking hot..... I want you naked....." He grabbed the neck of Bob's T-shirt and with one powerful heave ripped it clean off his body and tossed it contemptuously aside. "That's it, man, I got you naked now and your mine ..... and I'm gonna fuck your ass!"

Bob was transfixed by the steel blue eyes piercing his as he felt his legs being lifted and hooked over Randy's shoulders. He felt the head of his cock pressing against his hole and then ..... nothing. Randy was driving him mad. "Please, sir, please fuck me. I need to feel your cock in my ass. Please, sir, I'm begging you ..... aaagh!" His scream echoed round the canyon as he was impaled on the steel rod drilling into his ass and coming to rest deep inside him.

Randy's eyes blazed down at him. "I love to hear you beg, man. That's what I was waiting for. Your ass is mine, man." There was no warm-up, no foreplay. Randy's hips pulled back and his cock once again slammed into the helpless ass, beginning his trademark, brutal fuck. Bob had known it was coming but this time was more ferocious than most as Randy vented all his pent-up lust and longing by jackhammering his lover's ass.

As the pounding increased he gazed down at the beautiful body writhing and flexing under the full fury of the merciless cock. God he looked sensational ..... and the face ..... the gorgeous

sculpted features wincing as the face thrashed from side to side in pain. In pain .... In pain. Lost in a daze of physical lust Randy frowned, unable to understand the look of pain. Then suddenly his mind cleared and he realized with horror that *he* was the cause of the pain .... he was reaming Bob's ass, hurting him .... hurting the man that he loved more than his own life.

"No!" he moaned, almost pleading, and his cock came to rest in Bob's ass. "Oh, man, what have I done .... why do I do this to you? You are the last man I would ever want to hurt ..... and yet I do all the time. Why, man? All I want to do is make love to you, to show you how much I love you."

Bob managed a smile. "Then do it, buddy. You can make love like no one else in the world." The soft brown eyes stared up at him. "Please, Randy ..... make love to me."

Randy bent forward and lowered his face to Bob, at the same time pulling his cock slowly back then eased it gently forward past the tender membrane, massaging the ravaged ass ..... making love to it. Bob felt Randy's lips press against his, their mouths opened and their lips sealed them tight. Both breathing through their mouths, one exhaling as the other inhaled, they were sharing the same air, passing it back and forth, intoxicated by the sensation that they were sharing the breath of life, sustaining each other.

Bob ran his hands over Randy's muscular back, down the deep ridge between his trapezius muscles, then underneath to stroke the ridges of his abs, then his pecs, where he felt the pounding of Randy's heart, matching his own. He had the sensation of complete union, joined as they were by their locked mouths and by Randy's cock probing deep into his ass. And as their passion intensified so did their breathing ..... the same air flowing faster between them. Their chests heaved against each other, their bodies moved in unison as they shared life itself.

Finally Randy pulled his head back and stared at Bob. They saw themselves reflected in each other's eyes and instantly they were in that secret magical world where bodies and souls became one. They smiled in the joy of a shared understanding that *this* was the real world, separate from that other messy life with all its distractions and reversals. This was the world where they would live together forever, bound by a love that was unfathomable and eternal.

Bob heard Randy's low deep voice. "I'm gonna cum inside you, buddy. Keep looking at me .... stay with me." Their eyes opened wider, their gentle gaze became a gleam, then a blaze as their bodies shuddered together, and they howled as their juice poured from their cocks ..... Randy's into the furnace of his lover's ass and Bob's over both their chests. Still their gaze held in the ecstasy of the moment until their orgasms subsided and Randy fell forward onto Bob, their bodies joined once again, this time with a thick, creamy layer of cum.

As Bob lay under the weight of Randy's body he started to feel it shudder. And suddenly he realized that Randy was sobbing. Bob held him tight and heard Randy's low voice in his ear. "I am so fucking in love with you man ..... and it scares me to death."

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Startled as he was, Bob understood all the implications of this. The moment was so intense that Randy felt lost. But with a deep sigh Bob thought that now was not the time to confront it. That would come later. For now, he thought, as he heard the enticing sound of the waterfall behind him, this magical time and place should continue to weave its spell. With a sudden effort he heaved Randy's body off him, leapt to his feet and stood astride him in the truck, a reversal of Randy's earlier stance. "I don't know about you, big guy, but I need a swim."

He vaulted over the side of the truck, ran naked to the pool beneath the waterfall, and jumped in with a loud splash. He let himself sink blissfully below the cool water, and when he burst to the surface he saw Randy standing above him on the bank. Even after all this Bob gasped at the sight of the naked bodybuilder, back-lit by the sunlight shimmering round him, giving new meaning to the term muscle-god.

With a rebel yell Randy leapt in beside him and within minutes the two men were locked together in the water, wrestling, rough-housing, kissing, groping ..... and laughing with the release of pent-up lust, the reaffirmation of love, and the sheer joy of being alone together.

Finally Randy hauled himself from the pool and leapt to his feet. From the bank he reached down, grabbed Bob's hand and pulled him up beside him. In one continuous move he flipped him over and down onto the grassy bank. He knelt over him, his rugged face streaming with water, and he fell forward, pinning Bob's wrists to the ground. He grinned down at Bob. "You know what's gonna happen now, man. You're gonna get it again."

Bob's eyes gleamed up at him and he said, "I don't think so, buddy. Not this time." Using all his strength he pushed up one of his wrists and with a massive heave threw Randy off him and onto his back. (Deep inside he knew that the powerful Randy must have allowed this to happen. But no matter ..... he had Randy where he wanted him.) Their positions reversed, Bob had Randy pinned and his legs hooked over his shoulders.

Randy gazed up at him in mock defiance. "Go ahead asshole. You think you're man enough to fuck your master's ass ..... Aaagh." Using Randy's own tactic, Bob had speared Randy's ass in one long plunge of his cock. With a gleam in his eye Randy yelled, "No, please, sir, please don't hurt me, sir. Your cock is so huge it's gonna rip me open. Have mercy, sir."

Then they both burst out laughing as Bob rested his hands on Randy chest and Randy pressed his palms against Bob's. The rest of the fuck was a wild, abandoned display of lust, love and playful role reversal, which turned Randy on big-time. He loved it whenever Bob assumed the role of tough, alpha top man, and he loved the feel of the huge cock pounding his ass as the sensational body bucked and plunged over him.

It went on and on until Randy pleaded, "Please, sir ..... please, I can't take any more. My ass .... the pain in my ass ..... you're too big. Please let me cum. Please, sir, I submit. I'm your slave sir. Finish me off, sir."

"Fuck you, asshole," Bob grinned. "OK, here it comes." And they both blasted their loads as their cocks pulsed and their bodies shook with laughter.

When it was over Bob stood up and pulled Randy to his feet and into a long embrace. But at last Randy pulled away and said, "Let's get the hell out of here, man." They gathered up the discarded clothes and threw them into the back of the truck. Buck naked they climbed into the cab and Randy backed the truck up and bounced back down the dirt track.

Fortunately the big truck was higher than most other vehicles on the main road so other drivers missed the sight of two naked bodybuilders sitting shoulder to shoulder in wild abandon, groping each other's cocks as the truck sped up Coast Highway.

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But the euphoria of the drive had dissipated by the time they finally pulled off the road and bumped over the sand to the shack in the dunes. All the way up the coast Randy kept looking over at his naked lover, at his glorious body dappled by alternate sunlight and shadows as they sped along the road, at his perfectly chiseled features, square-jaw, high cheek bones, tousled dark hair. He was stunningly beautiful ..... too beautiful!

Randy's unease only increased as they sat facing each other outside the shack sipping beer, having stowed their gear inside. Randy's cock was hard as he gazed at Bob. He kept looking away and flinching as if from a light that's too bright, then gazing at him again. "Shit man," he said suddenly. "This hurts too much. I gotta go." He put down the beer stood up and took off, running down to the water, plunging in and swimming far out with powerful strokes.

Bob knew exactly what was going on. Their almost mystical experience by the pool, the wild sex and the most passionate surge of love they had ever felt ..... all of it was too intense for Randy, unnerving, and he was, in his own words, 'scared to death'.

Theirs was a love that was all-consuming, something that Bob, with his gentle temperament, welcomed in his life. But Randy was different .... for him all-consuming became overwhelming. Randy was a loner at heart, a true gypsy. He was a fighter, which explained his anger and his compulsion for savagery, so the idea of domestic bliss was completely alien to him. He had accepted his natural role of boss in the house but he would just as soon have been out on his own, fighting his own battles.

Bob mused on this for a long while, and when at last he looked up, he gasped. Randy was striding out of the waves, his magnificent body streaming with water, gleaming in the dazzling

sunlight. He was a god .... but a god beset by demons. Well, Bob thought, time to battle those demons ..... time to tame the wild man.

Randy grabbed another beer and flopped back down on the porch. After an uneasy silence Bob said, "I know what you're feeling Randy. I've seen it before in a man you admire. A long time ago when Zack and I were alone up here on the beach he looked at me and said something strange. He said he found beauty so painful that he often wanted to demolish it ..... like the time as a kid he saw a field covered in a pristine carpet of freshly-fallen snow. Its beauty was so perfect it disturbed him and he ran all over it and churned it up. He said my beauty was like that ..... it hurt him so much that he tied me up, stared at my body, and whipped me. And only when he felt he had tamed my beauty did he make love to me."

"Yeah," Randy said, "Zack told me all that. That's what I admire in him, he's open and honest. Me and Zack are a lot alike and I understand everything he said. I feel the same about you, man. It's why, every time we're together, you are so fucking gorgeous that I get scared and I hurt you, fuck the shit out of you, tie you up sometimes and whip you. I gotta own you, man, that's the only way I know. Buddy, I love you more than life, but it makes me do crazy things. And .... there are times I think I can't take it .... that I'd be better off alone."

Bob stood up and walked over to a lone post sticking out of the sand, the remains of a shed that once stood there. He leaned back against the post and put his arms round behind it. "Look at me, Randy. What does it make you want to do?" He struggled as if his hands were tied and his muscles flexed and gleamed in the sun. Randy's eyes blazed and he sprang to his feet.

"Fuck you, man, you know damn well." He ran to the truck, pulled out a length of rope and his belt. Quickly he tied Bob's wrists behind the post and breathed heavily as he watched Bob writhing again trying to get free. "Fuck you, man, you're driving me crazy. Here, is this what you want?" He raised his arm and slammed the belt down across Bob's chest, whose screams caught the wind and soared over the dunes. Again and again the belt lashed against the chiseled body and Randy's eyes blazed as he saw the handsome face writhing in pain.

The pain .... there it was again .... pain in his lover's eyes. "NO!" Randy screamed, curling the belt round Bob's neck and leaving it there. "Fuck you, man. I can't do this .... I'll destroy you ..... I can't love you, man ....I gotta leave you .... I'm bad for you ..... leave me alone....."

He turned and ran desperately down the beach ..... away from the pain, away from his demons, away from the man he loved so much that he had to leave him. He had to be alone."

His body still shuddering in pain, Bob gazed after the figure of the man he loved disappearing rapidly into the distance. Randy had gone, afraid of Bob, afraid of himself, afraid of their love. Bound naked, body striped with the marks of the lash, belt still curled round his neck, Bob knew that all he could do was wait. This was the moment of truth for them both.

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It was mostly anger that propelled Randy's long, powerful strides over the sand. As always when he was angry and confused he sought refuge in physical exhaustion. He considered himself a physical being, a machine, a fighter, a winner .... but love fucked all that up. He had no time for it. "Fuck him," he panted as he ran. "Fuck him."

It was several miles before even he became exhausted. He slowed his pace and sank down on the sand, sitting with his legs drawn up, hugging his knees. "Fuck him," he shouted into the wind. "Fuck him .... Fuck him." As he gazed out to sea Randy tried to sort through the tangle of his conflicting emotions, trying to make sense of it all. Before he met Bob, he thought, he had known who he was. First he had been the head of his gypsy-like family, protecting his five younger brothers and seeing them safely out into the world. After that there was a brief marriage but it didn't work out. He was not a man to be tied down.

So at last he was alone, an itinerant construction worker, self-assured, a brooding loner, quick with his fists, fucking whenever and whoever he wanted ..... free to be himself. But then he met Bob and he .... what? .... fell in love? Randy?... the tough guy who owed nothing to anyone, no obligations or entanglements? In love? No way! Maybe that's it, he thought ....that's why he always hurt Bob. He resented him! For the first time since his little brothers left home someone needed him. Randy was beholden to someone, tied to him ..... tied down!

God, he was confused. His reflections were all focused on himself, and he realized he was wallowing in self-pity. So he turned his thoughts to Bob ..... and that made him smile. Shit, the man was gorgeous, wasn't he, with that magnificent muscle-god body? And that face, chiseled features like Superman, proud square jaw, tangled dark hair. And the eyes, the soft brown eyes glowing with kindness.

And he had to admit he was one hell of a fuck. Randy pictured Bob lying on the flatbed of the truck, felt again the incredible sensation as his cock glided into his warm ass. He was looking down again into Bob's warm eyes that glistened with tears of love. Yeah, no doubt about it, Bob was totally in love with Randy ..... worshipped him. As Randy worshipped Bob. What?! He winced ..... but yes, it was true. He couldn't get away from it. Randy loved Bob, worshipped him .... he would lay down his life for him. But could he *commit* his life to him?

There it was ... the choice. Randy could either go on his way, be free, independent, the tough loner he had always enjoyed being. Or he could commit himself body and soul to another man. He gazed out to sea and suddenly there was a flash as the sun caught the curling top of a cresting wave. Randy winced and reflexively shielded his eyes. When he opened them again he saw his future with a stunning clarity that took his breath away.

He was in love! ..... crazy, wildly in love with the most beautiful man on the face of the planet. Bob, that gorgeous, strong, kind, wonderful man. *That* was his future, that was his life, to spend the rest of his days with Bob, protecting him, loving him. Bob, the man who even now

was tied helplessly waiting for him, worrying, hurting. Hurting! Randy leapt to his feet. “No! Enough! Never again,” he howled. He would never again hurt the man he loved.

He had to go to him ..... tell him, show him, that he loved him more than ever ..... that he would love him for the rest of his life. “Hold on, buddy,” he said. “I’m coming.” He turned and ran, his feet pounding, splashing in the shallow water as he raced to face his future.

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Bob was trying to stay calm, but even his faith in Randy’s love had faltered in the loneliness of this windswept place. His eyes were fixed on the far horizon, peering anxiously into the mist and spray. And then there it was ..... a speck that, as it grew larger, was unmistakable. Nobody moved like that, ran like that, looked like that. It was Randy coming back for him. But Bob held his breath, unsure of what Randy would say to him.

In the event he said nothing. As Randy saw Bob in the distance, the image coming closer and closer, it was as if he were seeing his lover for the first time. About fifty yards away he stopped running and walked slowly toward him, awestruck by the sight of the spectacular man bound to the post, belt round his neck, his muscles rippling in the sunlight, his handsome face glowing with expectation. Randy’s heart was pounding. Bob had never looked more beautiful in his life.

Six feet away Randy stopped and sank to his knees in the sand. He took his own rigid cock in his hand and sank back on his haunches staring up at his bound, naked lover. He stroked his cock, harder and harder, gazing upward, never breaking contact with the soft brown eyes. The sky, the sand, faded away, and all Randy saw was the god-like image of the magnificent man he was committing his life to.

The breeze became still in deference to this supreme act of worship. Randy howled into the stillness and his cock exploded in a river of semen that arched high in the air, then splashed down onto his chest and face. It was followed by plume after plume of white liquid, smothering his heaving muscles, a spectacular tribute to the man he loved.

Randy paused, then fell onto his belly and started to drag his naked, spent body slowly through the sand. It was like a religious penance as he crawled painfully forward until he could reach out and grab Bob’s leg, pulling himself forward and lowering his face to the foot. He kissed it, licked it, then ran his tongue up the leg, pulling himself higher until he was on his knees.

He looked up at Bob, his face covered in sand and semen. His gaze was plaintive, his eyes filled with tears as he moaned, “Forgive me, buddy. I love you, man .... I’ve always loved you, always will. You’re my life. Forgive me for all the times I’ve hurt you, all the pain I’ve caused. Please, man ..... show me you forgive me.

Bob had watched the whole spectacle with mounting desire for the proud, rugged muscle-stud debasing himself before him, dragging his body through the sand and kissing his feet. Bob’s

cock was rock hard and close to orgasm. Gazing down at the begging face he silently willed Randy to take hold of his cock. Reading his thoughts Randy grasped the long shaft in his fist, pointed it straight at his face and opened his mouth.

He heard Bob's gentle voice: "There's nothing to forgive, Randy. I love you." His cock shuddered and blasted a long stream of cum that flew straight into Randy's mouth and slammed against the back of his throat. Kneeling in an act of communion Randy swallowed hard and felt the liquid flow down his throat like nectar. He gulped again and again as the cock continued to pour semen into him and he savored the exquisite sweetness of his lover's juice, the balm of love and forgiveness.

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It had been a catharsis, a watershed in their lives. Bob, though, supremely confident in their love, had expected nothing less and was determined to put it behind them. After Randy had untied Bob, kissing him voraciously, and they had swum together in the ocean, they were now sipping beer on the patio as before. But unlike before, there was no tension in the air. Bob said with a smile, "Now, buddy, can we please get on with our lives ..... without the drama?"

"Asshole," Randy grinned, but they both knew that there had been a shift in their relationship, leaving it more solid than ever. And in future, whenever Randy tied Bob up, fucked the shit out of him and even whipped him, as he surely would, it would be because they both wanted it, with no hint of real anger. At long last Randy felt secure with Bob and he could direct his anger and his fists in other directions.

"OK, agreed." Randy said. "No more drama." He grinned. "Though with that group of over-sexed boys back in the city, drama seems to go with the territory."

His words, unfortunately, were prophetic, as a new drama was about to unfold that would engulf the whole house. Even as Randy spoke the seeds were being sown in a seemingly innocuous post-sex conversation between Pablo and Darius. Flush with the excitement of fucking Pablo Darius said, "Hey, dude, you wanna see something real cool? Remember when Randy did his number on Jason ..... arm-wrestled him, then tied him up and fucked him ..... and I filmed the whole thing? Well look at this."

He flipped open his lap-top, opened a web-site, a couple of clicks .... and there it was. Pablo gazed open-mouthed at the video and frowned in confusion. "What the fuck ....."

"Cool, eh, dude? It's so intense I thought more guys should see the video so I posted it on this triple-X site. It's popular too ..... a construction worker fucking a fireman ..... got lots of hits."

Pablo couldn't believe his eyes. "Holy shit, Darius, what have you done? Just wait 'til Randy and the guys hear about this ..... man, the shit's really gonna hit the fan."



# # #

## Chapter 159 – Alpha Males In Love & War

Randy and Bob were to remain in blissful oblivion of all this for the rest of their idyllic few days in the dunes, where they lazed in the sun and surf, swam, made love, slept ..... made love again ..... and again. By contrast, and by default, it fell to Zack and Mark to grapple with the developing situation that threatened to rock the boat of domestic tranquility at the house.

As Pablo had predicted, the shit was gonna hit the fan ..... but not immediately. Darius stared at Pablo and said, “What’s your problem, dude? It’s a great video, got everything ..... muscle-gods wrestling, a fireman getting tied up and fucked by a construction worker. It’s been picked up by other sites too ..... it’s all over the place.”

Pablo clapped his hand to his forehead. “Man, you have lost all your fucking marbles? Don’t you know what this means? Has anyone else here seen it?”

“Not yet,” Darius grinned. “I thought I’d have a showing for everyone after dinner, surprise them all.”

“You’ll sure as fuck do that, dude. Darius, don’t you remember Randy’s iron-clad rule? .... ‘What happens in the house stays in the house.’ There’s a shit-load of stuff goes on here that’s just between us guys, including when Randy initiates another guy ..... especially that! Thank god Randy’s out of town. Now listen, man. First you gotta tell Zack.”

“Well, I thought I’d....”

“For crap’s sake *stop* thinking, dude ..... or *start* rather. Look, I better come with you.”

Darius let himself be led out the gate, across the street and into Zack’s garden where he was working out in just his old gray shorts. Pablo took the lead. “Sir, Darius has something to show you.”

A few minutes later the three of them were huddled round Zack’s computer and Darius had pulled up the video on the porn site. Still proud of his work Darius watched expectantly as Zack stared at the screen. It was only as he saw Zack’s face cloud over, his jaw clench and his eyes blaze that it finally dawned on Darius that he was in real trouble. He half expected Zack to hit him, but Zack’s anger was not hot ..... it was ice cold.

He looked up at them, his thunderous face still running with sweat from his workout, and with a huge effort he restrained himself, saying coldly, “Can this video be removed from the site?”

In surprise Darius said, "Well sure I could take it down, sir. But that would be a shame, seeing as how it's so popular and all. See, the thing is ....."

Zack clenched his fists and he said slowly, "The thing is, boy, it comes down. Right now! Do it!"

Zack's icy tone brooked no protest. It sent a stab of panic through Darius who immediately went to work on the keyboard, and in a few minutes he said meekly, "That's it, sir. It's gone." Seeing the cold fury in Zack's eyes Darius became defensive. "Don't worry, sir. You saw how I pixilated the faces so you can't really tell who the two guys are .....unless you know them real well. And the sound's not real great .... " then to himself, "yeah, I gotta work on that."

Ignoring him Zack said, "Pablo, take Darius to your room and keep him there. Get a disk of this thing and take it down to the living room. Do it .... now!" The boys stood up in nervous obedience and left the room. Zack flipped open his phone and dialed. "Mark? Your shift nearly finished? Perfect. Listen, we got a situation here. Could you try and grab Jason on your way home and bring him here with you? The three of us need to meet right away."

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Half an hour later Zack, Mark and Jason were sitting together in the living room. Zack had pulled on a tank top and Mark and Jason were still in their uniforms having rushed over straight from work. The twins had brought them beers and then left to huddle with the boys. There was a stunned silence in the room as the three men watched the TV where Zack was playing the disk. When it finished Mark broke the silence. "You say this was posted on an X-rated web-site but it's now been taken down?"

"That's right," said Zack. "But while it was up it was picked up by other sites. Oh, man, just wait 'til Randy gets to know about this. It'll be me who has to face him. Darius is my boy so I'm responsible, and he'll sure as hell blame me."

"No point in alerting him and Bob while they're away," said Mark. "Let's leave them in peace 'til they get home." He looked anxiously at Jason.

"Hey," Jason said brightly, "at least Darius pixilated the faces so you can't recognize us ..... and I'd say we look pretty damn hot."

Mark couldn't hold back a grin. "Man, that vanity of yours overcomes anything, even this. But what about the fireman's uniform?"

"Hell, I'm shirtless so it's only the pants, and every fireman wears them ..... could even be a guy dressed as a fantasy fireman for kicks. Fortunately there's no shot of the badge on the helmet ..... that would have blown my cover. And I can tell you, my buddies in the fire house are not likely to go onto X-rated sites to watch man-on-man action." He laughed. "Man-on-girl, even girl-on-girl, but not guys. No, I think I'm pretty much in the clear."

“You blow me away,” Mark said, “the way you’re taking all this. Oh, sure, I know you were on full display in that fireman’s calendar but that was for charity ..... and you weren’t getting your ass fucked by Randy.”

“No,” Jason laughed, “that doesn’t happen every day of the week, thank god. Listen guys, thanks for alerting me, but I’ve gotta get home. Gotta work out a bit then study for a promotion exam I’m taking.”

They all stood up and Zack shook Jason’s hand warmly. “Thanks for taking this so well, Jason. I’ll take it from here. Gotta decide what happens to Darius ..... and then I’ll have to face Randy.

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Jamie, Nate, Eddie and the twins had huddled in the kitchen trying to follow what was happening. They knew it was serious as word had got out about the posting of the video, but as Pablo was with Darius, who had been confined to his room, they couldn’t know the full story. Jamie seemed especially troubled. Suddenly he said, “Gotta go, guys,” and he left the room.

Two minutes later he was facing Darius in his room and he came straight to the point. “Darius I gotta ask you one thing. That time when you first showed us that video, I remember saying as a joke that it was so hot if you posted it online it would go viral. Is that what made you do it?”

“Dude, I kinda knew you were kidding ..... but I gotta say it did give me the idea ..... bad idea as it turned out,” Darius said morosely.

“Oh shit,” Jamie said softly. “Well, hang in there guys.” He gave both guys a hug and quickly left. As he ran outside he bumped into Mark and the two guys coming out of their meeting. Jason shot him a quick smile and walked to the gate. Jamie had a sad, anxious expression as he watched him leave, then he turned to Mark and said, “Sir, I have something to tell you.”

In their apartment Mark started to take off his uniform as he listened to what Jamie called his ‘confession.’ “Sir, I think this is all my fault. I was the one who gave Darius the idea.” He told him his story, ending with, “I was kidding, of course, but he took me up on it and now .....”

“Hey, hey, don’t beat yourself up, kid,” Mark said. “We all say a lot of things as a joke and you weren’t to know what Darius would do. Sure, it’s a serious business but you weren’t to blame. Now, talking of serious business, what you gonna do about this?” He had stripped to the waist and pointed down to the bulge in his uniform pants.

“Oh, sorry sir.” With all the concern Jamie had forgotten the daily ritual, and now he quickly stripped off his T-shirt and surfer shorts and fell back naked on the bed.

“That’s my boy,” Mark smiled. “Listen, the only mistake you can ever make is not being ready for this.” He unzipped his pants and pulled out his long, hard cock. He threw Jamie’s legs in the air, knelt between them and pushed his rod between the soft, blond fur and deep inside the ass he knew so well.

“Thank you, sir,” Jamie moaned, and for a while he forgot his troubles as the cop pounded his ass. He looked up at the gorgeous Nordic face and felt the rough serge of the pants slamming against his ass as the cop’s shaft pistoned inside him. Mark held back his orgasm as long as he could but finally he leaned forward, pinned Jamie’s arms to the bed, and his intense blue-gray eyes bored into the boy’s.

“Don’t worry kiddo,” he said gently. “You’re always my boy, no matter what. Here, let me show you.” He pressed his lips against Jamie’s in a hungry embrace, his hips moved faster and faster, the steel rod pounded the boy’s ass until finally ..... “Aaah.” The cop moaned in ecstasy as his cock exploded inside the warm ass of his surfer-boy, and Jamie blasted a massive load of juice between them as he felt the weight of his master’s body fall onto him.

They lay like that for a long time until Mark jumped up and wiped his cock. Quickly he shed his uniform boots and pants and pulled on his blue-jeans. He looked down at the cum-soaked boy and smiled. “God I love coming home to you, kid. I’m the luckiest cop on the world to have you as my boy. Man, I wanna fuck you again right now ..... but I gotta go check on Zack, make sure he’s OK. Tough time for him.” He bent down, sucked up a mouthful of cum off Jamie’s chest, swallowed it and his eyes gleamed as he moaned, “Mmmm.”

Then he was gone, leaving Jamie to return to his previous mood of doubt and self-recrimination. The euphoria of being fucked by Mark had buried his gloom for a while, but it was back and he couldn’t rid himself of the sight of Jason as he had left. Even now he must be in his house, anxious about whatever repercussions might come.

Suddenly Jamie knew what he had to do. He jumped off the bed and without stopping to wipe the remaining cum off his chest he pulled on his shorts and sneakers and ran from the room.

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Wearing just his gym shorts Jason was working out in the home gym he had created in a patio area beside his house. The muscles of his perfect ‘Fireman’s-Calendar’ body gleamed as he put them through a punishing workout routine. He was sitting against an incline board straining in a set of incline bench presses when he saw Jamie walking across the lawn toward him.

“Hey, Jamie,” he beamed, dropping the bar in its cradle. “Great to see you, kid.” He saw the cum stains on Jamie’s naked chest and grinned. “I see you’ve just been giving that police officer of yours your usual welcome home. So what’s up, you come to be my workout partner?” The idea was very appealing to Jamie but he was preoccupied with something far more serious. He paused, frowning hard, then blurted out, “Sir, are you gonna lose your job, sir?”

Taken by surprise the fireman burst out laughing. "I seriously doubt it, kid. They need me too bad for their calendar." Then he got serious. "OK, is this about Darius and that video?"

"Yes, sir." The words tumbled out. "You see, it's all my fault. When Darius showed us boys the video I said it was so hot that if he posted it on the Web it would go viral. I was kidding, but he took me seriously and did it. So I have to be punished ..... for me and for Darius."

"Hey, hey, wait a minute here, slow down will you? First off, making a joke like you did is not a crime and you're not to blame. Sure what Darius did was a stupid and dangerous thing, but he's the one should be punished for it."

"But that's the point, sir. You're the one who was harmed, but you can't punish Darius 'cause he's Zack's boy so Zack will do that. So I'm here to represent the boys .... we kind of stick together with stuff like this. I gave Darius the stupid idea so, please sir, punish me."

Jason would have been amused if Jamie's expression had not been so anguished. Clearly the boy thought he was to blame and had come here on his own to be punished for it. Jason was not entirely convinced of his motive, as he remembered that when Jamie had been here before with Mark he had got off on being 'punished' by the cop and the fireman in a fantasy that made him cum bucketsful.

But Jason didn't want to make light of Jamie's solemn determination and just send him home. 'Well, why not?' he thought. He could go through a ritual punishment that would make Jamie feel better, give him absolution for his 'crime', and give him a sexual thrill into the bargain.

So Jason met Jamie's determined eyes with an equally serious look and growled, "OK, boy, if that's what you want. Lose the shorts." Jamie quickly kicked off his sneakers, dropped his shorts and stood naked before the tall, blond fireman.

Jamie thought of Jason as his master, second only to Mark, as Mark had said that Jamie would from now on be "our boy." But Jason's association with them and the other guys had brought the fireman a ton of trouble ..... first a pounding by Mark, then Randy and now this, a foolish act by Darius that could have cost him his job. Jamie needed desperately to make amends to Jason and this was the only way he knew how ..... to offer himself for punishment."

Behind Jamie was the slant-board, raised to a 45-degree incline, where Jason had been doing bench presses. Jason shoved Jamie backward and he sat down hard on the seat, instinctively wrapping his arms behind him round the board. "That's right, boy," Jason said. He picked up a length of rope and tied Jamie's wrists behind the board. He looped a second rope round Jamie's neck and tied it loosely behind the board.

Suddenly the naked blond surfer was immobilized, roped by his arms and neck to the board, forced to stare up at the fireman who was picking up his discarded pants and sliding the belt

from them. The muscle-god's near-naked body was still gleaming with sweat from his heavy workout and his soaking shorts clung to his hips, almost transparent so the shape of his long cock showed clearly underneath.

As Jamie gazed at him, all thoughts of why he was here faded ..... the video, Darius ..... all that was replaced by the pornographic image of the bodybuilder holding a belt. Jamie's cock had quickly stiffened until it now pointed straight up, hard as a rock. Jason paced and, holding the belt in both fists, pulled it and snapped it hard. "Is this what you want, boy?" he asked. "You wanna feel the belt across your chest?"

"Yes, sir. Please, sir. I want you to whip me, sir."

Like Jamie, Jason lost sight of why they were here. All he saw, as his cock swelled in his shorts, was the beautiful young surfer roped to the slant-board, his muscular body straining as he begged the fireman to whip him. It was just the two of them, master and boy ..... and the whip. He raised his arm and brought the belt down across Jamie's chest, making his body jerk as he moaned in pain and ecstasy.

Jason instinctively knew Jamie's pain threshold and used light strokes, just enough to sting. But as he whipped the boy again and again and watched the beautiful face fly from side to side, tousled blond hair flying, rope round his neck, Jason fell into a mild trance and increased the force of the blows. "You came here for punishment, boy, and that's what you'll get. God I love thrashing your hot young body. You like what you see?"

*Like it?* As he gazed at the fireman's gorgeous face, his perfect body, muscles bulging and flexing with each lash of the whip, Jamie was in ecstasy, feeling the blows but not the pain. "Sir," he moaned, "you look so beautiful you're gonna make me cum .... I can't hold back....."

"OK, boy, your master's gonna whip that juice out of your cock. Here, feel this ...." He aimed the belt so that the tip flicked against Jamie's rigid cock, again and again. Bouncing under each blow Jamie's cock was on fire, and each time he yelled, "Aaah, aaah, aaah. .... aaagh! His last scream was matched by a huge plume of white juice blasting from his cock, rising in the air then falling back on his whip-lashed chest.

"Holy shit," moaned Jason, mesmerized by the sight of the bound young boy pumping cum over himself. He pulled his cock from his shorts, pointed it at Jamie, and shot a huge wad of cum that splashed in his face and streamed down his chest, mingling with his own pools of semen.

In a delirium of sexual overload Jamie closed his eyes as his heart beat wildly and he at last became aware of the stinging pain in his chest. But suddenly his trance was shattered by a loud scream. Jamie's eyes flew open in time to see a long belt curl round Jason's torso, sending him spinning across the grass and crashing to the ground. And there, towering over him, was Mark, shirtless and barefoot in blue jeans ..... a belt hanging from his fist.

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A short time earlier, when Mark had been commiserating with Zack, he had not been able to stop thinking about what Jamie had said, nor the anguish in his eyes as he made his 'confession.' He knew his boy, he knew he wouldn't let it rest there. He was just like Mark himself .... always had to try and put things right. Suddenly Mark knew what Jamie would do, where he would go. "Hey, Zack, sorry to cut this short but I gotta go." And without even stopping to put on a shirt and shoes Mark left and jumped in his truck.

A few minutes later, still wearing only his jeans, Mark was at Jason's gate and he heard, before he saw, what was happening. "OK, boy, your master's gonna whip that juice out of your cock. Here, feel this ...." Hearing the sound of leather on flesh, then Jamie's screams, Mark charged through the gate.

He didn't stop to think. All he knew was that his boy was tied up by his wrists and his neck, getting belt-whipped by the muscular fireman. Adrenaline surged through the cop, clouding his judgment, and he pulled his belt from his jeans as he ran blindly toward the patio gym and smashed the belt across Jason's back, curling it round his chest.

Now he towered over the near-naked fireman who lay groaning on the ground. They had only recently become close buddies but now, in his rage, all Mark saw was a rival. "What the fuck were you doing to my boy, asshole? You were whipping the kid.... like this!" Mark raised his arm and rained blow after blow across Jason's back, chest, ass and legs as he rolled helplessly over the ground, trying desperately to protect his body from the brutal lashes of the belt.

Mark glanced up and saw his struggling boy roped to the bench, his chest striped with whip-marks, and the sight fueled his rage. "Mother-fucker," he howled and redoubled the strength of his blows. Desperate to escape the enraged cop Jason dragged his wounded body painfully along the ground and glimpsed something out of the corner of his eye ..... the belt he had dropped close to Jamie.

With all his remaining strength he launched himself forward, grabbed the belt, rolled over onto his back and, as Mark rushed toward him, Jason aimed the whip at his legs. The belt curled round Mark's ankle, Jason yanked hard and pulled the cop off his feet, sending him crashing to the ground, the belt flying from his hand. Now it was Jason's turn and, despite the pain he felt, he sprang to his feet and began lashing the shirtless cop lying stunned on the ground.

"Yeah," he yelled, "not the big stud cop now are you asshole? You fucking cops are all the same ..... a bunch of thugs. Well this is payback big guy." Again and again he lashed Mark's naked chest and back as Mark reached frantically for the fallen belt. Even as the whip rained down on his back he pulled himself to his feet and lunged for the belt. He grabbed it and sprang away from Jason.

Jamie was hypnotized by the sight as the men circled each other, eyes blazing, their bodies bearing the marks of the lash. The fireman's shorts had been shredded and hung round his waist, while the cop flexed his muscles, his jeans torn and filthy. Unaware that his cock had got hard again, Jamie watched fascinated as the brutal whip fight went into high gear. It was a pornographic sight as the two blond muscle gods traded blows, their belts curling round flexed muscles of chest and arms with resounding cracks accompanied by agonized howls of pain.

Their eyes blazed at each other as the whip fight became something more than defense of the boy. The men were transformed into fighting machines. They were so much alike, both stunning, muscular blond gods, powerful alpha males, that the very similarity that had made them friends now found expression in an inevitable male rivalry that lurked just below the surface. And they both knew that their boy was watching ..... watching to see which of his masters would triumph and force the other into humiliating submission.

Still the whip fight went on, the howls echoing round the garden as lash after lash bit into naked muscle, the men dodging and weaving to shield themselves from the blows. Exhaustion was taking its toll, sweat pouring from their ravaged bodies, when suddenly Mark landed a lucky blow. He aimed high and the belt curled round Jason's neck. Mark jerked the belt, Jason lurched forward and fell to the ground on his back, the belt still round his neck.

Mark was on him in a second, yanking one end of the belt so it tightened round his neck, pulling his head up off the ground. "You're finished, man," Mark growled. "Now let my boy hear you submit to me."

"Fuck you, asshole," Jason groaned, near to choking, and he raised his knee, smashing it into Mark's balls. The cop howled and the belt loosened, but still he held on. It was a standoff and could have continued to exhaustion but for the sound that now broke through their raging adrenaline rush ..... the sound of a young voice yelling, sobbing. "Stop, please stop. It's all my fault. Sir, I begged Jason to punish me .... and it made me cum. .... please, sirs, please stop fighting."

They both glanced at the sobbing boy, then locked eyes with each other. Mark's head was clearing, rage subsiding, sanity returning. He pulled the belt from Jason's neck and stared down at him. "Is that true, man, what he says?"

"Of course it is, Mark. Think, man ..... I love that boy .... do you think I would hurt him? He came to me with some wild sort of confession and begged me to punish him. He needed it, so I punished him the way you would have, tying him up, whipping him carefully, just hard enough to make him shoot his load. You got it all wrong, man. I love Jamie." Tears came to his eyes. "Mark ..... you said that from now on Jamie was our boy. It would be the three of us."

Suddenly Mark was transformed from tough vengeful cop to the loving friend and master he always was, as the anger drained from him and he fell forward onto Jason moaning, "Oh god...." He held his cheek close to Jason and moaned, "Man, I've been such a damn fool.



When I saw my boy tied up, getting whipped, I didn't think straight ..... I just lost it. I should have known you would never .... Oh man, can you ever forgive me?"

Despite his pain Jason managed a grin. "Hey, officer, you were doing what I would have done in your place .... protecting your boy. It's an instinct we both have. You just jumped to the wrong conclusion. Man, I love you both, you know that."

Any further reconciliation was cut short by the sound of Jamie's moans. They both leapt to their feet and ran to him. Jason untied his neck while Mark removed the ropes from his wrists and the boy lay back against the board staring up at them. He had tears in his eyes as he said, "Sirs, all this was my fault ..... Darius posting the video, and now you fighting each other ..... I really fucked up all round. I don't deserve to be your boy."

"Jamie, chill out will you?" Jason said. "There's a whole lot of blame to go round here but not for you ..... you've done nothing wrong so stop punishing yourself."

"Now wait just a godamn minute here," came the cop's voice. Jason looked sharply at Mark but relaxed when he glimpsed the twinkle in his eye. "Seems to me," Mark continued, "that if anyone is gonna punish the boy it should be a joint effort by both of his masters. Now I know you just took a hefty whipping, Jason ....."

"...yeah but you should see the other guy," Jason laughed pointing to the mirror.

"Whatever," Mark said, "so we're both pretty well done in, but what d'you think, buddy, you got anything left?"

Jason looked at the startled and confused Jamie. "For this hot surfer-boy? ..... always. Check this out, big guy." He pulled a pin out of the back of the slant-board and lowered it flat in a horizontal position.

Mark gazed down at Jamie now lying flat on his back. "You read my mind, stud. So let's see. Who goes first?" Mark pulled a coin from his jeans pocket, tossed it and slapped it on the back of his hand. "Heads," said Jason. Mark showed him the coin. "Tails it is. Looks like I get first crack at that sweet ass. Hold him down for me buddy."

Jamie's cock was hard as a rock again as he looked at the cop and the fireman, their muscular bodies both striped with the marks of the lash. He felt like a young slaveboy as his captors flipped a coin to see which one would fuck him first.

Jason pulled off the torn remains of his shorts and stood behind Jamie's head. He leaned over him, pulled his arms up and grabbed his wrists, pinning them to the board. He grinned up at Mark. "He's all yours, stud." Mark dropped his jeans pushed Jamie's legs in the air and knelt on the end of the board. Jamie caught the flicker of amusement in Mark's eye as he said,

“Looks like you’ve caused me a whole mess of trouble here, kid ..... got me into a whip-fight with my buddy. Guess I’m gonna have to fuck some sense into you.”

“Yes, sir. Please, sir.” He always knew from Mark’s expression when things were OK again, and this was one of those moments. From all the anguish he had gone through he now relaxed as he felt the familiar sensation of his master’s long rod sliding inside his ass. Mark was smiling at him. “OK, kiddo, now let’s cut all this crap about blame, punishment and the rest of the bullshit. You’re my boy and Jason’s and nothing’s gonna change that.”

“Thank you, sir,” Jamie said softly as he felt the cop’s shaft moving in his ass. He looked up and saw the rugged face of the fireman, blond hair falling over his brow, his muscular body leaning over him, his cock hanging inches from his mouth. He knew what was coming. Jason leaned further forward and locked mouths with Mark, while his cock lowered into Jamie’s mouth and pushed to the back of his throat.

Jamie was in heaven, ass-fucked by the cop and face-fucked by the fireman, and he worked hard to be worthy of them. He squeezed his ass muscles tight round Mark’s cock, and his throat muscles round Jason’s. He heard their moans of ecstasy as they kissed each other and both fucked their boy. Jamie had trouble holding back the cum that was bursting in his balls and he sensed that his masters’ cocks were getting ready to explode in his mouth and ass.

But suddenly Jason pulled out of his mouth and took a step back. “Hey, Mark, what was that you said about both of us masters punishing our boy together? There’s only one real way to do that.” He walked over to the full-length mirror on the wall and lay on the ground on his back, his head leaning against the bottom of the mirror. Mark looked down at Jason lying there, muscles flexed, stiff cock pointing straight up into the air, and grinned. “Gotcha, buddy. Great idea.”

He pulled his cock out of Jamie’s ass, put his hands under his armpits and pulled the startled boy off the bench and into the air. Dangling from the strong arms Jamie felt himself being carried to the wall and held over the prone fireman. “OK, kiddo, don’t resist now,” Mark said and began to lower the boy. Jamie instinctively raised his knees to his chest and watched the reflection of his body being lowered slowly over Jason until ..... he felt the tip of Jason’s cock touch his ass.

For a second he tensed, but as Mark lowered him further he felt the head of the cock enter his ass. But Mark paused there, holding him suspended and Jason said, “Hey, man, you’re torturing my dick. I wanna feel the boy’s ass round my pole.”

“Thought you’d never ask,” Mark grinned. He suddenly pulled his hands away, releasing the boy and letting him drop in free-fall onto Jason’s cock, the steel rod skewering his ass all at once as he sat heavily on Jason’s pubic hair. “Aaagh,” Jamie screamed in shock as fire shot through his ass and made his cock erupt in a long ribbon of cum that slammed against the mirror, then another that splashed onto Jason’s face and all over his chest.

Not sure what had just happened Jamie gazed down at the gorgeous smiling face, dripping with cum. "Come on, boy," the fireman said, "fuck my cock." Jamie had fallen on his knees astride Jason, sitting on the stiff cock all the way inside him. His reflex was to ease the pain by raising his hips so the cock slid almost out of his ass, but then he lowered himself again, letting the head of the cock press deep and pass over his inner sphincter. "Oh, shit," Jason yelled, "that is fucking awesome, boy. You look incredible riding my cock. Hey, Mark, you gonna grab a bit of the action here?"

"You bet your life, I am." Mark dropped to his knees behind Jamie, pushed him forward so he got a clear view of his boy's ass. He eased himself forward and pressed the head of his cock right against the point where the fireman's cock was sliding into Jamie's ass. The boy's eyes opened wide as he realized what was about to happen, and he moaned, "No! No! I can't, sir."

Mark's jaw clenched as he gazed at Jamie in the mirror. "Jamie, you're gonna get your ass ploughed by both your masters at once. That's what we want, so you gonna say no again?"

"No, sir, .... I mean yes, sir .... I mean, please fuck me, sir." Jamie would do anything for Mark and he pushed his ass muscles down hard, determined to take his cock. He gazed into the mirror at his own face, then at Jason's beneath him, then at Mark's over his shoulder. He saw Jason's body rising gently beneath him, his washboard abs flexing as he eased his hips upward, and then he looked up again at Mark, at the god-like face of his master, hypnotized by his intense blue-grey eyes.

In a trance he felt pain in his ass ..... no, not pain ..... a fullness ..... his ass was being stretched by ..... what ...? Then he heard the voice. "Jamie, I'm inside you. Relax, kid, we're both inside you. You're getting your ass fucked by both your masters." Mark had eased forward so his balls were touching Jason's and both their cocks pointed up like two poles pressed together.

As the two cocks filled his ass Jamie gazed at the incredible scene in the mirror. The picture was surreal, pornographic. He was getting his ass fucked by a cop and a fireman at the same time. He raised up on his knees, then lowered himself onto both iron rods. The sensation was unbelievable, like flames were shooting from his ass and engulfing his whole body. He rose up again and this time he dropped down fast onto the cocks, glorying in the feeling of them penetrating deep inside his ass.

There was no pain, just exquisite joy. "Yes!" he shouted, "YES!" and he lost all control. Soon he was bouncing up and down, faster and faster, so the cocks were like twin pistons in his ass. Mark gazed into the mirror and Jason looked up, both transfixed by the sight of the golden young surfer riding their cocks, blond hair flying, arms outstretched, his tanned, muscular body rising and falling as his tight ass squeezed their cocks together.

"Oh, man," Jason howled, "look at that young stallion go. It looks so fucking hot. Come on, boy, ride that fireman's cock. Shit, boy, you are so fucking gorgeous." He gazed wildly up at

the beautiful body gleaming with sweat, gazed too at the face over his shoulder, the chiseled features of the cop. Jason felt an incredible intimacy with Mark knowing they were both feeling exactly the same sensation, their cocks grinding against each other in their boy's ass.

Mark smiled down at him, reading his thoughts. "Doesn't get better than this, buddy, both of us fucking our boy, watching this gorgeous young stud riding our cocks. I love you, man." Then he whispered in Jamie's ear. "You are the hottest, sexiest boy a man could have. I'm crazy about you kid. God, your ass feels great. I love you, kiddo."

Jamie was thrilled that he was giving the cop and the fireman the ride of their lives. He gazed at Mark's stunning Nordic face and reached behind him, putting his hands behind Mark's head and running his fingers through his hair. Mark reached round him and squeezed his nipples, sending jolts of pain and pleasure through his chest. And never did Jamie break his rhythm as his ass rose and fell on the two cocks. He was in a world of total euphoria ..... he could have stayed like this forever, his ass impaled on the twin shafts of these spectacular muscle-gods.

But Jason's body was shuddering and he groaned to Mark, "I can't take much more, buddy. Please, I gotta bust my load. Give the word, man ..... please."

"Right there with you, big guy. You too, boy ..... it's time. Come on guys ..... let's do it." Jamie was now riding them with the speed of a jackhammer, their bodies were on fire, they felt heat rising up through their legs as their balls exploded, cum raced up their cocks and "Aaagh!" they both erupted deep inside the furnace of their boys ass.

Jamie was watching a pornographic movie in the mirror .... a hot young surfer impaled on two cocks exploding in his ass as he watched his own cock erupt with jets of hot cum and his screams joined the shouts of the cop and the fireman shattering the stillness of the afternoon.

If Jamie could ever have frozen a moment in time, this would have been it, sharing the joy of extraordinary sex and intense love with two of the most beautiful masters a boy ever had.

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It is often said that when public acts of disorder and damage occur it is not so much the crime as society's over-reaction to it that does the most harm. This was certainly to be the case in this volatile house of hot-blooded men. It had already begun with Jamie's imagined guilt in the video incident, leading to his mock punishment by Jason, then Mark's jumping to conclusions and the savage whip fight. But the three men had successfully put the drama behind them, turning discord into an act of love they would always remember.

But the reverberations of Darius's foolishness were still to be felt by other members of the group, notably Zack and Randy. Mark's suggestion had been to leave Bob and Randy in peaceful unawareness of the drama while they were away in the dunes, and it was only when Bob called Mark to say they were starting out for home that Mark finally told him the whole story.

Bob was alarmed and disappointed but decided not to share the bad news with Randy during the long drive back. He waited until they were a few minutes from home until he said, "Randy, I had some news from Mark that you're not gonna like." That turned out to be the understatement of the year. At first Randy was silent as he absorbed the implications of the story. Then his cold anger turned red hot and he exploded.

"Holy fucking shit! Jesus Christ, you know what this could mean? ..... We'll be splashed all over the Internet, Jason could lose his job and life won't be a picnic for any of us. The stupid fucking young dickhead. I've always said that what happens in that house stays in the house and he has deliberately disobeyed me. Just wait 'til I ....."

"Randy, please," Bob said, trying to calm him down, "please keep your cool. It's not as bad as all that ..... apparently you can't see the faces in the video and it's been taken down now, though other sites had already picked it up, it seems. So please don't over-react."

"Over-react!! Who the fuck are you to tell me how to react?" He saw Bob wince and immediately bit his lip. "Oh, shit, I didn't mean that buddy, you know that. Just lashing out at the guy nearest to me and that always seems to be you."

"Good thing it is," Bob grinned. "At least I know how to handle you."

But Randy was still fuming. "You know who I blame?" he yelled. "Zack, that's who. He has no control over his boy ..... lets him run riot. If he was my boy he'd feel the back of my fucking hand ..... I'd whip him into shape. Huh, Zack calls himself a master? Hell, I'll show him how a real man deals with this shit."

Bob sighed, realizing his mistake. By waiting 'til the last minute to tell Randy the news he had no time to calm down and he would still be seething with anger when he charged into the house. Jesus, Bob thought, he knew the weekend's tranquility was too good to last. Welcome home!

When they arrived Bob ran straight to Mark's apartment to get the latest on Jason's reactions. He thought Randy would join him there.... but he was wrong.

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As it happened, Zack had finally got round to confronting Darius. He had waited until his anger cooled and he could think rationally, and he had finally called him into his house to face his punishment. Still unsure what form that would take he pushed Darius against the wall, tied his wrists together and pulled the rope through a hook high near the ceiling, stretching his arms above him.

Zack paced the room, glaring at the trembling boy. “Jesus, Darius, what am I gonna do with you?” He held up his fist. “Here, you think I should use this on you? Is this what you need, a good thrashing?”

“You bet your ass he does.” Zack spun round to see Randy looming in the doorway, eyes blazing. “And if you’re not man enough to do it, I will.” He took a step forward and slapped the back of his hand contemptuously across Darius’s chest.

Zack grabbed Randy’s shoulder, spun him around and roared, “Take your hands off my boy!”

“Oh yeah?” Randy snarled. “You gonna make me, stud?” They glared at each other, two maddened bulls face to face, straining for battle.

# # #

## **Chapter 160 – A Tribe Of Savages?**

Zack tried to control his anger. “I don’t wanna fight you, man, but by god if you lay another finger on my boy, so help me I’ll....” He stopped abruptly as Randy contemptuously slapped his hand across Darius’s chest. It was a direct challenge for which there was only one answer.

“Mother-fucker!” Zack yelled and smashed the back of his fist across Randy’s face, sending him staggering backwards against the wall. Zack sprang at him but with the lightning reflex of a fighter Randy raised his knee and crashed it into Zack’s stomach. Zack fell to his knees and Randy slumped against the wall, stunned by the vicious blow.

Zack dragged himself to his feet, Randy pushed himself off the wall and, both of them dazed, they circled each other looking for an opening. The two muscular bodies crashed together in a brutal bear hug, squeezing, clawing, groaning in a trial of strength pitting muscle against muscle, two evenly-matched construction workers. They were both wearing jeans and T-shirts, but as fingers sank into flesh the T-shirts quickly ripped.

Finally they separated, their hands gripped each other and their arms raised high in a classic wrestling move, each man pushing the other for strength advantage, shirtless, with the shreds of their T-shirts hanging round their waists. Bound as he was Darius was helpless to come to the aid of his master and watched horrified as the advantage shifted from one fighter to the other, sweat glistening on their flexed muscles.

In a sudden move Zack tore his hands away from Randy’s, clamped them round his neck and pushed him against the wall. Zack’s vise-like grip tightened round his throat and Randy felt his head spinning. In desperation he brought his arms up between Zack’s, smashing sideways with enough force to send Zack’s arms flying outward and breaking his grip. With a split-

second advantage Randy turned the tables, grabbing Zack's throat and spinning him round, back against the wall.

Zack grabbed Randy's wrists, pulling frantically to wrench them apart. But as their blazing eyes locked Randy gasped, "Give up, man. You know someone's gotta get punished for what your kid did. Think what I'll do to the boy after I beat you. You man enough to take the punishment for him?"

Even as his vision blurred and his body weakened Zack realized the truth of Randy's words. He had to protect his boy from the man's fury ..... and there was only one way left. He let go of Randy's wrists, his arms fell to his sides and his body went limp against the wall. Still gripping Zack's neck Randy heaved him around and slammed him face first against Darius.

Still in a daze Zack felt his arms being raised up high. Randy used the loose ends of the rope securing Darius to tie Zack's wrists in the same position. The two black men, master and boy, were now tied together at the wrists, face to face, chest to chest, bodies and crotches pressing against other, with Darius's head slumped over his master's shoulder.

Randy stood back, regaining his strength and looking at his two victims with satisfaction. Without another word he reached round Zack to rip open his fly and yanked his jeans down below his ass. He ran his hands over the hard black mounds and grunted, "OK, so your ass is gonna take your boy's punishment stud. It feels like this....."

In one swift move the construction worker pushed his thick pole between the globes and slammed it deep into the Zack's ass, smiling as he heard the black bodybuilder's scream echo round the room. He pulled his cock clear out of the ass, then drove it in again, even deeper. When Randy fucked as a punishment it was savage and Zack knew he was in for a brutal pounding. Pain flamed through his body, his muscles tensed, and he clenched his jaw tight to stop himself giving Randy the satisfaction of more screams.

But if the searing physical pain was intense for Zack it was nothing to the mental anguish Darius was feeling. With each thrust of Randy's cock Zack's body was slammed harder against Darius. The boy felt the jolt of pain racing through his master, felt his muscles flex, saw the gray eyes grimace in agony only inches from his face.

But the worst feeling was immense guilt as Darius knew it was all his fault. He was the one who should be punished but, to protect him from Randy's rage, Zack was enduring the onslaught for him. The boy would rather have suffered the pain himself than to feel it searing through the tortured body of his master.

But there was nothing Darius could do to help him. Well, almost nothing. As the jackhammer continued to piston mercilessly in his ass Zack's eyes began to stream tears, his jaw unclenched and his mouth fell open, about to scream. To stifle the sound Darius instinctively clamped his mouth over his master's and drew his breath into himself. Then he exhaled into

Zack's mouth, breathing for him, taking away that burden at least, breathing life into him so he could better withstand the pain of the steel rod driving inside him.

Zack forced his tongue deep into his boy's mouth as their lips ground together. Their bodies shook as if they were both being impaled on Randy's cock. Finally Darius could take no more and tried one last desperate thing to ease Zack's pain. He pulled his head back, gazed into Zack's eyes and moaned, "Make him cum, sir. Please make him shoot his load....."

That was it. The boy's words penetrated Zack's dazed mind and suddenly he knew how to beat Randy .... a desperate move he had used once before. Racked by the agony of the piston ravaging his ass, the trembling heat of Darius's body pressed against his, and the tearful eyes of his boy begging him to end it, Zack reacted viscerally

Summoning up all his remaining strength he clenched his ass muscles tight round Randy's cock, squeezing it so hard that Randy howled in pain. The piston stopped, clamped in the vise-like grip of Zack's ass, and Randy suddenly knew that Zack had taken control. "No!" he howled. "Fuck you, man." The pain was excruciating and he tried desperately to pull out but his cock was trapped. "Fuck you, man," he screamed again....."aaah!"

"You're finished, man," Zack growled. "There's only one way out. You gotta blow your load. Come on, man, let my boy hear you submit to me." Taking a deep breath Zack squeezed his ass muscles harder, crushing the cock in his furnace ass. Randy's scream echoed round the room as he yelled, "OK, OK ..... that's enough ..... aaagh, my cock! ..... you're killing me ..... I give up ..... I submit ..... I submit ..... aaagh!" His cock shuddered in agony as cum blasted from it, squeezed from it by Zack's merciless ass.

"OK, boy," Zack yelled, "it's over. Cum with me boy." The fire in Zack's ass shot into his balls, up the length of his cock and as it exploded Zack finally let out the scream he had been holding in. Darius howled too as they both blasted streams of cum between them, soaking their bodies that shuddered against each other, master and boy. Zack felt the relief of Randy's cock going soft in his ass and the three men slumped together. The only sound was their rasping breaths, until .....

"What in God's name is going on here?!"

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Bob stood in the doorway staring in disbelief at the bizarre tableau ..... Darius and Zack pressed chest to chest their arms stretched upward, tied at the wrists, and Randy slumped against them, his cock still in Zack's ass. Having heard the screams as he approached Zack's house, and knowing the fury Randy had felt, Bob instantly understood what had happened. Now it was his turn to seethe with anger.



He stepped forward and pulled Randy off Zack. Quickly and efficiently Bob loosened the ropes from the two men's wrists and pulled them free. He glared at Randy and Zack. "OK, you two ..... outside .... I have something to say. Darius, sit down and wait. I'll come back for you."

Bob was in full command! He stormed out of the house, meekly followed by Randy and Zack. They went across the street to the main house and the two men stood before Bob like two misbehaving kids summoned by the headmaster.

"You know," Bob began, barely holding his anger in check, "the real test of a tribe when it's been harmed is how the tribe reacts. And this one has failed miserably. Sure, Darius made a stupid and potentially dangerous mistake and he needed to be punished. But instead, all the men here seem to have blown up in a fit of irrational anger and turned us into a tribe of savages. First Mark sees Jason punishing Jamie, which leads to a brutal whip fight between them, he told me. Now you two have brawled with each other and ended up in some kind of bizarre punishment spectacle. Have you all completely lost your fucking minds!?"

Zack opened his mouth to protest but Bob silenced him. "OK, Zack, I can guess how all this started and I know you were only protecting your boy." He glared at Randy. "But you! You know damn well that a man does not interfere when a master is disciplining his boy. Hell, that's a rule you yourself made way back." Bob snarled contemptuously. "So once again the famous Randy rage has taken over. The big bad boss is acting like the schoolyard bully. Way to go, stud. Well I tell you right now, that's enough ..... it ends here!"

Out of the corner of his eye Bob glimpsed the twins hovering at the kitchen door in case they were needed. They were. "Hey, guys, bring a couple of beers out here, will you? Make sure they're ice-cold. These two men need to cool off." He turned back to Randy and Zack. "You two have always been best buddies together. So stop behaving like savages and for the love of god, patch things up!"

Bob turned on his heel and strode out of the gate, leaving behind him two stunned men. The twins quickly brought out the cold beers and left the guys sitting at the table facing each other. After an uneasy silence Zack said, "Jeez, Bob can be way rougher on a guy than you are, man. Hell, I'd rather get a whipping from you than a tongue-lashing from him."

"Yeah, damn right," said Randy. Their eyes met and they grinned at each other. "Better do what the man says, though." They clinked bottles and took a swig of their ice-cold beer.

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Bob went back to Zack's house and found Darius hunched in a chair, arms round his knees, eyes glistening with tears. He moved to stand up but Bob waved him down. "It's OK, Darius, stay where you are ..... you look like you could use a rest. It can't have been a picnic for you."

“It’s no more than I deserve sir,” Darius said plaintively. “But it wasn’t me that got hurt.... it was Zack ..... Zack got punished for me, to protect me. Sir, you don’t know how rough Randy can be when he’s angry .....” He tailed off seeing Bob smiling at him. “Oh, I guess you do know, sir ..... of course ..... sorry about that.”

“Look,” Bob said, “I’ve just spoken to Randy and Zack and I think there’ll be no more trouble from them. Pretty sure of that,” he smiled. “So I suggest we put the whole affair behind us.”

“Oh I can’t do that, sir,” Darius protested. “See, I realize now that I fucked up big time. Thing is, I’m kinda proud of the videos I make here .... I’m real good at it, sir ..... but no one ever sees them except the guys here. I just thought this would be a way of more people seeing my work ..... damn, I know that sounds pretty lame, sir. Stupid idea. But the thing is I fucked up, could have screwed things up real bad for everybody, and I need to be punished. Worse than that, Zack took my punishment for me.....” The memory of that made him tear up again.

“OK, Darius, I agree that you have to be punished, but I don’t think Zack had decided what he would do to you. What kind of punishment do *you* think you deserve? “

Darius frowned in thought. “Sir, I let Zack down and I need to show him that I can take a hammering, something that shows how tough I can be.... not just the clown with the camera ..... a guy who deserves to be Zack’s boy. The other boys are thinking I’m some kind of prize jackass, so I need to show them too. I could have harmed all the masters in the house, so somehow I have to make amends to them all.” He smiled ruefully. “Pretty tall order, eh, sir?”

“Hmm ..... not too tall for us though, eh kiddo? I think we can work something out. Yeah, I think I know just the thing that’ll cover pretty much all that and even make you more hero than clown.” Darius perked up. “I’ll have to run it by Zack and the guys, but I think I can swing it.” He chuckled. “Tell you the truth, kid, I think they’re a bit scared of me right now.” Another thought hit him. “That famous camera of yours, Darius. Does Pablo know how to work it?”

Surprised, Darius said, “Yes, sir. I showed him what to do in case I’m not around when something big happens. Why, sir?”

“Oh, just an idea. Now why don’t you relax .... open a beer .... and when I’ve finished talking to Zack he’ll come back and see you. He’ll be fine, I promise. My guess is he’ll probably want to fuck his boy.”

“No problem there, sir,” Darius grinned.

“You’re a good boy, Darius. I can’t imagine the house without you, and when this is all over you’ll be as popular as ever ..... more, even.”

Darius’s eyes were now brimming with tears of another kind. He stood up and threw his arms round Bob. “Is it OK to say I love you, sir?”

"It's always OK to say that, kiddo. Even Randy wouldn't be mad at you for that, though, as you said, he can be plenty rough when he's angry ...." He grinned. "Take it from one who knows!"

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Randy and Zack were on their second beers that had been brought out by the ever-attentive twins. It hadn't been hard for the men to reconcile, even after the ferocity of their recent explosion of raw, macho rivalry. The two guys were alike in many ways and they respected each other ..... tough alpha males who took no shit from anyone. Randy was to blame this time, of course, but Zack understood why he had behaved the way he did.

Randy saw himself as the boss, responsible for everything that happened in his tribe, protective of all its members. The incident of the video had shocked him as it was a threat to the privacy and integrity of the house, so he had, characteristically, reacted with an eruption of anger. He knew he could not directly punish Zack's boy, beyond mere taunts. Punishment had to be master to master and Zack was the obvious target.

Zack got all this and now the men were talking and drinking amiably together as Bob joined them. After his earlier scathing diatribe they looked at him warily but Bob was all business. "I've been talking to Darius, Zack, and I think I have a plan." He explained his idea to them and they saw the wisdom of it. "I'll talk to Hassan," Bob said, "see if he can join us. I'll also run it by Mark. Right now I guess he's in there making love to Jamie again."

"Yeah, so what else is new?" Randy grinned. "Shit, that cop can't keep his hands off his hot young surfer-boy."

But Bob was frowning as another idea had occurred to him. "You know, I don't think it's a good idea for Eddie to see Darius get punished. He worships Darius, looks on him as his master, and I don't want to shatter any illusions he has. How can we avoid that?"

"Easy," said Randy. "I'll call my brother Steve, have him ask for Eddie to go up there and clean his place. I somehow don't think the kid will mind being alone with Steve and Lloyd for a while."

"Perfect," Bob said. "So that's all settled. Now, Zack, I think your boy is waiting for you in your house. He's still pretty shook up ..... racked with guilt and self-doubt. He's not even sure you still love him."

"Oh, I'll soon take care of that," Zack grinned. He stood up and shook Bob's hand. "Thanks for everything, buddy. You sure know how to pour oil on troubled waters. I love you, man."

"Yeah, yeah ..... now go and take care of your boy." Zack strode out through the gate and Bob picked up one of the beers the twins had left for them. He breathed a satisfied sigh, then threw his head back and took a long drink.

Randy was looking at him intently. “Feeling pretty pleased with yourself, eh man?”

“Well,” Bob shrugged, “things do seem to have worked themselves out pretty well.”

“With more than a nudge from you ..... not to mention a tongue-lashing for me and Zack.”

“Oh that, yeah ..... I thought we’d get round to that.” Bob actually blushed.

“Cut me down real good in front of Zack, didn’t you?”

“Now Randy you know that wasn’t my intention .....”

Randy cut him off. “And that ‘schoolyard bully’ crack ..... that was cold, man, real cold. Below the belt.” Seeing Bob’s discomfort Randy grinned. “Not that I didn’t deserve every word you said. I was way out of line and you told me so. You took charge, you were the boss. Thing about that is, when you get like that it’s a huge fucking turn-on for me, buddy. Now, we’ve got a situation here that’s all out of whack, and we gotta take care of that.”

They gazed at each other and Bob saw the subtle change in Randy’s blue eyes, from gentle to hard as steel. They both knew that the balance of power had changed ..... Randy was back in charge. “Upstairs,” he growled. In instant obedience Bob stood up and followed Randy into the house. His cock was raging hard in his jeans.

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In the bedroom Randy stood legs astride, arms folded across his chest staring at Bob. He was still shirtless since his T-shirt had been ripped off him in the fight with Zack. Under Randy’s withering gaze Bob instinctively pulled off his shirt, kicked off his loafers and dropped his jeans. Naked, he fell onto his back on the bed and automatically stretched his arms up to the corner bedposts.

Randy picked up two much-used lengths of rope, tied Bob’s wrists to the posts and stood back to admire his captive. For as many times as they had played out this scene, it never lost its power to excite them ..... right from the very first time, long ago, in the run-down motel room where they first met and the swarthy construction worker had shown the handsome, muscular business executive tied to the bed just who was boss. The scenario was always much the same, but it never failed to turn them on as powerfully as it had that first time.

And now, like so many times before, Randy gazed down at the naked bodybuilder, at the sculpted features of his gorgeous face, at his sinewy muscles flexing against the ropes. “Jesus Christ, man, you are so fucking gorgeous, such a fucking turn on. Look at you .... the big alpha male, the boss who took command and whipped us all into shape. And now there he is ..... roped naked to the bed, helpless, waiting to have that perfect body worked over by the

big construction worker ..... the 'big bully'. Oh, yeah, you'll pay for that crack, stud. You shredded me good, man, but you know what's gonna get shredded now? Your ass!"

Bob looked up to his wrists and jerked them as if to get free, his body writhing on the bed, muscles rippling as they strained in bondage. Randy ripped open his jeans and pulled out his iron-hard cock. As he stroked it he moaned, "Shit, man, you don't know how much that turns me on, seeing you struggling like that." Of course Bob knew! .... which is why he was doing it. He knew exactly how to excite the man towering over him.

Randy fell to his knees on the bed, grabbed Bob's ankles and pushed them high. "Oh, man, look at that gorgeous ass. It is gonna get fucking reamed, man. And you know with me there's no lame-ass foreplay ..... I cut right to the chase."

"Aaaah...." he sighed in ecstasy as his cock plunged into his lover's ass. Bob's head jerked back, his dark hair flying, tears springing to his eyes as he felt the thick iron rod pierce him and settle in the warm depths of his ass. Once again, like so many times before, he felt the thrill, the pain, the joy of that first plunge into his ass. Aware that Randy was still smarting from the tongue-lashing Bob had given him, he knew full well that Randy was reasserting his natural authority over him. So he braced for one of Randy's legendary, ferocious fucks.

And that's how it started out at least, as Randy pulled his cock back, paused, then drove it like an iron spike back into his shuddering ass. Bob howled in pain, but that soon dissolved as he looked up into the hypnotic blue eyes set in the dark gypsy face, and he was drawn, as always, into the magnetic sexuality of the man. He was totally in his power.

Randy leaned forward, clamped his hands over Bob's biceps, pinning them to the bed, and pierced him with a penetrating gaze. "Schoolyard bully," he growled. "So that's what I am to you eh? OK, so that's what you'll get man ..... get your ass reamed by the bully. Like this ....." His jaw clenched, his hips moved back and pistoned forward, once again impaling Bob on his thick shaft. But Bob's scream died down as he saw a smile creep into Randy's eyes.

"Then again, there are worse ways for a bully to take his revenge. You probably expect me to jackhammer you, right? Well how about this instead?" Bob felt Randy's cock pull slowly back, then ease forward gently, brushing against his warm velvet membrane and sending sparks of pleasure flying through his body. Far from being brutal, the fuck became an erotic massage.

God, the man knew how to fuck! His arms pinioned to the bed Bob watched the spectacular, muscular body rise and fall over him as the thick rod moved inside him. He gazed up into the limpid blue eyes and he was lost, lost in the magical spell cast by the man. Randy knew it and smiled again. "OK, bullies don't usually offer a choice, but this one's going to. You can either take a belt-whipping worse than you've ever felt, or you can take a fuck that'll drive you crazy ..... but you won't shoot your load without my permission. So what's it be, buddy?"

Almost hypnotized by the voice and the eyes Bob moaned. "I want you to fuck me, sir. Please ..... I won't cum until you say I can."

"Easier said than done, man," Randy grinned, and began a long, sensuous fuck that sent Bob into another world where all that existed were the sexual desires of mind and body. He gazed into the blue eyes, saw his own reflection floating in them and became one with the man he loved. He was mesmerized by the extraordinary blending of body and spirit. As he saw himself in Randy's eyes, felt his manhood pushing deep inside him, it was almost as if ..... as if he were fucking himself. There was no separation. They were one.

His mind was floating, his body was on fire ..... and he had to cum. He had to. "Please, sir," he moaned, "I need to cum. I can't hold it back ..... you're so fucking beautiful, so strong ..... I love you, sir. Let me show you how much ..... please, sir."

Randy's voice was firm. "You'll show me how much you love me by obeying me. I forbid you to cum." As he said those words Randy moved into a sensual, rhythmic fuck, his hips moving slowly but firmly, sliding his cock deep into his lover's ass, passing each time over the inner sphincter, sending Bob into flights of ecstasy. He lost touch with reality. It felt like he had shot several loads, even though he was still holding back in obedience to his master.

But it was agony for him, indistinguishable from the joy he felt. He was clenching his ass muscles, flexing his prostate in a desperate effort to hold back his orgasm. But the more he did this, the greater the pleasure Randy felt in his cock. Randy gazed down at the beautiful face tossing from side to side on the bed, dark hair tousled, tears streaming down the cheeks

Bob's cock was pulsing, straining to explode, and he moaned disjointedly in his trance. "Please, sir ..... I can't take any more ..... you're torturing me ..... your cock is driving me crazy I have to shoot ..... please let me shoot, sir, I'm begging you ....."

Randy realized that Bob was reaching the limit of his endurance and spoke more softly now. "Are you sorry for shredding me the way you did? You know I'm the boss, don't you? I'm your master .... I own you, man."

"Yes, sir ..... yes, sir!" Bob sobbed desperately. "You're the boss, my master. I'm sorry for what I said. Please, sir I submit to you ..... please, sir, let me cum...."

"That's what I needed to hear, man. OK, you'll know when to shoot ..... you'll know." He pulled his cock back all the way out of Bob's ass and let the head rest against the hole. There was an agonizing wait. Then suddenly, with a warrior's howl of triumph, Randy plunged his long, thick rod one last time into the furnace, hammering it deep into the fiery depths like a steel spike.

"Aaagh .....!" Bob's scream filled the room, echoing off the walls. His eyes shot wide open, his body arched upward, shook violently, and a massive stream of white juice blasted from his

cock and slammed into Randy's face above him. As he felt Randy's hot semen pouring into his ass Bob shot again and again, covering his lover's abs, chest and face with semen that dripped back down onto him.

His body took a while to stop shaking, but when Randy was sure he was OK he reached forward, untied his wrists and fell on top of his lover. Bob clamped his arms round Randy and hugged him tightly, licking his face, kissing it voraciously, savoring the bitter/sweet taste of his own cum. Finally Randy pulled his head back and Bob gazed up at the swarthy gypsy face, the proud forehead, high cheek bones and square stubble jaw all dripping with cum.

Randy flashed a gleaming smile. "Not bad for a schoolyard bully, eh?"

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It was late the next afternoon that the stage was set for the last act of the affair of the video. And it was like theater, with groups of men gathered round, some to watch, others to take part in the performance. Eddie was the only member of the tribe not present, summoned by Steve and Lloyd to come up to Mulholland and clean their house (at Bob's request, of course.)

But all the others were there, including Hassan and Jason standing in a group with the men. All of them had just got off work and were still dressed in their work clothes. The boys stood a little apart in another group, tingling with a mix of eager anticipation and some anxiety for their friend Darius. Pablo was holding Darius's camera, checking to make sure he remembered all of his friend's instructions on its use.

Soon there was a collective gasp as Zack came out of the house leading Darius by a short rope attached to the leather collar round his neck. Zack was shirtless in black leather pants and boots. Darius was naked. They stood before the group, with Darius hanging his head.

"I think we all know why we are here," Zack said. "My boy has made a serious error of judgment bringing potential danger and harm to the whole house. The damage appears to have been contained but the boy has to be punished. As all the men here were at risk in their various capacities in life, they will all partake in the punishment. That's all I have to say."

As Zack led the naked boy toward the trees Randy looked quietly at Bob and grinned. "So what are you, buddy ..... producer, writer and director of this movie, with Zack as your star?"

"Yeah, I guess you could say that." Bob gave a wide-eyed shrug. "Well, somebody had to do it. You guys were pretty much making a hash of it, just beating each other up. But you got one thing wrong. Darius is the star ..... at least he'll think so. And that's all part of the plan. And he'll have a terrific supporting cast." He nodded at Pablo and grinned. "And it's all being filmed. As Darius would say, this is a major event and has to be recorded ..... for '*prosperity!*'"

The hammock strung between the trees at the edge of the lawn had of late been used only by men seeking a quiet way of relaxing their bodies and minds, sprawled in the cool shade. Its other use, as an instrument of punishment, had not been seen for a long time. That was about to change. Darius was lying in it spread-eagled on his back, his wrists tied by Zack to the upper corners and his ankles to the lower. His ass hung just over the edge of the hammock.

Zack stared down at him. "You ready, boy?"

"Yes, sir!" Darius said resolutely, determined to prove himself to his master that he could take his punishment like a man.

Zack took a couple of steps back and called over to the group. "You first, I think, Hassan." He had called on the man least impacted by the affair, but who stood to be tainted by association with the group." The Marine strode forward and looked down at the nervous face staring up at him. Darius couldn't help his instant erection. The soldier was spectacular, with his sculpted, olive-skinned muscles and his exotic face, slanted eyes and jet black hair. Coming straight from work he was still in his military fatigues, khaki tank-top under sleeveless marine shirt.

Darius watched in awe as Hassan shrugged off the shirt, pulled the tank off over his head and stood looking magnificent, stripped to the waist, his muscles flexed in anticipation of his role as the first to punish the boy. He looked at Zack who nodded slightly. Time to begin. Hassan unzipped his pants and pulled out his thick club of a cock that was already hard at the sight of the naked black boy in bondage before him.

He spat in his hand and spread his saliva over the length of his cock. He pressed the head of his cock against the hole of the boy's ass, spread his arms, reached up high and took hold of the hammock supports at the trees. To Darius he looked pornographic, the handsome Marine, shirtless, muscles rippling as his arms stretched upward. Hassan hesitated until Darius mouthed the words, "Fuck me, sir."

Hassan eased his hips forward and his cock glided into the black ass, farther and farther until it came rest deep inside. Encouraged by the look of ecstasy in Darius's eyes Hassan pulled back and began to fuck in earnest, his arms, chest and abs flexing as his stretched upward, holding onto the hammock ropes and pulling himself forward into the boy's ass.

Darius gazed in awe at the spectacular Marine pounding his ass, his magnificent body straining backward against the ropes, hips pumping forward. Darius's cock started to shudder and Hassan, knowing the boy had a long way to go, decided not to prolong the punishment. Besides, the ass was so hot that his cock was bursting to explode. He saw the boy gazing up at him wide-eyed, saw the huge black cock shudder and, just as it erupted, his own cock blasted its load deep in the boy's ass. He held his cock inside the boy, savoring the feeling of the warm velvet lining of the ass, and Darius again mouthed his words ..... "Thank you, sir."

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The other men followed in quick succession. “Mark,” Zack said, “I know you, Jamie and Jason had a tough time as a direct result of what Darius did. So the boy owes you a debt of remorse. Why don’t you come and collect?” Mark grinned at Jason and they walked across the lawn together. They stood at the foot of the hammock, Mark in his black cop uniform, Jason in yellow fireman’s pants with red suspenders over his navy blue T-shirt.

Darius gazed in disbelief as the cop and the fireman began to strip to the waist. Mark unbuttoned his shirt and pulled it off, then pulled his white T-shirt off over his head. Jason let his suspenders drop to his sides and pulled off his T-shirt. They stood there shirtless, two blond muscle-gods, alike in their perfectly sculptured bodies and square-jawed faces. Darius could hardly believe his eyes. He pulled at his restraints, instinctively wanting to touch his cock, which was already rigid again so soon after his orgasm.

“You first, buddy,” Mark said. “Don’t worry, his ass is still slick from Hassan’s huge load of jism. Just dive right in.” As Jason grinned down at Darius’s awe-struck face his vanity came into full play and he took full advantage of the opportunity to show off his incredible physique. He pushed the head of his cock against the boy’s ass and pressed his fists against his own hips, flaring his lats in a classic bodybuilder pose. Holding the pose he pushed his hips forward and felt his cock slide into the cum-slicked ass.

For Darius it was the awesome sight of the shirtless fireman as much as the feeling of the rod pumping inside him that turned him on, as Jason flexed his way through several bodybuilder poses while his cock ploughed the boy’s ass. “Hey .... Adonis,” Mark laughed, “give it up for the law, here.” Mark pulled his cock out of his uniform pants and shouldered Jason aside. The fireman’s cock slipped out of Darius’s ass, to be replaced by the cop’s big tool.

Mark grinned down at Darius. “This here’s for Jamie and me, boy. Not often I feel the inside of your hot ass.” Now Darius understood why every day Jamie ran to his room as soon as Mark got home and offered his ass to him. It not only felt incredible, the sight of the god-like blond cop was enough to send spasms of lust pulsing through him.

But suddenly the pounding stopped as Mark pulled his cock out and grinned at Jason. “Come on, man, help me out here. Let’s show him what the law does to a boy who screws up so bad.” They stood one on each side of him, beating their meat, gazing first into each other’s eyes, then down at the boy. Mesmerized by the spectacle of the glorious muscle-gods towering over him pounding their cocks, the cop on one side, the fireman on the other, Darius was dimly aware that cum was again surging from his balls and through his cock.

Mark yelled, “You ready, stud?” and Jason replied, “Right there with you buddy.” And that’s when Darius lost it again. Showers of cum poured down onto him from the two hunks, splashing into his face, over his shoulders and chest. Frantic to touch his cock he pulled at his restraints, writhing in the hammock. But he needn’t have bothered. He had already blown another wad over himself, his cum mixing with the juices of the cop and the fireman.

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Drenched in cum, his body aching from struggling in the ropes, his ass sore from the cocks of the Marine, the cop and the fireman, Darius groaned when he saw two more men looming over him ..... Bob and Randy. "Think he's had enough?" Bob asked.

"Hell no," Randy said. "He's gotta feel my rod in his black ass yet." Dressed in his usual work gear of cargo pants and greasy old tank top Randy didn't pause to take anything off like the guys before him. When Randy fucked, he fucked. So he tore open his pants, pulled out his cock and in one ferocious move slammed it into Darius's ass. Seeing Zack tense and take a warning step forward Randy grinned, "Don't worry, big guy. I ain't gonna hurt your boy. But I gotta add my jizz to the juice of all my buddies."

Randy knew just what he was doing, and he did it fast. He increased the tempo of his fuck, hammering the ass just short of the point where it started to hurt and said, "OK, boy, you wanna feel the boss's hot juice in you?" Darius moaned, "Yes, sir, please, sir."

"OK, but don't you dare come again .... you save that for your master. Here it comes, boy," and Darius felt another cock explode inside his ravaged ass.

He closed his eyes in near exhaustion, and when he opened them he saw Bob's beautiful face smiling down at him. Bob was in his business suit still, and all he did was slip off his jacket and loosen his tie. That's all it took to excite Darius, as Bob's sculpted muscles showed through the thin cotton of his white shirt, pecs bulging, biceps pushing back the short sleeves.

Knowing that Darius had already taken four huge cocks in his ass Bob was gentle, and Darius relaxed as he felt his cock slide easily inside his ass that was so drenched in cum. He knew that Bob had set this whole thing up, transforming his punishment into a sexual spectacular, and he gazed at him with love and gratitude. "Thank you, sir," he moaned. "I love you, sir."

"And I love you, Darius. Here, let me show you." Tenderly he stroked the sore insides of the boy's ass with his cock, easing it deeper and deeper until it passed over the muscle of the inner sphincter and his warm juice flowed inside the secret chamber of the boy's ass. He smiled at the exhausted boy. "There, that wasn't so bad, was it? And now kiddo, you have to make your peace with your master." He and Randy stood back and yielded the space to Zack.

Zack stared down at his boy, who by now had tears running down his cheeks. Darius was relieved to see Zack's gleaming smile. "You did great, kid. Think you can take one more dick in that sweet, sore ass of yours. Think you can cum one last time?"

"For you, sir, always."

“OK. This is not a punishment fuck, Darius ..... it’s a forgiveness fuck.” He pulled his hard black rod out of his leather pants and pushed it easily inside the cum-slicked ass. He didn’t have to fuck for long as the emotions of both master and boy were running so high. Darius gazed at the man he worshipped and smiled weakly through his tears. “I’m sorry for what I did, sir. I’ll be good from now on ..... no more screw-ups ..... I promise, sir.”

“I know, Darius. I know you’re a good boy and I love you. So I’m gonna shoot inside your ass while I watch you cum. Come on, kid, show me how much you love me.” As Darius gazed up at his beautiful master, ebony muscles gleaming, handsome black face smiling down at him, he felt the cock shudder in his ass and pour juice inside him, the juice of forgiveness. “Thank you, sir,” he said. “I love you.” And for the last time his cock spurted white cream all over his cum-drenched body.

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After he had untied the ropes binding Darius and removed the collar Zack walked back to the group of men. “Thanks, guys,” he said, “you’re the best,” and there were firm handshakes all round. Suddenly there was an eruption of cheers and whistles from the boys as they ran eagerly to the hammock, crowding round and helping their hero gently to his feet. They supported him as his legs buckled and walked him slowly to a bench. He lowered himself to the seat but suddenly sprang back up. “Ouch!” He rubbed his tender ass. “Guess I won’t be sitting down for a while, eh, guys?”

The tension broken, they all laughed and the congratulations poured out. “That was spectacular, mate,” Nate said. “You were awesome.” The others added their praises and Darius glowed, the hero of the hour. He looked at Pablo. “Did you get it all, dude?”

Pablo waved the camera and grinned, “Every last fuck, dude. And this one really would go viral.”

“Don’t tempt me,” Darius smiled wanly. Then he looked anxiously at Pablo. “Dude, me getting gang-fucked like that ..... I mean, me who always fucks you ..... I hope you didn’t ..... well, kinda lose respect for me, maybe?”

“You kidding, dude?! You’ve never looked so fucking hot. Man, as I watched you take all those cocks up your ass I could only think of one thing. I couldn’t wait to feel your long ten inches inside me. How long before you .....?”

“Hell, get a couple beers inside me and that sweet ass is mine, kiddo.” He grabbed the camera Pablo was holding and held it high. “But first we watch this ..... I’ve never starred in my own movie before.” Pablo draped Darius’s arm over his shoulder and helped him toward the house, followed by raucous laughter and cheers from men and boys alike.

Zack grinned at Bob and Randy and shook his head. “That’s my boy.”

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Bob persuaded Hassan and Jason to stay for dinner, and as the men huddled together over beers Hassan was looking thoughtful. Intuitive as ever, Bob asked, "So what's running through that military mind of yours, buddy?"

"Well, I've been thinking," Hassan said. "Say what you like about the video that started all this, but I gotta say it's pretty damn good. I mean, the boy's got a real talent for camera work and he knows it. But no one ever sees his stuff except us, and that's why he put it on the Web. I think Darius really needs to spread his artistic wings, and an idea occurred to me.

"See, my work in the Marines' L.A. office here is mostly about recruitment and making publicity videos. You know they often use me as a model in them. Well it just so happens that right now they're looking for a talented young guy to intern as the Third Assistant Director on the shoots ..... you know, basically a gofer who helps out with everything and learns the ropes as he goes. You think that's something that might appeal to Darius?"

"Are you kidding?" said Zack. "Working on a film set, surrounded by hot Marines all dressed and geared up for battle? Hell, that would sure stoke the fires of his fantasy. What d'ya think, Bob?"

"I think it's a terrific idea. Course he'd be spending a lot of time with you Hassan, so I hope that'll be OK with Nate ..... Nate's your boy after all." He grinned at Zack. "..... and OK with you Zack ..... you better be sure of that."

They chewed over the subject a bit more, then let it drop for later consideration.

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Meanwhile, what about the one boy missing from the day's action ..... Eddie? He knew about the video, of course, and sensed that Darius might be in trouble, but Eddie had a healthy streak of denial about the man he looked on as his master. Darius was his hero, could do no wrong.

Deep down Eddie had a feeling that there was more to the call from Steve than just asking him to come up and clean the house. It wasn't his regular day after all. Never mind ..... the very thought of an afternoon with the muscle-stud doctor and the handsome architect made Eddie's cock stir in his shorts. All afternoon he worked hard cleaning the whole house, though he was frequently distracted by the sight of Steve and Lloyd working in their office, and even more when they took a break, stripped down to their Speedos, had a swim, then lounged by the pool.

Actually Steve had been watching Eddie intently. Three men ... first Zack, then Randy and Bob ..... had mentioned their concerns about the boy's apparent lack of sexual limits. He loved being tied up and fucked but seemed to ignore his own pain threshold, never used the safe word, always wanted more, despite the pain.

As a therapist Steve had encountered this masochistic tendency in a few men before and knew just how dangerous it could be in a boy if he were with the wrong man. He talked it over with Lloyd as they lazed by the pool. "I'm not technically the boy's therapist but I really think I should tackle the subject with him. But words alone won't help. I can talk 'til I'm blue in the face but he'll only hear what he wants to hear." He grinned at Lloyd. "You know my methods, buddy, unorthodox to say the least. What the boy needs is a demonstration. Think you can help me out with that?"

"Hey, count me in, man. You know I'm always up for some rough stuff with you, big guy."

"OK," Steve grinned. "We're on, then." He looked up at Eddie who was cleaning the windows. "Hey, Eddie, why don't you take a break and come sit with us? I need to talk to you."

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**GO TO BOOK 17**